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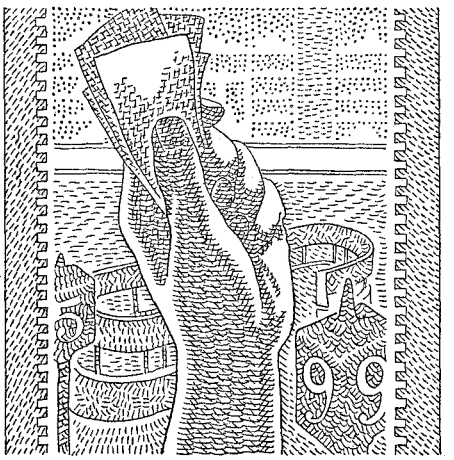
Economic Security and Business Stability

By David Cushman Coyle

As the President says, the subject of study for this semester will be Economic Security. The United States is trying to find out how to lay up resources in good times that will serve to feed us all comfortably in hard times. The idea seems simple, but in practice it is not so easy. Any kind of unemployment or depression insurance that is consistent with the principles of "sound" finance is necessarily self-defeating. Laying up funds to relieve unemployment may satisfy our altruistic impulses; but if we manage the funds so as to poison business and create unemployment, that is a mere waste of faith, hope, and charity, commodities of which there is no great overproduction. Being good is not enough; apparently we shall also have to be intelligent.



Under the orthodox system of "sound" finance, money saved up for a rainy day is used to promote rain. Here is a proposal for the "sterilization" of unemployment insurance funds and corporate surpluses in order to stabilize business

Up until quite recently, the advocates of unemployment insurance were carefree about the disposal of the funds. Naturally, when one had trust funds the proper thing was to deposit them in a bank, or to invest them in marketable securities or in call loans, so that the funds would be available when called for. In the field of life insurance there was, and still is, a reasonable point in investing the reserves. People die almost any time, regardless of the business cycle; the investment or liquidation of reserve funds as determined by the death rate has no cyclical effect. But with depression insurance the effect is different.

Depressions are caused by several factors acting together; and one of the causes of depression is over-investment during boom periods. If any institution is organized to invest money in boom times and to cash in the investment in depression, that institution is organized, however innocently, to aggravate the boom and the depression. To buy bonds or to place call loans when the market is up is a way to hoist the market into the stratosphere; and selling bonds or calling loans when the market is down is a way of helping to wreck the savings banks and insurance companies. Any unemployment insurance fund that is temporarily invested is a means of aggravating the instability of business with one hand while preparing to relieve the casualties with the other. This principle was overlooked until quite recently by almost everybody who was interested in the subject of unemployment insurance.

But if funds are to be accumulated for the payment of unemployment benefits, something has to be done with the funds. If the funds are invested, they serve only to blow up the bubble and make unemployment at a later date. The operation is bootstraps, and to the extent that the funds are handled in this way they might as well not have been collected at all. On the other hand, if the funds are withdrawn from circulation and hoarded in a box, the effect is to deflate the market and

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perhaps to create unemployment immediately, which naturally seems an outrageous violation of sound principles. A third way would be to use part of the money for inflating the market and the rest for deflating the market, so as to hold the progress of business free of any disturbance from this source. That would seem to be the most intelligent way of handling the funds, if the object were only to avoid interference with the business cycle.

But the main object of the New Deal Administration is to interfere with the business cycle. The thesis of this paper, therefore, is that it may be desirable to handle depression insurance funds entirely by the second of the three methods—mainly for the practical reason that the intellectual processes involved will be less likely to overstrain our minds.

II

Unemployment insurance has been mentioned as the type of insurance against depression because it is in the public eye; but there are at least three other types of stabilization program to which the same principles apply. One is the "timing" of public works, which has usually been conceived as requiring the sale of bonds to the public in hard times and their repayment in good times. A proper program of public works in depression will on the contrary be financed entirely by inflation of bank credit, to be deflated in the subsequent period of prosperity by surplus taxation of the higher brackets. Another type of depression insurance is the accumulation of corporation undivided surplus, which has often been temporarily placed in call loans, to be withdrawn later when required to pay dividends not currently earned. Depression dividends, paid out of surplus, help to stabilize business and employment; but the handling of the funds helps to unstabilize business. The principle needs to be established that surplus laid up against a rainy day must be laid up in cash in a box or not at all. A fourth type of unemployment reserve has been the postal savings deposited by workers as a protection against emergencies. The custom has been for the Post Office to deposit the postal savings in the local banks, thus making them available for financial use in aggravating the instability of business. The money saved up for a rainy day was used to promote rain. A proper handling of these funds would consist of holding them in cash until the depositors were out of work and needed the money. Then the withdrawal and spending of the idle money would stimulate business and help to restore the workers' jobs.

The general principle is that reserves against depression are different from reserves against non-cyclic accidents such as sickness and death. Anti-cyclic reserves, if they are to be effective, have to be "sterilized," or laid away in a sock. Otherwise their net effect is only to stimulate the sale of headache powders. The problem of what to do with reserve funds cannot be sidestepped, but must be met in some way. The whole question of depression insurance is therefore bound up with the problem of money and its control. In order to understand how to get an effective stabilizing mechanism we have to have at least a rough idea of the nature and behavior of the medium of exchange.

III

Money in this country is only to a small extent made up of coin and dollar bills. Most of our circulating money is in the form of check accounts in the bank. Check-account money is not a material object at all but only what somebody says, and it has therefore the power of expanding and contracting violently as the emotional barometer goes up and down. People sometimes wonder where the money disappeared to after 1929, as if the money were a thing like a twenty-dollar gold piece, that may be lost but must be somewhere. In fact, most of our money was just a belief, like the legend of "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton," and it went to the same place that the legend went.

Check-account money, or bank credit, is based partly on deposits of physical cash, but mainly it is based on bank loans. The typical case is a self-liquidating loan on commercial paper. You have a business transaction set up and the contract signed. You give your note to the bank, and the bank writes a credit into your check account. Your note is an asset of the bank, created out of paper and ink and representing your power to create wealth and sell it. The money is also made out of paper and ink and belief in your wealth-creating power; the money is a liability of the bank, balanced against the asset. New money has been born in your check account, but the books of the bank still balance. You then proceed with your contract, check out the money in wages, and in due course complete the job and get your payment. You then pay off the note, and the asset vanishes. At the same time your bank deposit with which you paid the note also vanishes, and the bank's books still balance with cancelled asset equalling cancelled liability. The process appears complicated, but taking the banking system as a whole it is simple. When a piece of work is agreed upon, the bank writes the scrip for distributing the product to all parties concerned in the transaction, and as soon as all parties are satisfied the scrip is returned to the bank and cancelled. The bank takes a claim on six per cent of the product per year, for holding the stakes and doing the bookkeeping and providing a marble palace for you to visit on the first of the month. The whole process is self-contained, and there

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is no discrepancy between the total purchasing power used and the total price of the product. When the process is complete all the product belongs to somebody, and the medium of exchange by which it was distributed has done its work and vanished. The money never was anything but tickets, and when the show is over the tickets no longer mean anything. For the next show there has to be a new set of tickets.

Another form of bank loan is that in which money is created and borrowed on collateral for speculative activities in securities or land. New money of this kind often gets into investment in long-term securities which can be liquidated, if at all, only over a period of years. Such money is truly inflationary in a sense that does not apply to short-term self-liquidating bank credit. Long before the underlying securities can be amortized, the banks are likely to get into a panic. The bankers lose faith in the borrowers' power to create saleable wealth, the loans are called and have to be paid out of current income. The result is to reduce drastically the volume of circulating money and to produce a fall of prices that paralyzes business and stops the production of wealth. A large factor in the instability of business is the habit of loaning inflated bank credit for long-term investment and then calling the loans and destroying the credit. Control of this kind of activity is an essential part of any program for stabilizing the business system.

The price level is one of those things that look simpler than they are. Roughly the price level for goods and services depends on the volume of business and on the quantity of money and its velocity of circulation. In the absence of greenback inflation, the quantity of money depends mainly on the making and liquidation of bank loans. The velocity depends on how people feel about spending. Both quantity and velocity tend to be high in good times, and prices tend to rise. In hard times the quantity of money is smaller and its velocity is slow, and prices tend to fall. Theoretically, recovery might occur without inflation if the velocity of circulation were to increase enough to carry a large volume of business; but in practice all recoveries require inflation of some kind, either in Washington or in Wall Street.

The typical old-fashioned recovery involved a Wall Street inflation, especially in the Stock Market. Stock prices are in themselves a peculiar form of money. If you have a stock certificate worth a thousand dollars, and tomorrow you look in the paper and see it is worth two thousand, for practical purposes you have suddenly received a thousand newborn dollars out of the blue sky. If your stock has an active market it is at least as good as your check, and it produces the same effect on your behavior as if you found a thousand dollars in the street.

A bull market is therefore an inflation of the medium of exchange, and on a scale that makes the dreams of the greenbackers look childish. There was such an inflation before 1929. The number of imaginary dollars was greatly increased. Commodity prices did not rise proportionately because stock-price money has a low velocity, many stockholders leaving their certificates untouched for long periods. But the effect of so large an increase of paper values was to enhance the power of the financial group and to make any control by the Government impossible. This kind of inflation, where the Government keeps hands off and Wall Street rolls its own, is entitled "sound money" because the gentlemen who make our definitions get a profit out of it. No way has been found to control a sound money inflation, once it gets well under way. We may find, however, that the securities acts are able to prevent a bull market from starting. If so, no doubt the speculators will transfer their activities to land or grains or tulip bulbs or something to which imaginary dollar values can be attributed. We shall probably need to pursue the sound money gentry from one racket to another, as we are now pursuing the ex-bootleggers turned kidnappers. In the long run, however, the answer will be to levy such heavy income taxes that financial activities will lose their charm.

If the United States is to avoid the dangers of a sound money inflation like the one that led up to 1929, the Government will have to do the inflating. The Government can regulate the quantity and velocity of money indirectly or directly. The indirect method, sanctioned by orthodox economists, is through a central bank like the Federal Reserve System, which furnishes the smaller banks with liquid funds on short-term self-liquidating paper as collateral. By changing the interest rate, the central bank can affect the willingness of bankers to make fresh loans, and in that way influence the volume of check-account money. Other forces, such as corporation surplus funds in the call-loan market, are apt to be so powerful as to overwhelm the gentle persuasion of the interest rate.

Directly the central government can force the money system by its own budget and fiscal operations. A Federal budgetary deficit, financed by forced bank loans to the Federal Government, is a positive means of inflation. If the new money created by budgetary deficit inflation is paid out rapidly on public works and services, the velocity of circulation is also forced. Similarly a Federal budget surplus, if used for cancelling bank loans owed by the Government, is deflationary. The Federal Government, working closely with a controlled central bank, can and should run a deficit in hard times and a surplus in good times as a means of counteracting the spontaneous deflation and inflation of the free market.

Not only is the money system a complicated affair, but its relation to the whole economic activity of the

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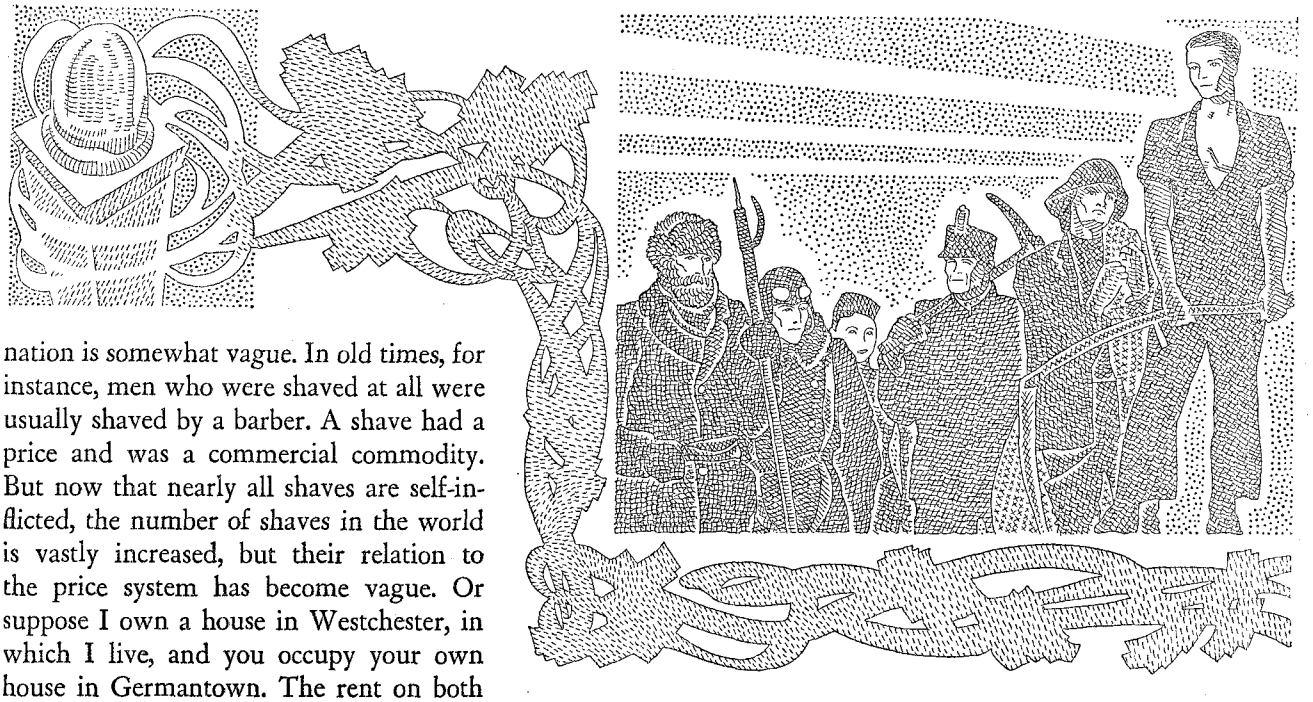

nation is somewhat vague. In old times, for instance, men who were shaved at all were usually shaved by a barber. A shave had a price and was a commercial commodity. But now that nearly all shaves are self-inflicted, the number of shaves in the world is vastly increased, but their relation to the price system has become vague. Or suppose I own a house in Westchester, in which I live, and you occupy your own house in Germantown. The rent on both houses is not expressed in dollars. Suppose then that we move into each other's house, paying rent for both houses. By this transaction no wealth is produced, yet both rents become part of the price system. The borderlines between commercial exchange, barter, and production for one's own use are so indefinite that the relation between money and economic goods can never be clearly defined. As for the gold standard, most of the experts know but are reluctant to admit that the golden calf was merely a religious symbol to keep the people from asking too many questions. When we ceased to reverence the golden calf, it passed into history along with Diana of the Ephesians, about whom the conservatives were equally concerned some years ago under somewhat similar circumstances.

Moreover, there are intangible economic values, such as the value of living in a beautiful or healthful neighborhood, or the value of having a really secure income. Sometimes these values are reflected in prices and wage rates, but the relation between value and price is indefinite. What price health, beauty, and security? Anything we want to pay.

The price and money system is essentially emotional. When you hold a dollar bill in your hand, you have the power to hold the dollar or to choose a dollar's worth of anything that is for sale, and your choice affects the price. Large quantities of midnight oil have been used in the attempt to escape from the emotional factor in the price system. Index numbers infest the offices of all economic students. But who can measure the relative price levels of a year when people bought bicycles and Gibson Girl pictures, and a year when they go in for streamlined automobiles and permanent waves? As for the erg, perhaps we might say that making a typewriter takes ten times as much current as making a fur coat; but who shall measure the power embodied in a Mickey Mouse picture or a pint of milk?

This is not the place to give a complete picture of the money system, and judging by the books that have been written on the subject and their net effect on human happiness perhaps there is no such place anyway. But there is perhaps a value in recognizing that money is an occult emotional phenomenon accompanying some but not all economic actions, and that money is never capable of strictly scientific treatment nor of strictly rational control. With that reservation, we may be able to devise ways for reducing some of the more extravagant vagaries of the financial system.

IV

Finance, or the use of other people's money to promote the construction and acquisition of capital goods, is definitely an unstabilizing factor in the economic system. The lower end of New York makes its living by persuading people to invest their savings in new enterprises and then taking the investor over the bumps until he falls off the cart leaving his money with the driver. The more "confidence," or wooliness, can be created in the public mind, the more money the innocent will invest. The more they invest the higher will ride the boom. The higher the boom and the lower the collapse, the more profits there will be for those who know how to get off at the top and on at the bottom. Finance is a tide engine; it operates on the ups and downs. Finance creates inflated money in boom times and destroys or sterilizes money in hard times, creating the business cycle and living by the business cycle. One need not be

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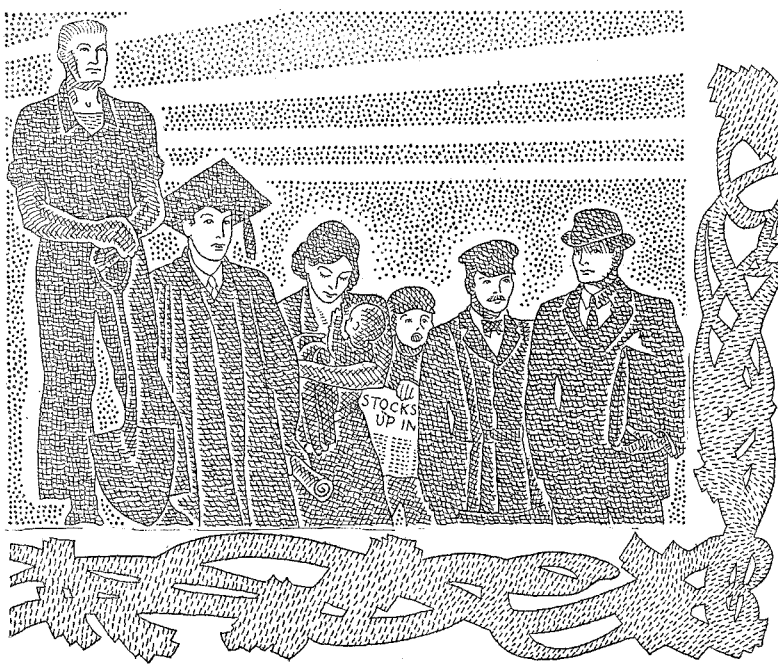

surprised, therefore, that any measure that threatens to stabilize the progress of business is necessarily contrary to "sound" financial principles. "Sound" finance is by definition anything that will bump the business man hard enough to make the money hop out of his pockets into those of the financier. Naturally anything that might level off the bumps is fatal to "confidence" and an outrage to the feelings of all confidence men.

There is a legend found in conservative mythology, that the business cycle is itself a regulatory mechanism, a sort of governor of the economic system. The idea is that as the boom rises it generates forces that limit its expansion and that in time turn the curve downward toward normal. Similarly as the market falls and the "short" interest builds up, there are forces that stop the fall and turn the market upward again. Whatever goes up must come down, and all that. By this benign regulator, business is periodically provided with new capital for expansion, and, by an equally benign provision of nature, the ownership of the new plant is providentially transferred to the wise ones who in their youth joined the right golf clubs.

But the business cycle as a governor of the economic system has the fault known to engineers as "hunting." Instead of keeping the speed of the engine as constant as possible, it makes the variations of speed as large as possible. When the engine begins to speed up, the financial governor opens the throttle, and when the engine starts to slow down the governor closes the throttle. The fluctuations of business controlled by cyclical finance are limited not by the mechanism of finance but only by the number and wooliness of the available lambs. When the lambs are all used up, the game collapses and the business world lies paralyzed until a new crop of lambs is born. That is not a governor, but just a way of getting them going and coming. The only limit on the business cycle is the limit of human nature and of its capacity to believe alternately in fairies and hobgoblins. When at last the down-swing goes to such an extreme that the people threaten to go crazy and bite the hand that bled them, then the game is up and it is time to have a new deal. That is exactly why we are now trying to set up a more satisfactory deal.

V

A real governor on an engine has characteristics that are the opposite of those of the financial-business cycle. A real governor is so arranged that when the engine starts to go faster the governor will start to close the throttle, and whenever the engine starts to go slower the governor will start to open the throttle. What the business world needs is a financial mechanism that will cut down the supply of money whenever business starts to speed up and will pour in new money whenever business starts to slow down. There seems to be some possibility that the handling of depression insurance funds may be made such a governor.

Unemployment insurance will require money to be collected from various sources. This money should be laid away in a box, withdrawn completely from circulation in either the goods or the capital market. Dividend insurance by corporations requires the accumulation of surplus funds, which should be treated in the same way. The Administration needs a law that will eliminate loose corporate surplus funds and will prevent their investment. The law should provide a prohibitive tax on all corporate profits, exempting such monies as are distributed in dividends or bonuses, and funds deposited in a custodial account without interest and with privilege of withdrawal on demand. Such a law would prevent "ploughing in" with all its attendant dislocations, and it would prevent playing the market with surplus funds to the detriment of business.

One sometimes hears it said that if our great business leaders are not allowed their customary pickings they will resign and go home. The privilege of having inside

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knowledge of what is going to be done with a large surplus fund in the market is a valuable perquisite that sometimes helps to compensate for the modest salaries shown on the books. On the other hand, in view of the unfortunate effect of financial speculations upon the stability of business, the propriety of employing executives who are interested in the stock market may perhaps be questioned. There might in many cases be an advantage in replacing the present executives with a business leadership that would be more seriously concerned with the business itself.

Public works, insofar as they are "timed" to come in depression, ought to be financed wholly by methods that will inflate the medium of exchange in hard times and deflate it in good times. That is, the bonds should be sold wholly to controlled banks, and held by the banks as a basis for check-account money until the Government is ready to pay off the bonds and destroy the money based upon them. In order to produce a favorable effect, the new money so obtained will have to be truly spent and forced into circulation without the formation of new business debt. Such expenditures may include not only physical non-self-liquidating public works, but all sorts of free public services—together with salary increases in the civil service, reduction of postal rates and of sales taxes, and perhaps most important of all, a generous universal old-age pension, to be paid for wholly by graduated income taxation. In general, the objective of any successful regulatory program will be in hard times to produce an adequate budgetary inflation by reducing sales taxes and increasing expenditures, and in good times to prevent overinvestment and produce a budgetary surplus deflation by heavy taxation of surplus personal incomes. The ideal national budget is one that runs a large deficit in hard times and a large surplus in good times, tending to counteract the fluctuations of business. The notion that national budgets ought to be balanced each year is merely a bit of "sound" financial theory, based on the fact that attempts to achieve a yearly balance help to aggravate the business cycle, from which the financial group gets its profits.

If unemployment insurance, corporate undivided surplus, and the Federal spending program were all to be managed on this same basis, sterilizing funds in good times and releasing funds in hard times, then the effect would no doubt be to counteract the business cycle. Those who have studied the matter seem to have no doubt that such treatment would actually tend to counteract the spontaneous fluctuations of business, or that the customary method of handling reserve funds renders the corresponding depression insurance valueless as a stabilizing factor. The doubts arise about whether the volume of such reserve funds might not become so great as to create a reversed cycle. That is, the quantity of money that would be withdrawn from circulation in setting up these reserves would seem to be so large that it would completely wreck the price system and throw the business cycle into reverse.

VI

The money system is so complex, and so tied up with emotional factors, that any one would be rash to make a dogmatic prediction of the effect of any new element upon the behavior of the whole. Yet in view of the present impasse, and of the fact that something new will have to be done, there may be some value in speculating as to the possible effect of sterilized reserves.

The quantity of money that would be withdrawn and sterilized by all the various kinds of anti-cyclic activities combined would naturally be large, if the cycle were to run for several years on the upswing and several years on the downswing. That is the kind of cycle to which we have been accustomed, and some of the economists have been inclined to regard it as being related to sunspots or to the will of God or something of the kind. Actually the length of the late business cycle was probably fixed mainly by the degree of human gullibility on the subject of "securities," a phenomenon with hardly enough of Divine sanction to be regarded as unchangeable. If it should turn out that the major fluctuations of business have no necessary length fixed by natural law, then the collection and use of anti-cyclic funds might actually change the length of the cycle. Instead of the funds building up over a period of years to a sterilized mass of twenty or forty billion dollars, reducing the volume of circulating money theoretically below zero, it may be that when the total reserves in the box had reached a few billions, perhaps in a year or two after recovery, the business curve would turn downward. Then the funds would be drawn out of the box to pay unearned wages and dividends, and to employ the unemployed on public works. Then within a year or two perhaps the curve would turn up again.

Further, perhaps after the first cycle, the business world might observe the shortness of the movement and begin discounting in advance, thus further shortening the cycle, reducing the absolute volume of the reserve accumulations, and cutting down the height of the swing above and below the trend line. The cycle caused by reserve sterilization might turn out to be one that would automatically become shorter and shorter and smaller and smaller, finally getting inside the seasonal swings and becoming invisible. If that effect were to occur, this would be an actual governor, holding business rather closely to its average trend line and preventing heavy fluctuations from any cause.

If the use of sterile, anti-cyclic reserves should turn out to be a real governor, smoothing the fluctuations of

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business, the effect would be to eliminate many of the speculative opportunities of finance and to improve the efficiency and productivity of business. The smooth trend line might therefore be expected to run rather sharply upward for a considerable period, until restricted by limited natural resources and by the desire for shorter hours. Such a result, if attainable, would be desirable from all points of view except the conservative and radical.

The fact should be kept in mind, however, that a monetary governor is not all the economic system will need. At least two other major adjustments will be necessary—an adequate system of providing basic economic security, typified by the old-age pension, and an adequate means of preventing excessive investment, typified by the upper bracket taxes on personal incomes and inheritances. Special measure for promoting decentralization of industry and other needed adjustments will no doubt be required. But the possibility of devising a financial regulator is important, even if it is not all.

A governor ought to be automatic, and definitely separated from the throttle control used by the human engineer. If anti-cyclic reserves were to be "managed" by the Treasury, while the credit system was managed by the Federal Reserve, there would be no governor at all, but only two steering wheels to the same ship. In order to obtain the advantages of a true governor, the following principles of operation may be tentatively proposed for discussion. Unemployment insurance may be managed on any scale and by anybody, provided the law requires that all funds collected must be placed in a sock. Similarly, the volume of corporate undivided surplus is comparatively unimportant, and may be left to the discretion of the corporations. All that is necessary is that all undivided surplus must be placed in a sock. The official sock might be guarded by the Treasury, provided that the Treasury be given no discretion to use the funds for any purpose whatever. If there is danger that the Treasury might sometime wish to exercise discretion in the disposal of these funds, then it would be better to hide the sock in the Comptroller's office and have Mr. McCarl sit on it.

The management of Federal budgetary deficit and surplus policies is affected by political pressures, and the extent to which it can be made quasi-automatic is a serious question. The most intelligent proposal that has come to my attention so far is made by a high official in the New Deal: that the Government might regulate its spending wholly by the extent of unemployment, guaranteeing to provide jobs for all the unemployed left over from industry at any time. The tax policies would always have to be politically determined, but the length of the period of depression or prosperity would vary with the actual degree of deficit and surplus obtained. Perhaps some better solution may be devised, but this one is at any rate roughly consistent with the President's recent message.

If the anti-cyclic reserve funds can be made to act as a practically automatic economic governor, then the Federal Reserve can be called upon to take the hand-throttle and to manage the rest of the currency and credit system as required by public policy. A proper engine is provided both with an automatic governor to prevent sudden changes and wild fluctuations and with a hand-throttle to change the speed when required. Subject of course to our present inadequate understanding of economics, it would seem that a fairly rational behavior of the price system might be possible if a similar arrangement could be set up in the economic world. The subject would seem at any rate to be worth discussing, in view of the present unsatisfactory behavior of the system.

Before such a governor can be applied, the New Deal will of course have to have destroyed the resisting power of finance. A number of measures are available. Progress has been made with the securities acts. There might be a heavy tax on all security sales at any price differing from that of a base date. Economic security measures, especially the old-age pension, may be expected to reduce the volume of savings available for financial manipulation. Heavy income and inheritance taxes, and drastic reduction of sales taxes, will increase the power of legitimate business and reduce the power of high finance. Even an inadequate degree of depression insurance, properly managed, will destroy much of the income of the financial world, adding to the income of the business world and shifting the balance of power. Along these lines the New Deal is already progressing, and with growing understanding it may go farther and fare better.

In conclusion it may be said that all the indications point to the fact that in a system of high productivity a tolerable degree of stability can be attained only by subordinating the interests of finance to those of business. Business needs a more stable price and money mechanism. No possible money system or substitute for a money system can be perfectly scientific or rational, because of its indefinite area and emotional character, especially where the system must deal largely with services and luxury goods. Special measures to prevent a Wall Street or "sound money" inflation are obviously necessary at present. Meanwhile the principles of anti-cyclic, sterilized reserves should be discussed, and perhaps applied experimentally, to see if this mechanism may not turn out to be the long-sought economic governor.

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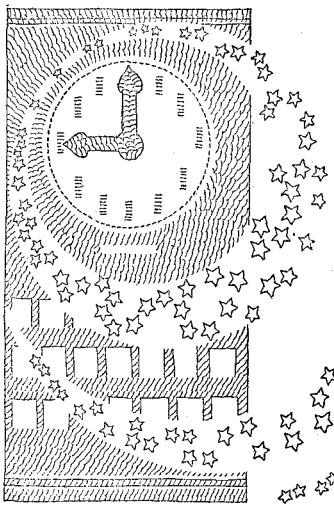
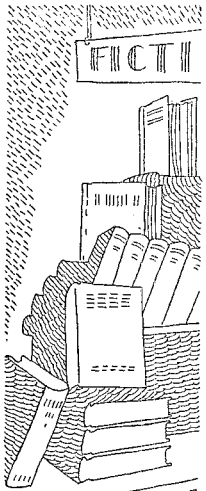
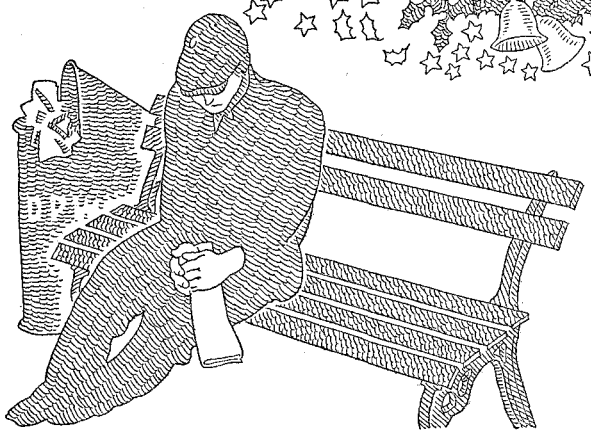


Jobs in the Sky

A STORY

By Tess Slesinger





It meant that you wanted to hold your job like nobody's business if you managed to get in ahead of Mr. Keasbey, whose name had been first in Mrs. Summers's section-book and the section-books of her predecessors for a noble fifteen years. Mr. Keasbey signed in daily at eight-forty (ten minutes before the deadline), and on the dot of eight-fifteen on pep-speech days (a good ten minutes before Mrs. Summers reluctantly counted you late)—and daily after removing the cover from his table of Important New Fiction and flicking his books with his private duster, stood with his fine white head bowed, waiting reproachfully like the best boy in the class. But on the day before Christmas, the Monday which was the last day of the Christmas rush, 1934, and the morning for which Mr. Marvell's Christmas speech had been announced (Mr. Marvell being the "M" in "M. & J."), Joey Andrews, No. 191-23, 167B, who had been till three weeks before without a number, in the army of the unemployed, wrote his name and number on the top line of Mrs. Summers's fresh page at exactly eight-eleven. Mrs. Summers asked Mr. Andrews if he had fallen out of bed; she said it was nice to see some face beside Mr. Keasbey's so early in the morning; and she said she had sat up in the bathroom all night (not to wake *Mister* S.) going over her records and trying to make them tally. . . . And Mrs. Summers, who limped before nine and immediately after five-thirty because there was not, she said, very much sitting on her job, limped off with the sales-books for the hat-girls who were also part of her section.

Once more as Joey Andrews looked down from the mezzanine onto the great sleeping main floor below, he felt in his stomach the dull ball of fear which a lover experiences when he recalls how nearly he missed going out on that particular Tuesday on which he met his love. But propping the biography of Dostoievsky against the memoirs of a Grand Duchess on his own table of History and Biography, Joey Andrews felt that any recollection of his eight-months' nightmare among the unhired was unworthy of No. 191-23, 167B of a great department store. And wondering to what table *Jane Eyre* belonged (for surely it was not a biography?), "I must forget about the Washington Square gang," he scolded himself, "I don't belong with them any more"; and went to lay *Jane Eyre* tentatively on Miss Bodkin's table of Classics.

Downstairs the perfume girls were drifting in; the floor-walkers, adjusting their buttonholes and their smiles, moved here and there with dignity. Having arranged his own table, Joey Andrews looked about his beloved book department for some way to be helpful, some way to live up to the Christmas spirit of M. & J. He didn't quite dare to fix Miss Bodkin's table; and he was just pulling the long white nightgown off Mr. Keasbey's New Fiction when Mr. Keasbey himself walked in—it was the dot of eight-fifteen—and, forewarned by the section-book violated, bearing another's name before his own, gave Joey a haughty, suspicious look and began flying around his table making kissing sounds until his fingers came safely to rest on the handle of his very own duster.

Now the cosmetic girls were mounting stacks of cold

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cream on their counters while near the doors the cheap stockings stretched coyly over amputated limbs. On the mezzanine behind the book department the hat-girls in their drab black dresses and exquisitely sheer-hosed legs began clapping the hats on stalks like flowers. Mrs. Ryder, who kept the lending library at the back, came next; the hierarchy permitted Mrs. Ryder and Mr. Keasbey to bow with formal recognition of mutual virtue—Mrs. Ryder had been with M. & J. a noble twelve years to Mr. Keasbey's noble fifteen—before Mr. Keasbey hurried to return *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,* which he borrowed every night that it had not been taken by a customer, for his mother who was eighty and had stopped sleeping. Mrs. Ryder began driving the hair-pins into the pretzel high on her head, and when Mr. Keasbey laid *Rebecca* on the table before her, pointed her mouth like a pencil and made a check-mark with her head: down—one, two; hold; up—one, two—and Mrs. Ryder and Mr. Keasbey part for the day.

Miss Paley of the Modern Library and movie-editions, to whom the hierarchy does not permit Mr. Keasbey to bow, mounts the mezzanine stairs with a look of resigned bewilderment on her melancholy face. Two decades of teaching school have left her permanently surprised at finding herself daily entering the commercial world (and how had she ever, in the teeth of Mr. Neely's, the Principal's, disapproval, made the change!) —and also there have been rumors breathed by Miss Bodkin that Miss Paley's life in the commercial world is to be very brief indeed, and it may be that some of these rumors have even reached Miss Paley. Yet here she is, daily from nine to five-thirty, not selling children's books, as surely, she complains to Joey Andrews who rushes forth to help her with her jungle of cheap editions, as surely she had, after two decades of teaching little children, every reason to expect? Had she not, as Mr. Neely (who put things so well!) had put it, a gift for understanding children? But, Mr. Neely warned me, she whispers through her closed white mask, that the commercial world was something else again . . . and drawing out the handkerchief (given her by the best-speller's mother) from her place in the Modern Library copy of *The Old Wives' Tale* which she reads at idle moments in the day, Miss Paley dismisses Joey with a kindly, authoritative nod as though he were the first-grade pupil who had just collected the rulers. And Joey, rather glad to get away, for, ever since Miss Bodkin breathed the rumor, Miss Paley has been touched for him with some infectious germ, takes up his stand by his table of History and Biography.

Miss Willows, the buyer, trips over to her desk and lays her hat in the bottom drawer. But no Miss Bodkin. Miss Willows bites at her pearls as she makes a hasty survey of the book department, arranges Christmas calendars with her head on one side like a bird. Still no Miss Bodkin (Joey Andrews hates to think of no Miss Bodkin). "Heavens knows," murmurs Miss Paley to Mrs. Summers on the subject of varicose veins in which they both specialize, as Miss Bodkin's chum Miss Rees slips in on the stroke of eight-twenty the deadline, and carelessly pulls the cover off The Young Girls Series for which Miss Paley would cheerfully trade her whole leather-bound set of Proust; and "I know as well as Heaven," returns Mrs. Summers humorously, and she has forty minutes more of the luxury of limping. Beautiful Miss Fern Stacy who is so dumb (according to Miss Bodkin) that she can hardly make change, takes her place behind the stationery counter—Mr. Keasbey had fought bitterly against its ignoble presence in the book department, even for the Christmas rush week. Mr. Keasbey stands with his arms folded, his head lifted; a fit citizen in the world of M. & J., fit door-man to the gate of Heaven: perhaps one day Mr. Marvell will pause and glance at his noble mien, his professorial posture, and will think to himself, What a man! what a faithful employee. . . . And there suddenly is Miss Bodkin, having signed in fraudulently in the space left blank by her good friend Miss Rees, a Miss Bodkin defying a gullible world to imagine that she was not present at least as early as Mr. Keasbey, and that she does not every day of her life make off with a first edition hidden away under one of Mrs. Ryder's lending library covers. . . . Joey Andrews feels waves of purple climbing shamefully down his spine at the sight of Miss Bodkin's gooseberry breasts squeezed tight under her black satin dress; he remembers that it has been a long time since he has dared to ask a girl for a date, and that tonight is Christmas Eve.

Eight-thirty; and Mr. Keasbey, for the fifteenth annual successive time, leads his class as though he were

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the monitor, down the mezzanine stairs for Mr. Marvell's Christmas speech.

". . . and Mr. Marvell who needs no introduction has come all the way from White Plains at this early hour to give us one and all his Christmas message." Mr. Sawyer of the Personnel speaking ("O thank you, thank you for nothing," murmured Miss Bodkin, her small face expressing sarcastic devotion; Mr. Keasbey delivered a withering glance; and Joey Andrews, though sick with admiration for her gooseberry breasts, moved away from her contaminating influence, for Joey, having had a job for only three weeks was still more in love with the job than he was with Miss Bodkin).

Beyond where the shoe-clerks were gathered a white-haired man rose and bowed. "What a fine face," whispered Miss Paley; "he has Mr. Neely's eyebrows exactly." Faint applause, led by smart clapping of department heads, while the great man smiled dreamily.

"My friends ("Mister God in person," murmured Miss Bodkin mouthlessly; and Joey Andrews stared for comfort at the graveyard of boils on the back of Mr. Keasbey's neck): I only wish it were possible to know each and every, to shake each and every, to wish each and every but—the-femilay-of-M. & J.-is-too-large. (Laughter, the lingerie girls throwing themselves in fake passion against their shrouded counters; under cover of the polite sounds Miss Willows the buyer leaned across Joey Andrews and hissed *Miss Bodkin kindly stop that talking*. The white hairs in Mr. Keasbey's ears bristled sexagenarian triumph.) My friends, a spaycial responsibility toward your countray, your fellow-men, the femilay of M. & J. Have you ever stopped to think how the department stores contribute to the good cheer of this heppy holiday come rich and poor alike gifts for his loved ones differences forgotten all men are equal at Christmas and who has the honor the privilege the blessing ("Bring on the castor oil," groaned Miss Bodkin).

"Who but you, my friends? And this year in especial when so many renegades and complainers of course a bad year but take the good with the bad life wouldn't be moch fon if we didn't have our ups and downs like our good friends the ladies of the elevators here—and our slogan is down with the complainers, friends, we don't want 'em here why up at Princeton we used to wash out their mouths with soap maybe we ought to enlist the parfume gehls to do the same thing here. ("Haw haw" roared the shoe-clerks remembering public school but the book department merely smiled condescendingly, such humor was beneath them and they knew was meant to be.) Bear in mind my good friends a job for every good man or woman in this countray if you don't like this countray you can go to another if you don't like your job here you can leave it always plenty only glad step in shoes.

"One word in closing to the new friends taken on to help us in this merry busy season. We wish we could permanently retain each and every make a permanent member of the femilay of M. & J. each and every but let me say to each and every, *we* will do *our* baist if *you* will do *your* baist . . . and this is *your* big chance to prove yourselves invaluable to *us,* on this last day of the Christmas rush when *some* of our friends unfortunately *must be dropped.* (The book department glances briefly and guiltily at Miss Paley, who continues to stand with her hands clasped as though Mr. Marvell were the Principal leading assembly.) And I say this not merely to our new but it applies also to our old this is the day for *each* and *every.*

"In conclusion it is good-will that counts good cheer is the baist policy the spirit of Christmas all year round is our slogan we are one big femilay and we spread our good cheer our customers expect it demand it *pay* for it and now my friends I wish each and every a merry and profitable Christmas *keep on your toes all day our profit is your profit it may be that you can win yourself a permanent position* my friends I thank you each and every one."

Smatter of applause, Mr. Keasbey clapping on and on like an old Italian listening to the opera, while the section managers turned back toward their sections, but a thin man in a striped tie (Gadowsky who edited the monthly M. & J. *Banner*) leaped to a counter and cried: "Just one moment, friends. Let's give Mr. Marvell a hearty send-off to show our appreciation—altogether now, M. & J. 'Tis of Thee. . . ." The song straggled out across the floor; heads craned for a last glimpse of Mr. Marvell but Mr. Marvell was on his way back to White Plains; the song died.

O God, if the gang could see me now, thought Joey, taking his place for this day of days before his careful table of History and Biography. (Y'oughta forget that bunch, y'don't belong with them any more. And look around, look around, Jesus it's like heaven to be working.) Now there steals over the book department, the hat department, the entire floor below, a period of hurried hush, of calm excitement; a poised expectancy, denoting the birth of the store for this great day. Now the aisles lie flat and virgin, waiting, breathless and coy, for merry and profitable defilement. (Remember Pete . . . passed his examinations for the bar . . . in between starving he handed out grocers' handbills . . . and Dopey Simpson, turned down a job for $11 . . . said he wouldn't stay straight under $25 per.) Now you can hear Miss Bodkin whispering with Miss Rees about the rumored romances of Miss Fern Stacy the stationery girl: "When she said *three* I knew she was lying, there aren't three men in the city fool enough to propose to a girl a depression year like this." (Remember Rounds

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. . . been a scholarship boy at a swell prep-school until the depression cut down the scholarship fund . . . went around saying over Latin verbs to himself. . . . Dad said I'd meet swell fellows in New York, but he didn't think I'd find 'em on a park bench.) Now the large clock over the entrance doors jumps to eight fifty-three; Miss Paley stands sweet and serious like a school-teacher—and God, it's as safe as being in school again, thinks Joey, coming here every day, nice and warm, watching the clock jump like that on its way to nine. . . . Mrs. Summers, her eyebrows dancing like harassed ghosts, limps like a nervous shepherd among her flock; only seven minutes more of that limping, Mrs. Summers! M. & J. expects courtesy health good cheer of its employees, the customers expect it demand it PAY for it. . . .

Now Miss Paley closes *The Old Wives' Tale* with the best-speller's handkerchief in her place, and stands lifting her melancholy mask like a lamp waiting to be lighted. Behind her you can see tucked over a row of books her pocketbook, another of her many crumpled handkerchiefs, a pocket-comb; for Miss Paley has moved in (despite the rumors), Miss Paley has settled in (she has not heard the rumors), among the cheap books as she had for two decades in her classroom, this is *your* day, Miss Paley, to prove yourself invaluable, and *yours* too, Joey Andrews, and *yours* and *yours* and *yours,* each and every . . . (Remember Jonesy, a real bum, Jonesy . . . turned Christian and left the gang, went and hung about with the Christers on the Y breadlines . . . pan-handling and spending his pennies on Sterno which he converted into alcohol by filtering through his handkerchief at the horse-trough at the end of the Bowery . . . in his Sterno he thought or pretended he thought he was Jesus. But Rounds who had been a scholarship boy said he'd go Red before he'd stand on a breadline or sing "Onward Christian Soldiers" like Jonesy.) Now you can hear Miss Bodkin: "I hate this Goddamn place, they fix the quotas high so nobody can possibly make a commission except the week before Christmas." Foolish Miss Bodkin! a daughter of the femilay of M. & J. doesn't she know when she's well off? Take care, Miss Bodkin, this is *your* day too. (Remember fumbling in the ash-can for a paper before turning in—those nights you hadn't the wherewithal for a flop—turning in on the grassy center of Washington Square, surrounded by those beautiful houses . . . dreaming and planning with Rounds the One Perfect Hold-up—can Mrs. Summers read the mind? . . . remembering, because you couldn't sleep, how long it had been since you had had a girl . . . remembering, because you couldn't sleep for the drunks singing at the other end of the dormitory, *If you've said your prayers Joey my son no harm can come to you.*) Now Mr. Keasbey stands at the top of the mezzanine stairs with a dignity like the dignity of a painless dentist, his arms folded, threatening and somber, as he turns and prepares for his victims. Miss Willows herself descends from her desk and takes a position in the middle of the floor sucking her beads, a débutante hostess waiting, leaning forward from the hips, to greet the crowds that must be stamping outside in the Christmas cold. Now the outside entrance doors are thrown open and you can see the waiting customers pour into the vestibule, sliding and coming to a stop like beads in a box. Now the big clock jumps to eight fifty-eight; Mrs. Summers can limp for two minutes more, and she limps from clerk to clerk, her eyebrows dancing, begging everybody to remember the Christmas spirit, and that extra pencils will be under each cash register.

(*You can get anywhere in this country with an education my son* said his father . . . oh, gee pop, you were right, if you could only see me now! *I want you to have a high-school diploma son.*) Now the aisles below lie flat and smooth like roads, and the customers stamping in the lobby are a frenzied herd of cattle. "Watch the customers sharply," said Miss Willows; "and remember there are plenty of store detectives in disguise all over the store watching every move you make." Remember there are plenty of detectives, remember this is *your* day, remember the Christmas spirit . . . remember they stood on a corner of Fourteenth Street where a young man promised them a bad winter and Rounds said "I'd sooner go Red than stand on a breadline," and Joey Andrews shook in his thin-soled shoes for he knew he'd starve sooner than stand on a breadline and he felt he'd stand on a breadline sooner than go Red . . . remember *keep on your toes all day there will be detectives watching every move you make this is your big day to prove* . . . remember Washington Square Park. . . .

Where a bench was turned permanently outward, making a cosy little entrance to the grass hotel, a gateway to the open-air sleeping quarters for which no rent was charged, to which one came democratically without luggage, without even a full stomach. Remember you stood at the gateway, fumbling in a refuse barrel with your head well in, selected a *Times*—the tabloids are better reading but too narrow for practical use—for your blanket, mattress, pillow, bed-lamp, water-carafe and chamber-pot. On the grass you chose a spot among the reclining forms and lit your good-night butt. "Lousy flop-house joints," your neighbor murmured; "a plate of soup, a free wash—who in hell wants a wash?" Bug-Eye the one-legger from the World War had to show off by springing over the fence instead of coming in nicely through the revolving doors. "They say he can still feel that leg . . . do you believe that?" "Shut up and give me a Chesterfield—oh, well, a Lucky will do." "Amo, amare . . . amas, amat," murmured Rounds regretfully, as he picked himself up to go again to the

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lavatory; he was having serious trouble with his stomach, no green vegetables . . . "there'll be pie in the sky by and by," sang Dopey Simpson. "Shut up, there, lights out, no more talking."

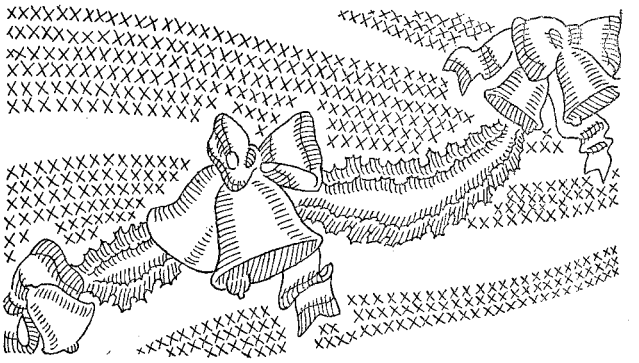
Stars in the sky overhead, pie in the sky, moon in the sky, dreams, girls, pie, jobs in the sky too.

"Move over." It is Jonesy the Christer, lit on Sterno. "If you believe, believe, believe on the Lord . . ." "Smart Aleck, dirty sucker, hanging around the Y . . . mamma's boy . . ." *Papa can anybody in the country be the president?*

Three drunks sitting on the bench too happy to go to bed (sitting in the lobby of their swell hotel, drinking, guzzling, gossiping.) "Yesh shir, the mosht turrible thing in thish country is the bootlegger liquor . . . all the lovely young college boys going to their raksh and ruinsh . . ." "If you believe, believe, believe. . . ." *Yes, my son and remember Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin and Our Lord was born in a Manger.* "In the war we had such nice warm mud . . ." "Shut up, Bug-Eye, what'd it get you?" "In the war we had such nice warm blood . . ." "If I wash preshident of the United Statesh, firsht thing I'd do I'd forbid the lovely young college boys. . . ." *Just close your eyes Joey if you've said your prayers nothing can happen to you.* "Such nice warm mud . . ." "Sometimes I think Bug-Eye's just plain nuts." "I lost my leg in Avalon . . ." "Onward Chris-tian so-o-oldiers" "When we ask them for something to e-a-t." Rounds came back from the lavatory: "I can't remember a deponent verb, I hate to forget all that." "If you believe, believe, believe. . . ." *Do I have to eat spinach mamma? Yes, Joey think of the little Belgian boys who haven't any—and it will make you big and strong.* "Work and pray, live on hay, there'll be jobs in the sky by and by." Rounds said all the comfort stations in the world wouldn't bring him comfort any more . . . he needed steamed vegetables . . . he said he'd go Red before he'd stand on a breadline. "Work and pray, live on hay, there'll be jobs in the sky. . . ." "Onward Chrisssstian Soldiers. . . ." One of the drunks on the bench was putting into action an experiment he had heard of: thoughtfully tapping one knee with the side of his hand to see if he was still alive. He was not. He toppled over into his cold bed beneath the stars and if those gay boys sitting up and singing in their open-air dormitory thought they weren't spending that night with a corpse they were making just one hell of a mistake. . . . Remember how that morning, remember how all that day, remember . . . *remember this is your day, Joey Andrews. . . .*

The bell rings, it is nine o'clock. Miss Willows wets her lips against the first polite speech of the day. Mr. Keasbey goes rigid with desire. Mrs. Summers stands erect at last on her varicose legs.

The heavy doors swing open. The mob in the vestibule surges and squirms; animals stampeding in panic inside a burning barn; then breaks suddenly, spilling like thick syrup down the aisles.



The machinery starts with a roar: unorganized come into conflict with organized; the clerks are overpowered, the floor-walkers swept into the stream of customers; the aisles are drowned; arms reach like fishing-rods into the piled bargains on every counter. But gradually the frantic haphazard customers are subdued and controlled by the competent motions of well-trained officers, who reason, who separate, who mollify and implore. Still mad, but under direction at last, the crowd settles around counters screaming to be fed.

The mezzanine grows tense with desire for invasion.

The first customer toys with one foot on the stairs; pinches her pocketbook and climbs laboriously upward. Miss Bodkin's short, smart legs run to capture; but over Miss Bodkin's black banged head Mr. Keasbey has already made a dignified assignation; like one hypnotized the customer makes her way surely and pointedly toward those grave commanding eyes. Miss Bodkin turns back in anger; meets Joey Andrews' admiring eye, and irresponsibly sticks out her tongue. Joey Andrews feels his confidence in No. 191–23, 167B slip a little as he sees with a pang Miss Bodkin guessing he is absolutely no good with girls.

"Mrs. Summerssss sssign please!" Miss Bodkin bags the day's next sale.

Surely these determined ladies and gentlemen (or are all the gentlemen detectives?) are not the same race as those tentative unhurried customers who loitered and weighed two weeks ago. Now they hurried fiercely, became mad people at indecision, rapidly bought two if they could not decide upon one. After favoring her customer with a cheap *Lorna Doone* off her Classics table, Miss Bodkin with malice and caution sells her the latest detective story right off Mr. Keasbey's beautifully stacked table, right under Mr. Keasbey's bristling but dignified nose. Mr. Keasbey bending his stately professorial back takes out his feather-duster and gives his books where Miss Bodkin has ravaged them a quick indignant flick. Miss Bodkin retires with the slyness of a nun to her own table.

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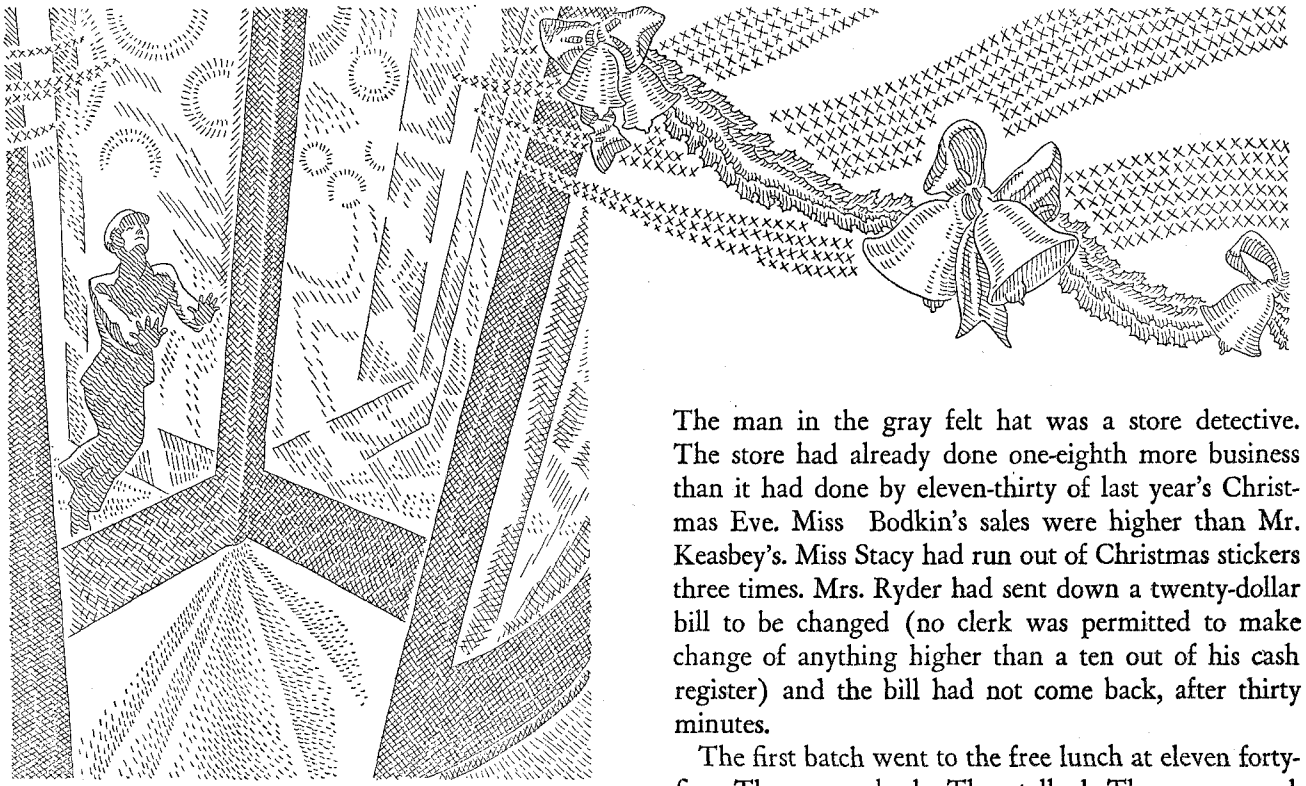

A lady grazing close to Joey Andrews is captured by Mr. Keasbey two strides ahead of Miss Bodkin who retires viciously blowing her bang off her eyes, and in passing murmurs, "If I printed what I thought about the sixty-year-old teacher's pet, it would make a book too awful even for my own Classics table." But all the lady wanted and she said so too frankly was a ninety-five-cent copy of *Robinson Crusoe* for the kids and when Mr. Keasbey lost out trying to explain the value of the three-fifty illustrated issue on his own table, he turned her over in haste to Miss Paley; because Christmas is here, and Miss Paley's cheap editions are petty game at this season to an old hunter like Mr. Keasbey. . . . But Miss Paley receives the gift gratefully and looking at Mr. Keasbey's dignified face, who knows but she forgets for a minute Mr. Neely. Now Joey Andrews has his day's first customer, and he will never forget her kind eyes and brown fur coat as she stands eagerly waiting for him to wrap her package with the Christmas twine. Miss Paley, on her varicose knees hunting and hunting for *Robinson Crusoe* which is hard to find because it is exactly the color and size of the *Romance of Leonardo da Vinci,* lifts a face modestly benign with the joy of laboring to catch her breath, for Miss Paley knows from her last decade's experience that if she rose too quickly she was apt to get the least little bit of swimming in the head.

The invisible electric wire carried rumors from clerk to clerk. Free lunch would be served in the basement; twenty minutes to eat. A hat-girl had been arrested for stealing change. A shoplifter was caught downstairs. The man in the gray felt hat was a store detective. The store had already done one-eighth more business than it had done by eleven-thirty of last year's Christmas Eve. Miss Bodkin's sales were higher than Mr. Keasbey's. Miss Stacy had run out of Christmas stickers three times. Mrs. Ryder had sent down a twenty-dollar bill to be changed (no clerk was permitted to make change of anything higher than a ten out of his cash register) and the bill had not come back, after thirty minutes.

The first batch went to the free lunch at eleven forty-five. They came back. They talked. They conquered. There was no second batch, except Miss Paley who went for a cup of tea. Miss Bodkin said the lunch was made of pieces of wrapping paper from returned purchases of 1929.

Mrs. Summers asked Joey Andrews if he thought he could make out without any lunch. Joey Andrews said sure and dashed off to his next customer.

Joey Andrews was drunk. If for a moment he found himself without a customer he ran up to one lady after another like a lost child seeking its mother.

Miss Willows forgot that for the last two years she had been buyer for the book department; the fire of selling caught in her veins again; she sold passionately. Let Miss Bodkin take the credit down in her salesbook, let Mr. Keasbey receive the commission—but let Miss Willows sell again! Her pearls caught on the edge of a table; scattered underfoot—Miss Willows laughed; turned to a customer and kicked the pearls recklessly out of her way. Miss Willows too was drunk.

Miss Bodkin whispered that her sales had reached $150.

Miss Willows greeting customers at the top of the stairs had lost her débutante coolness and become a barker for a three-ring circus.

Mr. Keasbey broke down a reserve of years and squeezed Joey's arm as he pushed him out of his way.

Miss Paley, weak from no lunch, brushed her hand across her eyes and smiled until her whole head ached.

So it went on, and Mrs. Summers passed among them, conspicuous for her white head, for her customer-like lined face, and in the back of her distracted eyes lurked worry like guilt.

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Who shall say that even Mr. Keasbey was actively, consciously motivated by the few cents' commission he was piling up? Each one was simply part of a great selling team, schooled and trained to perfection, each part functioned perfectly. All the time the crowd was changing, but imperceptibly; the stream which fed it must be flowing as fast as the stream which ebbed away. Now one was handing fifty-seven cents change to a gentleman with a green tie, now one was looking through the crowd for the lady with the feather.

In all his life Joey Andrews had never been so happy. His day was measured by customers, not by sales. He was mad with the delight of being necessary to so many people at once, with being efficient for his great team, with knowing exactly what part he had to play.

Miss Willows's voice grew hoarse, strangely naked she looked without her beads too—this way for calendars, this way for the latest fiction—Miss Willows was selling herself and was lost in passion.

But worry was growing out of Mrs. Summers's eyes. She hovered for a brief second about Miss Paley as she swung open the drawer of her cash register. The invisible wires hummed again: Has Miss Paley, maybe Miss Paley, it looks as if Miss Paley. . . . But Miss Paley, blind and dazed and cheerful, still flies among her cheap editions, still makes her way mildly in the commercial world.

Still the crowd filled the aisles, covered the floor. Only now the incoming stream was heavier than the outgoing, complemented by clerks and secretaries from Brooklyn to the Bronx. There was no slack, no shading. Even as there was no telling how the crowd melted and swelled again, there was no telling whether one's feet hurt or did not hurt; not only did no one attend to bodily functions, it was as if they had ceased to exist.

To get to your cash register now meant a hand-to-hand battle. The little bells rang as clerks shot out their drawers, counted rapidly, slammed them shut again. Joey Andrews clicked his open; good God, the bills under the weight were rising mountainously. He wasted a second of M. & J.'s time: he felt with his fingers the soft resistant pad of bills.

Mrs. Summers, with her kind and tortured smile, her worried eyes, her dancing brows, hovered briefly about Joey Andrews's cash register. Mr. Andrews . . . Mr. Andrews. . . . Joey Andrews gave her a bright child's look with eyes which looked swiftly away, beyond her, in liaison with his next customer.

Feet were like rubber tires now. Bodies were conveyors of books. Minds were adding machines. Fleeting glimpses of strained and happy faces—it might be Christmas, it might be the warm contact of body with body, of air made of the mingling of human breaths, it might be the happy exchange of one human tribe with another, the excitement, the warmth, the continuous roar of sound. . . .

There was a slight lull, as there may be a lull in a storm. Joey Andrews, running like a mountain goat, caught Miss Bodkin's round black eyes, caught Mrs. Summers's level worried look . . . and then he found the eye of a lady with a scar on her throat, who was holding out a book to him, begging, begging, for the kindness of his service. . . . And then there was a flurry of ladies with anxious faces and Boy Scout nephews in the sticks; Miss Rees had a sudden success with her *Green Mountain Boys* and Joey Andrews deserted History and Biography to take on her overflow. And the human storm was loose again, wrapping them all together in an efficient human mass. . . . Mrs. Summers stands like a bird of ill omen hovering over Miss Paley's cash register.

The invisible electric wires are humming again. Six hat-girls are going to be dropped, three of them old employees, three of them just taken on for the Christmas rush. They don't tell them, says Miss Bodkin viciously, until the last minute—so they'll keep on selling to the end. Miss Bodkin knows everything before any one else. Paley's going to get hers, too, I know it, says Miss Bodkin—and Joey Andrews wonders what Miss Bodkin is doing tonight, on Christmas Eve, he wonders if he might have the nerve. . . .

Five twenty-five. Joey Andrews flew to his cash register, back to the customer with scar on her throat, back to his beloved cash register. "Well," says Miss Paley to Mrs. Summers, "it can't be helped and it can't be helped." It has happened. Miss Paley's got the sack. They've told Miss Paley they're letting her go. This is Miss Paley's last day. What do you think, Paley's just been fired. Jesus, poor old Paley. . . . Joey Andrews has a customer who wants something in green to match her library curtains. "Heavens knows," Miss Paley said, "I cannot understand, cannot comprehend . . ." and everybody knows that Miss Paley is using big words to keep from crying and to show that she was a teacher for twenty years. Joey Andrews's customer would prefer something a shade darker; maybe that Oscar Wilde. Mrs. Summers with her eyebrows going like an orchestra leader's baton: "I just feel terrible about this, Miss Paley, just terrible, I knew it last night and I couldn't sleep, they don't let us tell you till the last minute." Joey Andrews's customer doesn't see why they don't put out a Shakespeare in green suede—or even a dictionary.

Some one wants to buy Miss Paley's copy of *The Old Wives' Tale*. Such a nice lady, Miss Paley would like to tell her how much she loves that book. "Next to my Jane Austen," she says, holding her side as she graciously hands over the book. "The commercial world," says Miss Paley, reaching over for the wrapping paper. "My principal told me," Miss Paley said. "A natural

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teacher. Born not made. He told me in so many words. . . ."

The clock jumps to five twenty-seven. Three minutes more in the commercial world, Miss Paley. Three minutes more of non-limping, Mrs. Summers. Three minutes more of being a human being, Miss Willows!

Mr. Keasbey is smiling like a boy. Christmas Eve—he hasn't missed one in sixty years with his mother; bought her a shawl, he did, on the third floor, got the employees' discount; had it for her in his locker. Good cook the old lady, probably spent the whole day getting up his Christmas dinner. "My principal told me," Miss Paley said; "he is a man who never minces words. 'Myra Paley,' he told me. . . ." Joey Andrews flies back to his cash register, he does not like to look at Miss Paley any more, Mrs. Summers is standing tentatively: "Mr. Andrews, oh, Mr. Andrews." Joey Andrews eyes her with his bright-eyed look, punching at the buttons which make the drawer slide out and tap him gently in the stomach: "Mr. Andrews, I see you are too busy now." "My job at the school," Miss Paley says, "is gone; it's gone, my principal told me." Mrs. Summers is off again, non-limping her last two minutes, like an unwilling bird of ill-omen off with her little messages—the hat-girls now.

And at last the closing bell rang and customers clung where they had been indifferent before and sales-clerks turned cold who had been themselves leeches ten seconds earlier, and customers would not, could not, tear themselves away until *Stars Fell on Alabama* was sent to Arkansas and the *Motion Picture Girls* to Far Rockaway and until they had made ab-so-lutely sure that the price was erased from the Grosset and Dunlap edition of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*—and Joey Andrews, making out a final sales-check, catches Miss Bodkin's eye on him at last, kindly at last, friendly at last, as if at last she were perceiving him, and Joey Andrews's heart leaps with the thought of Christmas Eve and the chance, the bare chance, that Miss Bodkin, with her gay little bobbing breasts. . . .

"My principal told me," says Miss Paley, not sitting as she had last night, on a counter and girlishly swinging her varicose legs as she added up her sales—but standing off a little, apart from them, as the great store empties, as the people whom the employees of M. & J. have served all day go home and leave the store to the clerks, to whom it properly belongs, Miss Paley stands all by herself, while Mrs. Summers, avoiding her now, for Miss Paley is dead, moves like a plague from hat-girl to hat-girl, infecting them, six of them, with the poison from headquarters that has killed Miss Paley. Miss Bodkin, although she has higher sales than any one else with the possible exception of Mr. Keasbey (who bends his hand over his salesbook as though he fears some one might copy his sums), subdues her joy in her sales as a man uncovers his head for a passing funeral—and there is no doubt about it now at all, Miss Bodkin is definitely smiling at Joey Andrews as if she liked him.

They handed Miss Paley her handkerchiefs and pencils in silence. For all they were kind to her, and patted her shoulders, they were really hurrying her a little too, hurrying her out of their lives— Miss Paley was bad luck. "Maybe your next job will be a sitting-down one, honey," said Mrs. Summers, limping at last. They all wished Miss Paley would hurry. It it not nice to see some one dead. "Good-bye, all," Miss Paley said, and with a last bewildered look set her feet on the stairs to make her exit from the commercial world. And they watched Miss Paley float out with her handkerchiefs, her pencils, and her varicose legs, and all of them knew they would never see her again—and Joey Andrews, turning back with relief to his salesbook, gathered courage to return Miss Bodkin's smile.

Mrs. Summers is bearing down upon Joey, smiling too, suddenly every one is smiling at Joey, Joey Andrews is a good boy and every one is smiling very kindly at him and Joey happily smiles back. "Different with you, you are young," Mrs. Summers is saying. Young, yes, Joey Andrews is young as hell, and Miss Bodkin evidently thinks she has smiled at him too boldly, for now she lowers her eyes to her salesbook again. "You are young and life holds many opportunities," Mrs. Summers says, smiling and smiling. "They don't let us tell them till the last minute, I tried to tell you but you were so busy, you were so happy, but it's different with you, you're so young," says Mrs. Summers, smiling pleadingly for forgiveness. Of course I am young, thinks Joey Andrews, impatient with the old, with the white-haired Mrs. Summers—and he tries to catch Miss Bodkin's eye again and signal her, we're both young, tonight's Christmas Eve—but the old will never have done talking to the young, and Mrs. Summers goes on: "and so if you will leave your things tonight on my desk, and come for your pay-check next Thursday. . . ." Nobody is smiling at Joey Andrews now, everybody is looking down very conscientiously at his own salesbook, he feels without knowing quite why that they are anxious to have him go, he hurries through counting the sales he scored for M. & J., he stands apart a little as Miss Paley had, and when Miss Bodkin, not smiling any more now, comes and asks him in a low voice if he would like to come to her party tonight, just a few friends, just Miss Rees and herself and a few of the fellows, Joey Andrews says stiffly, "Thanks very much, I have a date," for Joey Andrews knows now why Miss Bodkin took to smiling at him so suddenly, Miss Bodkin knows everything ahead of every one else—and Joey Andrews is not going to hang around people and be bad luck.

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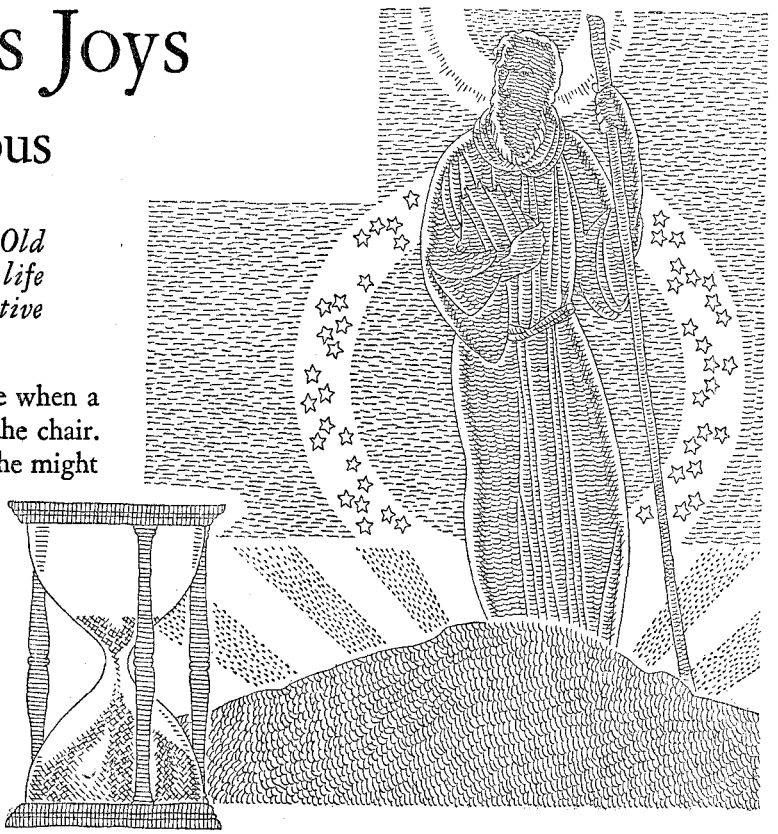
Age Has Its Joys

Anonymous

Stimulated by the question "Is Any Old Person Happy?" a woman considers her life and answers in an emphatic affirmative



Not long ago I was in the dentist's office when a woman of my acquaintance was in the chair. The dentist handed her the glass so she might see his work.

"God," she exclaimed, thrusting the mirror from her after one glance, "how I hate growing old!"

The remark was wholly in character and did not surprise me greatly. I confess, however, to a distinct shock when a few days later I read these words, written by one of the most distinguished women this country has produced, prefatory to a bitter statement that she too hated growing old: "Is any old person really happy? I wonder. Of course they say they are, but if they ever remember what they were like once, they must shudder inwardly. Only youth and life at full tide are beautiful. . . ."

Coming from a woman who has led a fine life and contributed notably to human progress, I am moved to examine this testimony somewhat carefully. Is it true, as she and so many others assume, that growing old is of necessity the lowest and most miserable state of man?

I am, I judge, from the standpoint of age, if no other, qualified to discuss this subject. Hardly a week passes that I do not notice a headline: *Aged Man Struck by Train* or *Aged Woman Hit by Bus,* only to read further and discover that these unfortunates were in their fifties. I myself am well past sixty. Certainly I have many previous states in my own existence with which to compare the present one, while a wide range of other case histories, in the modern jargon, lies open to my observation.

I am not proposing to discuss happiness as any continuous unalloyed state of being. But it is amazing how many adult, more or less thoughtful persons still cling to a notion that such a state is humanly attainable. It is, of course, this story-book notion, this iridescent hope, surviving from the fairy-land of childhood, which fogs so many marriages, especially in their beginnings. Happiness, then, I think of as a matter of fleeting moments, of hours, at most of days, and in the present instance as the relative amount of satisfaction, all things considered, one derives from the later, as against the earlier, years of one's life.

Without forgetting the extraordinary woman to whom I have referred, Anne Sullivan Macy, the assumption that growing old is a terrible business is voiced chiefly, not by those who themselves are growing old, but by the young. No one, I imagine, will be disposed to dispute this. I myself was not immune from a similar point of view.

On what is this almost universal youthful assumption based? Very obviously, and first of all, on the inevitable decline in physical vigor in older persons. Quite simply, we can no longer do, or do with any degree of grace, those things from which the young themselves are at present deriving their greatest delight. Leaving out of account exceptional cases we cannot swim, skate, ski, play tennis or golf, dance or even ride in a way that commands admiration and respect from our youngers. Granted. What I seriously doubt is that, except in the rarest cases, one who has lost the power through advancing age to excel in sports or purely physical accomplishments, suffers appreciably, if at all, from this fact. In my own case, dancing alone presents a temptation. I still respond uneasily to the strains even of a tango. But the pangs I must suffer on this account are, after all, easily bearable. When alone on the beach, as sometimes happens, I watch my grandchildren disporting themselves in the surf, I am confident I know a content quite equal to theirs. The sunshine, the distant sail, the

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shimmering sand, the little sand-pipers—these are my enjoyments, and entirely sufficient.

Not that I could persuade my grandchildren that this is so. They are always fearing (thoughtful youngsters) that I am "not having a good time."

It all goes back to very much the same thing. Young people in general transfer their present states of mind to later states of body, utterly unable, or at most only very imperfectly able, to imagine that what now constitutes for them superlative pleasure will not always do so.

There is more solid ground, perhaps, for the assumption that older people must suffer from their declining attractiveness so far as physical appearance is concerned. The person does not live, it is safe to say, who would not prefer to present a pleasing image to the eye. But the failure to do so is by no means confined to age. While *all* youth may be beautiful to the more or less dimmed eyes of their elders, youth views itself in no such unexacting light. Children suffer excruciatingly when they feel they are less attractive than other children with whom they are thrown. I do not believe that in my whole life I have suffered more passionate anguish than when, as a very little girl, no one "dropped the handkerchief" at my place and I concluded that it was because I was not so pretty as some other little girls in the circle. The wound was searing enough to leave its scar for more than half a century. And no matter how sporting their behavior may be, what young boys suffer in having their outstanding ears or other conspicuous defects pointed out and jeered at, is beyond computing, while to a young girl of marriageable age to be too tall, to have a bit too long a nose or a blemished complexion—these are tragedies than which, in all probability, she will meet none more real in all her later life.

Age alone can, with any degree of philosophy, support a plain appearance. The one exception is the woman of waning beauty, when beauty has been her principal claim to attention, or the man who still postpones the robust physique to which his years entitle him, fearful lest the loss of a dapper figure may end those "affairs" of which he is still in feverish pursuit.

But men and women of this sort, however numerous, are in the minority. For the most part, people growing old have seen so many of life's prizes go to the homely, the ungainly, even sometimes to the downright repellent, and so many of the personable go down in defeat, that they are forced to conclude beauty is somewhat less important than they once supposed—at all events, it is not enough.

Even age, however, is not necessarily bereft of all physical charm. Which of us has not seen a look at once wise, humorous, radiant, on the face of some old or aging person? To each class its advantage. This is distinctively the beauty of age—beauty of expression.

The very dulling of the physical faculties may not be, to the individual who suffers the loss, any real disaster. It is well known that Edison congratulated himself more than once on his deafness. There were, he said, many things which he did not wish to hear. I well remember my own sensations the first day I wore bifocal spectacles. For a moment I was crushed with the naked hideousness of my surroundings, microscopically revealed. I could not bear to have things look this way, I who for so long had been moving—true with a bit of inconvenience now and then—through a lightly, agreeably veiled world with everything enveloped in a soft autumnal haze, a world which I vastly preferred, and still do, to the one a sharpened and perfected vision gives me.

More than one, in fact, of the supposed drawbacks of age may very easily be, in some particulars at least, enhancements.

But when young people look at age so unenviously, without doubt and whether they realize it or not, one of the things they have in mind is that the old are incapable either of arousing or responding to ardent emotion. They themselves are still living in the age of romance, perhaps in the throes of a more or less turbulent amorous attachment which colors, for the time, their whole existence. If not, they are hoping and dreaming that this experience may yet be theirs. What can life be without romantic—nay, sensual—love? To them, something void of all flavor, all fragrance. They have yet to learn that there are human beings, women at any rate, who would willingly forego all the ecstasy such love can furnish, rather than be subject again to the furious devastation it can work. Many men, too, if they had the courage of their convictions, would echo the sentiment I have heard, in this free-speaking day, expressed by at least one man. "Most men will deny it," he said, "for fear their virility may be questioned, but as a matter of fact the happiest time in a man's life is when the sex urge finally grants him a measure of peace."

And there is not a couple, I dare say, past their silver wedding day—provided the marriage has been at all successful—that will not admit they have reached the most blissful period of their wedded existence. Sometimes, indeed, it is only at this stage that the marriage begins to take on any such character.

No, because one is done with romantic love in its various phases and has entered what may be regarded the second age of innocence, it does not mean one is doomed necessarily to a bleak existence. It is not a case of *all* passion spent—only the more harrowing passions. Speaking for myself, the emotional life is not less strong. Its impulses, its objects, are different—more varied, in truth. That is all.

There remains, however, one verity that the old per-

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son cannot dismiss so lightly, the verity of death. But, oddly enough, among all the assumptions that the old must be unhappy, this—the nearness of death—the most valid of all reasons, is the one least often assigned. To young people, life is everything. Even less than they can picture that human existence may still be richly worthwhile after romantic love has ceased to play its part, can they picture the extent to which the old are preoccupied with the thought of death. Doctor Munthe, in a work that, for all its grave undertones, has captivated two continents, says: "Death is seldom out of my thoughts," and this is so, I believe, with almost all who are growing old.

There is, first of all, no further blinking the fact that death is a reality. The obliviousness to this conviction, with which nature so beneficently provides the young, permitting them thus to fulfill their destinies, is now removed. Even that sense which accompanies a great grief, a sense often persisting for years, that the thing really could not have happened or we could not have lived—even this anesthesia is denied us now. We, ourselves, shall die, and the time draws near.

This growing disquietude I cannot put down, however, to any concern with what lies beyond. In my entire acquaintance, I do not today know a single person who, so far as can be detected, harbors the smallest fear in regard to the hereafter. When it comes to the "long journey toward oblivion," most of us trust ourselves unquestioningly to the Unknown, accepting with Whitman the assurance:

"Did you think Life was so well provided for, and Death, the purport of all Life, is not well provided for?"

Even the illiterate are no longer scourged with fright on this score. Preachers here and there may still thunder as of old, but hell-fire, and an anthropomorphic devil, no less than an anthropomorphic God, have pretty well faded out of the consciousness, I fancy, of the present generation of men.

There is, of course, mixed with the dread of death often a passionate reluctance to relinquish the delights of life.

It is a commonplace that the old very generally fight as desperately to stave off death as do their juniors, and incidentally there could be, to my mind, no stronger affirmation of a claim that the old are less unhappy than many would have us believe.

It is not, however, a reluctance to give up whatever they have found sweet in earthly existence—it is not even a haunting certainty of death as something shortly to overtake them, which destroys so much of the peace which the old might otherwise know. More than anything else, it is the uncertainty as to what manner of death awaits them. Others, as I, must find it harder and harder to hold their inner eye steadily on the serene and noble faces of the dead which they recall. More and more often must appear certain faces of the dying. What will our own fate be? It is not death, I insist, which we are in supreme dread of. It is dying.

I myself watched by the bed of my father and mother who both died, though many years apart, from cancer. What would I not give to be able to blot out the memory of their final agonies? My own end may come in no such way, though there is but one death I should ask for or can imagine any one wanting—the one so many of us were instructed we must pray to be delivered from.

When George Eastman, the philanthropist, put an end to his life with a bullet three years ago, people expressed astonishment. A man who had amassed a hundred millions and then given away seventy-five of them to worth-while causes—surely the evening of his life should have been a tranquil one! But those who knew Mr. Eastman best realized what was in his mind. Two of his oldest and closest friends had died lingeringly, one of them lying for three years, mindless, an inert mass. He refused to run the risk of any such end for himself.

I feel it will mark an immeasurable social advance when the manner of our going out of life shall be left less largely to chance, when dying, under a merciful social control, shall not be permitted to be either too cruel or too long. But we still cling to an antiquated habit of mind in this matter, and the man or woman prepared to devote a life-time to promoting a more enlightened view of dying than the one which now obtains must expect the same heroic struggle, the same obloquy heaped upon him, that Margaret Sanger has encountered in the movement for birth control.

But as yet there is only the barest beginning in this direction. We who are most nearly concerned must face the existing situation, and if a shadow falls too often across our thoughts, happily it does not completely darken our outlook.

This outlook is, of course, a matter of long preparation. Not, to be sure, that one consciously prepares. Age is upon us almost before we had marked its approach.

One Sunday afternoon a few winters ago in New York, a youngish man of my acquaintance met me just as I was coming out of my hotel.

"Where are you going?" he inquired.

"Up to the Metropolitan Museum. Come along."

He shook his head smilingly. "Why should *I* go to the Metropolitan?"

"To insure yourself against a bored old age," I rallied him. And the advice was not so preposterous. Already he is showing signs of *ennui*. Races, restaurant dining, and the Follies, golf to some extent and even yachting are beginning to pall. Of travel, except with people of his own tastes and standards, he has little experience. Nature means nothing to him; he can drive through the

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most enchanting countryside with scarcely a glance to right or left. *The New Yorker* and *Ballyhoo,* or some similar sheet, together with the stock-market reports in the daily press, represent practically the whole of his reading. From the world of fine music and the other fine arts he is equally shut out. This man, though with the most engaging qualities and with an alert mind, capable of development in more than one direction, is headed straightway toward the dullest of old ages.

I sometimes think that here is another matter that should not be left so haphazard as it is at present. Why not have specific preparation for being old? Rummy and the radio cannot be relied on too far. Why not protect the middle-aged, willy nilly, against their tendency to slump at this point? At forty say, we could require an examination. Those who showed themselves insufficiently awakened would be enrolled. I would not, however, have the courses all of a strictly cultural character. Of course if higher and lower enjoyments could be simultaneously stimulated, so much the better. But in the long run, from my observation, it is more important that a woman, if her age is not to fail her, should be able to savor fully the delight of sitting in the sun and shelling peas in a basin than that she should respond rapturously to Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps;* more important for a man that he extract interest, for example, from observing the habits of spiders and wasps, even of the humble house-fly, and greet with gusto a new blade in his garden, than that he should be able to discourse illuminatingly on Spengler's *Decline of the West.*

In short, unhappiness is not inherent in old age, or not more inherent than in any other stage of life, but there must be something to be *brought over* into it—interests of a kind that do not wear out with time.

Furthermore, and to narrow it down to my own sex, in the case of a woman who in her old age betrays an unseasonal restlessness and discontent, it will be found, I think, not that more sorrow and ill fortune has visited her than another, or that greater deprivation is her lot now. Almost without exception she will be the same woman who earlier did not allow herself to enjoy the nice, happy, gay, common little things of life; the woman—ten to one she is of them—who always underrated the importance of food, wishing for the day when families, her own at any rate, might be fed scientifically on capsules; the woman who abhorred, or at most endured patiently, the marital relation; in a word, the woman who neglected to cultivate, save to the most limited extent, the delights of the senses. Not unnaturally, it is this woman, deficient in wholesome earthiness, who likewise missed a great and glamorous love—one, whatever the price paid, that would have irradiated with its after-glow the rest of her existence, however long.

But while not overlooking these cases, fully aware that to many Browning's lines:

> "Grow old along with me!
> The best is yet to be"

represent the most arrant nonsense, and with every desire to be honest, I cannot for the life of me, when I go over the roster of my acquaintance, pick out more that are unhappy among the old than among the younger members. In my opinion, most old people, while they may not flaunt the fact, regarding it as patent, agree in their hearts with the poet.

Anne Sullivan Macy thinks, it is true, that if old people "ever remember what they were like once, they must shudder"—shudder, as she goes on to say, because of the contrast between their former more attractive and their present selves. But this must be exceptional. If they shudder, thinking of the past, it proceeds more likely from exactly the opposite cause. We may, as Thomas Jefferson averred, become ever more involved in ignorance and error. At the same time, few can contemplate without chagrin some of the more callow behavior of their long past selves. Who has not, among the keepsakes of his mind he would gladly part with, an experience which bears resemblance to that in Sherwood Anderson's memorable story, "I'm a Fool"? Unless he was a youth of astounding wisdom, he must have had more than one he can only look back upon with a wry smile. It is only, in fact, because of our somewhat broader understanding of human motivation that we can be at all indulgent to some of those dead young selves of ours.

Even, and perhaps most of all, women who have never married profit by age. No one expects them to marry at this time of day, and they can settle down to the solid enjoyment of whatever their tastes may be. Hence those glorious old maids one sees, full of a force and fascination no one suspected in their earlier years. They are beyond—if not Good and Evil—the humiliation of being speculated about, just as some of their more adventurous sisters are now beyond flings of another sort. Every one knows women of this latter kind, who, richly endowed by nature, spent themselves prodigally, as often as not were made to eat the bread of exile, but who now have become to another generation acknowledged sources of light and warmth.

All sorts of wanderlusts yield. That vague all-pervasive nostalgia, the old yearning for far-away lands, no longer haunts one. The familiar takes on all the consummate charm we once could extract only from the strange, the exotic. For me, at any rate, this is true. The pots in a quaint out-of-the-way Normandy inn can throw back no brighter gleam than those that hang on

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my own kitchen wall. No river anywhere is more magical than the one that flows at the foot of my own hill.

One has time too, at last, for reading, no unimportant item for those to whom reading is one of the major rewards of living.

And then, there is the tightening of the ties of blood as the clan to which one belongs grows smaller and smaller. I used to marvel at the unbounded joy my mother and her five sisters, when they were all white-headed, took in each other. I can readily comprehend it now. I have cousins to whom in my youth and middle years I was all but completely indifferent but who have now become immeasurably dear. And so with the friends of one's youth who still survive. The petty jealousies and envies and stinging little resentments which destroyed so much of the satisfaction we had in each other then are gone now. We meet with bounding hearts and cling to each other—yes, pathetically, I suppose it seems.

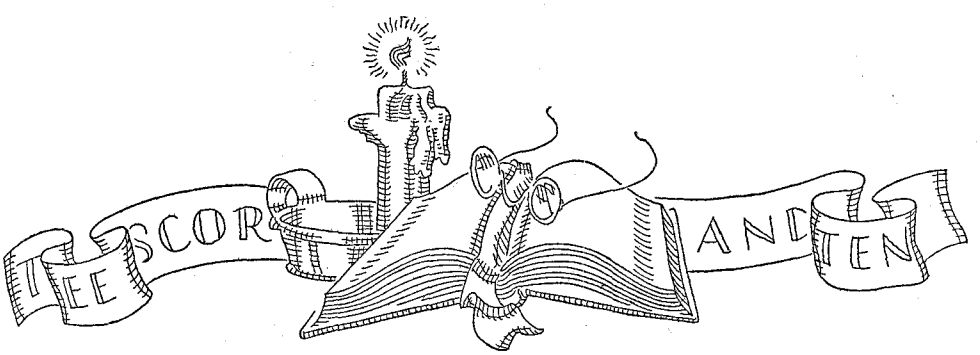
But however precious our friends may have become, the longing for constant companionship is gone now, with so much else. I live for most of the year in the country, a long way from neighbors, live alone, except for a middle-aged woman who has served me for years and a dog whose joints, like those of her mistress, are beginning to stiffen. It is not entirely from choice I live so far from others, but I own this place and know of no other where I should be able to live on my very small income. But one who lives in the spot he loves best is not, after all, a subject for commiseration. Besides, to be perfectly truthful, I count solitude as not the least of my present blessings.

All in all, if the choice were presented, I would not turn back—assuredly not to the twenties—not to my own, with a brief and stormy first marriage to live through again. (How they move my compassion—now that they no longer seem to have anything to do with myself—those two young things!) Not to the thirties, when life had to be built all over and there were times when I touched the depths. Nor yet to the forties, with all their splendid spots, for there were crucifying ordeals I must still come through. I would not turn back even to the fifties; I have gained insights since that I can hardly do without, though this is not to say I would not have back the comrade through whose loss some of the deeper insights came.

It is not, then, that I am exempt from the burden of memories which every one of my age must bear. Neither have I the consolations of religion—or religion of any classifiable variety. Certainly I do not cherish even the faintest hope that I shall ever again see that shining youth, my only son, who met a tragic death in his early manhood—nor any of the others, dearest to me, who visit me now only in puzzling and none too peaceful dreams. I know, too, piercing regrets, especially for how little I have accomplished. And it would be altogether too fatuous to claim that I enjoy being prohibited, as I now am, from walking more than just so far, from this and that. Moreover, sickening instants occur when the ship to which I have trusted so long seems about to slip its moorings——

But now is the time for "pulling the long oars of a lifetime's courage." And when a contemporary writes me, as one did last week, urging me to join her in a plan she had: "We haven't an endless time left," adding, in a parenthesis, "Thank heaven!" I do not join in any such thanks. On the contrary, more than anything else I deplore the rate at which time rushes on, for there is no greater fallacy than that, for the old, with their relatively featureless lives, time stands still, and I am more than willing to linger in this twilight, which

I find by no means a desolate gray, but shot through with soft color and full of the most tender felicities.



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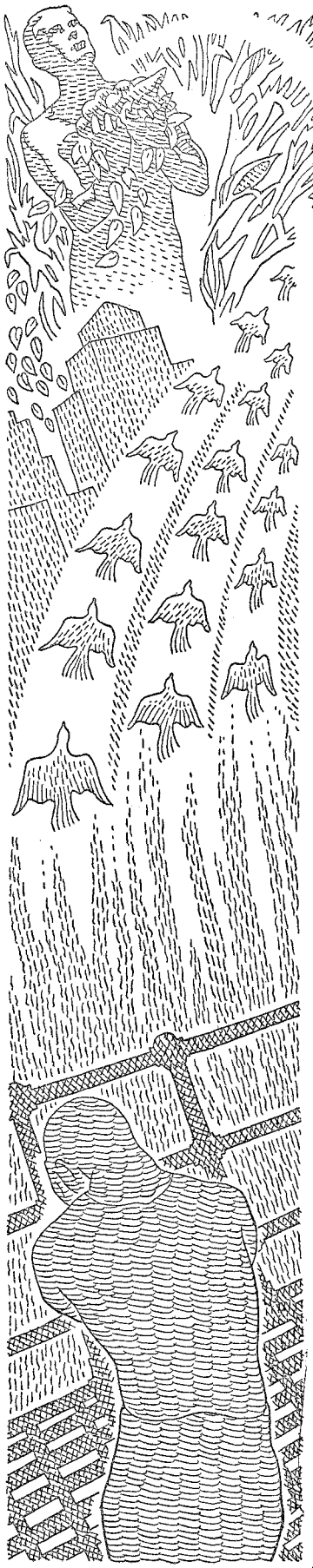

The Cities

By Jesse Stuart

I saw the cities and I learned too well
All cities are a little piece of hell—
Yes, hell to me—how well I know they are,
Sometimes without a bird, without a star—
And cold-stone streets without the smell of leaves;
Even the wind there whips loose wires and grieves,
Grieves loud and lonesome over the white-hard street
Where click all day the passing passing feet.

I saw the cities desolate and gray
And children there without a place to play.
They were green-growing corn the weeds shut in;
Tall slender stalks so lanky, pale and thin.
The sunlight did not kiss their death-pale skin.
And there was something smelly in the wind—

I am a lover of the wind and earth and sun
And I went back where lonesome waters run—
Where wind talks to the green leaves night and day
And children have some place to run and play.

And I came back to get a breath of winds,
Winds hot and fresh—fresh blowing from the corn;
Yes, I came back where high-hill blue begins
And grass and leaves drip fresh their dew at morn.

Yes, I came back where lonesome waters run
And where the white heat dances in the glen;
Where pasture fields lie sleeping in the sun,
Back where the slopes are tilled by stalwart men.

Back—back—I came—back to the midnight moons
That redden ember-like in blue-sky dirt—
Back—back—where whippoorwills sing dishpan tunes,
Back where the quails call night-time with quirt-quirt.

I came to lonesome waters in beech coves
That kiss the ferns and look to skies all day;
I came back to ten thousand life-blood loves,
I came back to the high-hill earth to stay.

I said: To hell with all the paper money,
To hell with nickel, silver, copper, gold—
But give me corn, blackberries and wild honey
And give me things that can't be bought and sold.

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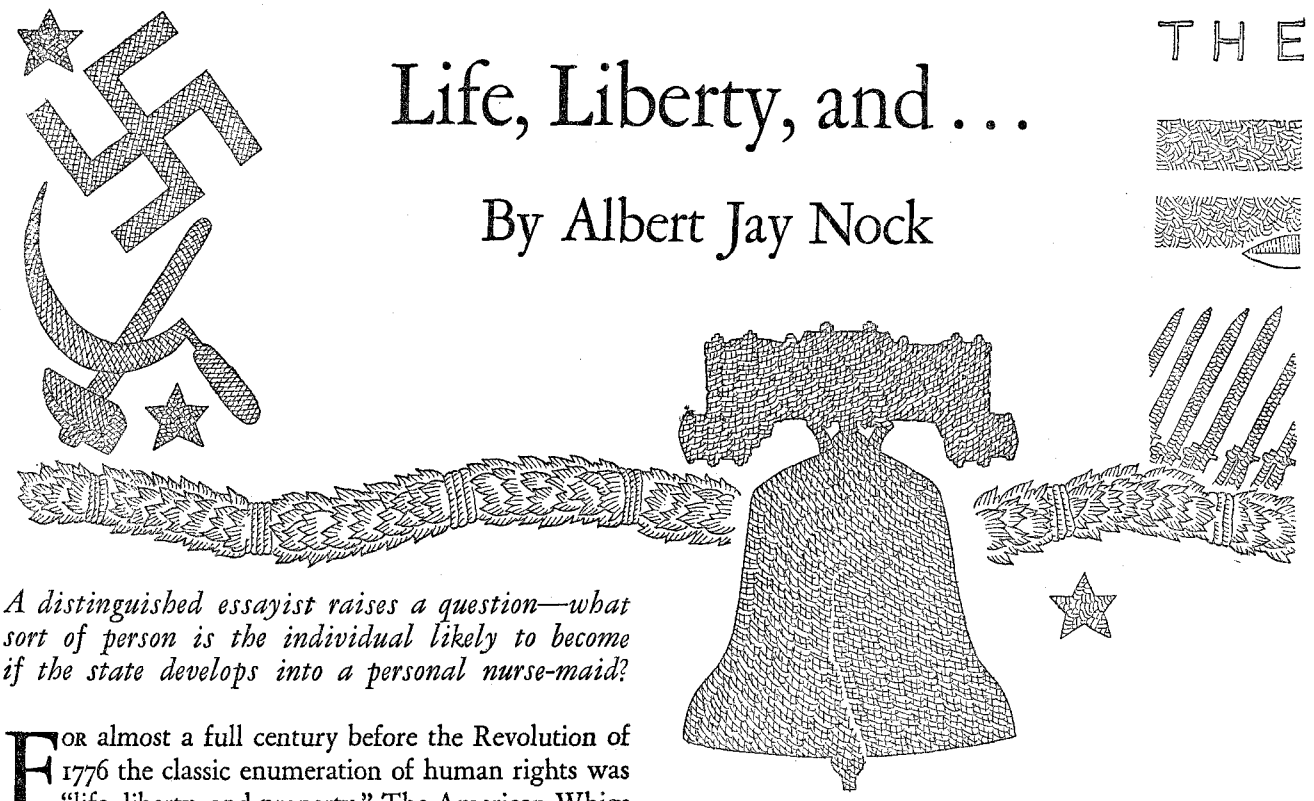
Life, Liberty, and . . .

By Albert Jay Nock



A distinguished essayist raises a question—what sort of person is the individual likely to become if the state develops into a personal nurse-maid?

For almost a full century before the Revolution of 1776 the classic enumeration of human rights was "life, liberty, and property." The American Whigs took over this formula from the English Whigs, who had constructed it out of the theories of their seventeenth-century political thinkers, notably John Locke. It appears in the Declaration of Rights, which was written by John Dickinson and set forth by the Stamp Act Congress. In drafting the Constitution of Massachusetts in 1779 Samuel and John Adams used the same formula. But when the Declaration of Independence was drafted Mr. Jefferson wrote "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and although his colleagues on the committee, Franklin, Livingston, Sherman, and Adams, were pretty well tinctured with Whig philosophy, they let the alteration stand.

It was a revolutionary change. "The pursuit of happiness" is of course an inclusive term. It covers property rights, because obviously if a person's property is molested, his pursuit of happiness is interfered with. But there are many interferences which are not aimed at specific property rights; and in so wording the Declaration as to cover all these interferences, Mr. Jefferson immensely broadened the scope of political theory—he broadened the idea of what government is for. The British and American Whigs thought the sociological concern of government stopped with abstract property rights. Mr. Jefferson thought it went further; he thought that government ought to concern itself with the larger and inclusive right to pursue happiness.

II

This clause of the Declaration has been a good deal in my mind lately because for the best part of a year I have been moving about in several countries, and have noticed that hardly anybody in any of them seemed happy. I do not say that the people I saw were sullen or gloomy, or that they no longer occupied themselves in their usual ways. What struck me was, simply, that the general level of happiness was not so high as I had been accustomed to see it some years ago. The people did not act like free people. They seemed under a shadow, enervated, *sat upon*. They showed little of the spontaneity of spirit which is a sure mark of happiness; even in their amusements they behaved like people who have something on their minds. Moreover, this decline of spirit apparently had little to do with "prosperity" or the lack of it. For all I could see, the prosperous were as dispirited as the unprosperous, and the well-to-do seemed not much, if any, happier than the poor.

But the interesting thing about this moral enervation was that so much of it, practically all of it, was attributable to nothing else but state action. Any thoughtful observer could not help seeing that it arose chiefly out of a long series of positive interferences with the individual's right to pursue happiness. Whether or not these interventions were justifiable on other grounds, it was clear that if the state really had any concern with the individual's pursuit of happiness, it had made a most dreadful mess of its responsibility. I noticed with interest, too, that all the countries I visited had some sort of political structure that could be called republican. That is to say, their sovereignty nominally resided in the people, and the people nominally created their

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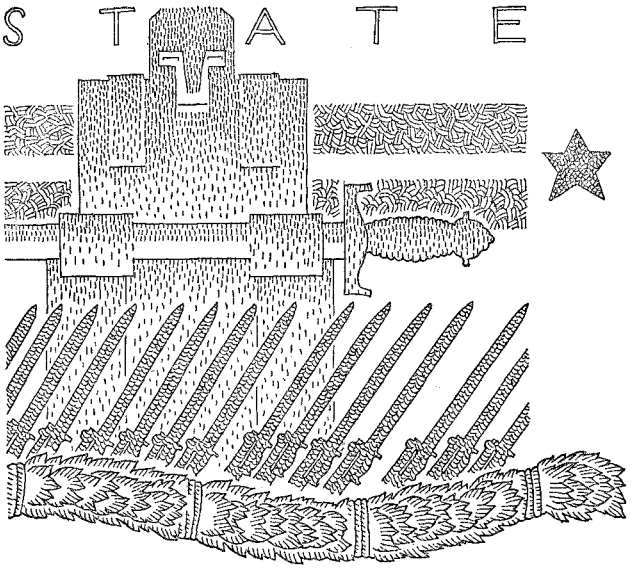

governments. This brought to my mind Paine's saying that "when we suffer or are exposed to the same miseries *by* a government which we might expect in a country *without* government, our calamity is heightened by the reflection that we furnish the means whereby we suffer." As an exercise of the scientific imagination, I tried to make a fair conjecture at the question whether the aggregate of these peoples' happiness was appreciably greater under the governments they had than it would be if they had no government at all. I could not make out that it was. I am not prepared with any elaborate defence of my estimate, but I think I could at least set up a pretty good case for the proposition that they were not nearly so happy as they would be if their governments had been considerably less paternalistic.

I am very far from suggesting that these governments deliberately set out to make their peoples unhappy. The question of motive need not come in at all. In fact, we may admit that by every one of its interventions the state intended to raise the general level of happiness, and actually thought it would do so. The only thing we need observe is that quite evidently it had not done so, and that if it had acted differently it might have succeeded better. By consequence, if it were acting differently now, the prospect for an increase in these peoples' happiness hereafter might be brighter than it is.

How, then, should the state act? What is the utmost that the state can do to raise the general level of happiness? Mr. Jefferson's answer to this question can be put in few words—that it should mind its own business. But what is its business? In Mr. Jefferson's view its business is to protect the individual from the aggressions and trespasses of his neighbors, and beyond this, to leave him strictly alone. The state's whole duty is, first, to abstain entirely from any positive regulation of the individual's conduct; and, second, to make justice easily and costlessly accessible to every applicant. In its relations with the individual, the code of state action should be purely negative, more negative by 20 per cent than the Ten Commandments. Its legitimate concern is with but two matters: first, freedom; second, justice.

III

This was Mr. Jefferson's notion of the state's part in bringing about an ideal social order. All his life was devoted to the doctrine that the state should never venture into the sphere of positive regulation. Its only intervention upon the individual should be the negative one of forbidding the exercise of rights in any way that interferes with the free exercise of the rights of others. According to this idea, one could see that the unhappiness and enervation which I was everywhere observing as due to state action were due to state action entirely outside the state's proper sphere. They were due to the state's not minding its own business but making a series of progressive encroachments on the individual's business. They were due to the state's repeated excursions out of the realm of negative coercion into the realm of positive coercion.

The frequency, variety, and extent of these excursions as disclosed by the last twenty years of European history are almost beyond belief. Tracing them in detail would be impracticable here, and is probably unnecessary. Any one acquainted with European conditions twenty years ago will be pretty well able to judge by how much the margin of existence, which the individual is free to dispose of for himself, has been reduced. Here or there in Europe the state now undertakes to tell the individual what he may buy and sell; it limits his freedom of movement; it tells him what sort of quarters he may occupy; what he may manufacture; what he may eat; what the discipline of his family shall be; what he shall read; what his modes of entertainment shall be. It "manages" his currency, "manages" the worth of his labor, his sales-prices and buying-prices, his credit, his banking-facilities, and so on with an almost limitless particularity; and it keeps an enormous, highly articulated bureaucracy standing over him to see that its orders are carried out.

This, too, when one considers only the positive coercions that the state applies directly to the individual. When one considers also those that it applies indirectly, one sees that the individual's margin of free existence has well-nigh disappeared bodily. These coercions take place when the state invades fields of endeavor that were formerly occupied by private enterprise, and either competes with private enterprise or supplants it. In the countries that I visited, the state now appears variously as railway-operator, ship-operator, ship-builder, house-builder, clothier, shoemaker, gunmaker, whole-

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sale and retail tobacconist, match-seller, banker and money-lender, news-purveyor, radio-broadcaster, market-operator, aviation-enterpriser, letter-carrier, parcel-carrier, telegraphist, telephonist, pawnbroker. The state has also invaded the field of eleemosynary effort, or what is called, I believe, "social service." Thus the state now appears as grand almoner, giving away immense largesse in the form of doles or wage-supplements. It also appears as employer-at-large, improvising work for those who have none. It also appears as educator-in-chief, chief sanitary inspector, chief arbitrator, chief druggist and chemist, chief agriculturalist, and in many like rôles; in one country I noticed that the state had even undertaken a loose monopoly of the dissemination of culture! I can think of only one line of human activity—religion—in which state meddling has of late years tended rather to decrease than to increase. Formerly the state was a considerable purveyor of religious opportunity, but now it does very little actively in that way, its subsidies being mostly confined to tax-exemption, as in the United States.

IV

By way of consequence, two things are noticeable. The first one is that whatever the state has accomplished outside its own proper field has been done poorly and expensively. This is an old story, and I shall not dwell upon it. No complaint is more common, and none better founded, than the complaint against officialism's inefficiency and extravagance. Every informed person who is at the same time disinterested is aware —often by harassing experience—that as compared with the administration of private enterprise, bureaucratic administration is notoriously and flagrantly slow, costly, inefficient, improvident, unadaptive, unintelligent, and that it tends directly to become corrupt. The reasons why this is so, and must be so, have often been set forth—the classic document in the case is Herbert Spencer's essay called *The New Toryism*—so I shall not go over them afresh, but merely cite one sample comparison which I was able to make, not in Europe, but here in America, and only the other day. I choose it merely for its vividness, since it concerns the one state enterprise which at present is considered the most laudable, most necessary, and most highly humanitarian.

About a week ago, I had by sheer accident an "inside" chance to compare American state enterprise with private enterprise in the matter of relief for certain enormous batches of destitute vagrants. The contrast was most impressive. If the co-operation of private enterprise had not stayed steadily on the spot to read the Riot Act to state enterprise, to show it which way to go and how to start, where to get off and how to stop when it got there, and in a general way hold its hand from beginning to end, those vagrants would have stood the best chance in the world not only of starving but of freezing, for a sudden spell of very bitter weather had just come on.

The clear consenting testimony of all political history certifies this incident as a standard specimen of state efficiency. The post office is often cited as an example of a state commercial monopoly that is well and cheaply administered. It is nothing of the kind. The post office merely sorts mail and distributes it. Private enterprise transports it; and as John Wanamaker said when he was Postmaster General, private enterprise would be only too glad to take over everything that the post office now does, do it much better and for much less money, and make an attractive profit out of it at that.

The second noticeable consequence of the state's activity in everybody's business but its own is that its own business is monstrously neglected. According to our official formula expressed in the Declaration, as I have said, the state's business is, first, with freedom; second, with justice. In the countries I visited, freedom and justice were in a very dilapidated condition; and the striking thing was that the state not only showed complete indifference to their breakdown, but appeared to be doing everything it could to break them down still further. As James Madison wrote in a letter to Mr. Jefferson in 1794, the state was busily "turning every contingency into a resource for accumulating force in the government," with a most callous disregard, not only of freedom and justice, but of common honesty. Every few days brought out some new and arbitrary confiscation of individual rights. Labor was progressively confiscated, capital was progressively confiscated, even speech and opinion were progressively confiscated; and naturally, in the course of this procedure anything like freedom and justice was ignored.

In short, I thought the people might fairly be said to be living for the state. The state's fiscal exactions, necessary to support its incursions into everybody's business but its own, were so great that their payment represented the confiscation of an unconscionable amount of the individual's labor and capital. Its positive regulations and coercions were so many, so inquisitorial, and their points of incidence upon the individual were so various, as to confiscate an unconscionable amount of his time and attention. Its enormously advantaged presence in so many fields of enterprise that are properly free and competitive confiscated an unconscionable share of his initiative and interest. It seemed to me that whichever way the individual turned, the state was promptly on hand to meet him with some form of positive coercion; at every step he was met by a regulation, an exaction, or a menace. Not daily but hourly, in the course of my travels, there occurred to me Mr.

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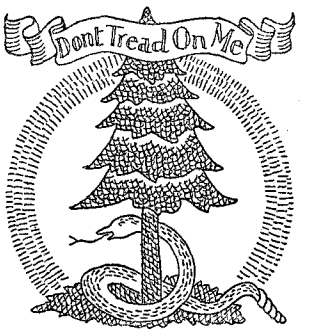
Henry L. Mencken's blunt characterization of the state as "the common enemy of all honest, industrious, and decent men."

So indeed it seemed. Putting the case in plain language, the individual was living in a condition of servitude to the state. The fact that he "furnished the means by which he suffered"—that he was a member of a nominally sovereign body—made his condition none the less one of servitude. Slavery is slavery whether it be voluntary or involuntary, nor is its character at all altered by the nature of the agency that exercises it. A man is in slavery when all his rights lie at the arbitrary discretion of some agency other than himself; when his life, liberty, property, and the whole direction of his activities are liable to arbitrary and irresponsible confiscation at any time—and this appeared to be the exact relation that I saw obtaining between the individual and the state.

V

This relation corresponds to a political theory precisely opposite to the one set forth in the Declaration. It is not a new theory; it is merely "cauld kail made het again," as the Scots say—it is the old doctrine of absolutism in a new mode or form. The theory behind the Declaration is that the state exists for the good of the individual, and that the individual has certain rights which are not derived from the state, but which belong to him in virtue of his humanity. He was born with them, and they are "unalienable." No power may infringe on them, least of all the state. The language of the Declaration is most explicit on this point. It is *to secure these rights,* Mr. Jefferson wrote, that governments are instituted among men. That is what government is for. The state may not invade these rights or abridge them; all it may do is to protect them, and that is the purpose of its existence.



The new absolutist theory of politics is exactly the opposite of this. The individual exists for the good of the state. He has no natural rights, but only such rights as the state provisionally grants him; the state may suspend them, modify them, or take them away at its own pleasure. Mussolini sums up this doctrine very handsomely in a single phrase, "Everything for the state; nothing outside the state; nothing against the state," and this is only an extension to the logical limit of the doctrine set forth in England by Carlyle, Professor Huxley, Matthew Arnold, and many others in the last century.

This idea, the absolutist idea of the state, seems to be very generally prevalent at the moment. The great majority of social philosophers and publicists treat it as matter-of-course; not only in Europe, where some form of theoretical absolutism has always been more or less in vogue, but also in America, where the idea of government, as expressed officially in the Declaration, runs all the other way. Since my return here I cannot help noticing that the rank and file of Americans seem to be extremely well reconciled to the idea of an absolute state, for the most part on pragmatic or "practical" grounds; that is to say, having found the frying-pan of a misnamed and fraudulent "rugged individualism" too hot for comfort, they are willing to take a chance on the fire. If only one be tactful enough not to name the hated names of Socialism, Bolshevism, Communism, Fascism, Marxism, Hitlerism, or what not, one finds no particular objection to the single essential doctrine that underlies all these systems alike—the doctrine of an absolute state. Let one abstain from the coarse word *slavery* and one discovers that in the view of many Americans—I think probably most of them—an actual slave-status is something that is really not much to be dreaded, but rather perhaps to be welcomed, at least provisionally. Such is the power of words.

The absolutist doctrine seems to assume that the state is a kind of organism, something that has an objective existence apart from the mere aggregation of individuals who make it up. Mussolini speaks of the state much as certain hierophants speak of the Church —as though if all its citizens died off overnight, the state would go on existing as before. So in the last generation Carlyle said that the state should be "the vital articulation of many individuals into a new collective individual"; and one hears the same sort of thing continually from the neo-absolutists of the present day.

No doubt this conception of the state has poetic truth, and to that extent there is a great deal in it. But in its practical relations with the individual, the state acts as though the idea also had scientific truth, which it manifestly has not. Merely reducing the matter to its lowest terms, as I did a moment ago, shows that it has not. Suppose every German died tonight, would the Hitlerian absolute state exist tomorrow in any but a strictly poetic sense? Clearly not.

Again, the absolutist rejection of the idea of natural rights lands one straight in the midst of the logical tangle that so baffled Herbert Spencer. If the individual has no rights but those that the state gives him, and yet if, according to republican theory, sovereignty resides in the people, we see a strange sort of sequence. Here we have a sovereign aggregation of individuals, none of whom has any rights of any kind. They create a government, which creates rights and then confers them on the individuals who created it. The plain man's

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wits do not hold out through this sequence, nor yet did Spencer's. "Surely," he says, "among metaphysical phantoms the most shadowy is this which supposes a thing to be obtained by creating an agent, which creates the thing, and then confers the thing on its own creator!"

But I do not intend to discuss these doctrines further; least of all do I intend to follow them into the shadowy realms of metaphysics. The thing that I am interested in for the moment is the pursuit of happiness. The question I wish to raise is whether it is possible for human beings to be happy under a régime of absolutism. By happiness I mean happiness. I do not mean the exhilaration arising from a degree of physical well-being, or the exaltation that comes from a brisk run of money-getting or money-spending, or the titillations and distractions brought on by the appeal to raw sensation, or the fanatical quasi-religious fervor that arises from participation in some mass-enterprise—as in Russia and Germany, at the moment. I refer to a stable condition of mind and spirit quite above anything of that kind; a condition so easily recognized and so well understood that I do not need to waste space on trying to define it.

Mr. Pickwick's acquaintance, Mr. Jack Hopkins, the young surgeon, thought a surgical operation was successful if it was skilfully done. Mr. Pickwick, on the other hand, thought it was successful if the patient got well. While in Europe I read a good many essays and speeches about public affairs, and they impressed me as having been written mostly from Mr. Jack Hopkins's point of view. Their burden was that the state's progressive confiscations, exactions and positive coercions, its progressive dragooning of the individual under bureaucratic management, were infallibly going to usher in a new Era of Plenty. If the state only kept on enlarging the scope of officialism, only kept on increasing its encroachments upon the individual's available margin of existence, it would round out an excellent social order and put it on a permanent footing.

Well, possibly. I have no inclination to dispute it, since even if the state were sure to do all this, I still have a previous question to raise. Like Mr. Pickwick, I am interested to know what the individual is going to be like when it is done. Let us make an extreme hypothesis. Let us suppose that instead of being slow, extravagant, inefficient, wasteful, unadaptive, stupid, and at least by tendency corrupt, the state changes its character entirely and becomes infinitely wise, good, disinterested, efficient, so that any one may run to it with any little two-penny problem and have it solved for him at once in the wisest and best way possible. Suppose the state close-herds the individual so far as to forestall every conceivable consequence of his own bad judgment, weakness, incompetence; suppose it confiscates all his energy and resources and employs them much more advantageously all round than he can employ them if left to himself. My question still remains —what sort of person is the individual likely to become under those circumstances?

I raise this question only because no one else seems ever to think of raising it, and it strikes me as worth raising. In all I have heard or read, in public or private, during the last four years, it has never once come up. I do not pretend to answer it. I raise it merely in the hope of starting the idea in the minds of others, for them to think about and answer for themselves, if they think it worth while to do so.

Can any individual be happy when he is continually conscious of not being his own man? Can the pursuit of happiness be satisfactorily carried on when its object is prescribed and its course charted by an agency other than oneself? In short, is happiness compatible with a condition of servitude, whether the voluntary servitude of the "yes-man" or the involuntary servitude of the conscript? How far is happiness conditioned by character, by keeping the integrity of one's personality inviolate, by the cultivation of self-respect, dignity, independent judgment, a sense of justice; and how far is all this compatible with membership in a conscript society? This is what I should like to hear discussed, for one hears nothing of it. If we might have this topic thoroughly threshed out for us in public now and again, I for one would not ask for another word about "a planned economy" and similar matters for a long time.

Crossing to America after the experiences I have mentioned, I read for the third time Mr. Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*. Soon after arriving I read the extraordinary production called *Karl and the Twentieth Century*. I cannot recommend these books for purposes of entertainment; they are neither light nor particularly cheerful. One thing they do, however, and they do it exceedingly well. They throw a strong light, a very strong light indeed, upon what was probably in Mr. Jefferson's mind when he revised the classic enumeration of man's natural rights, and made it read, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." What I have seen since I landed has made me think it is high time for Americans to wake up to what the state is doing, and ask themselves a few plain questions about it. There are plenty of examples to show what a conscript society is like—well, do they want to live in one? There are plenty of examples to show what sort of people a conscript society breeds—is that the sort of people they want to be? Do they like the idea of a slave-status with a coercive and militant state as their owner? If they do, I should say they are getting what they want about as fast as is reasonably possible; and if they do not, my impression is that they had better not lose much time about being heard from.

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Stabilization by Specie Payments

By Edward Tuck

In SCRIBNER'S *for January, 1934, appeared Edward Tuck's "Honest Inflation," an article which attracted international attention. It preceded by only a few weeks the government's action on silver. Here are presented the views of the famous financier on stabilization*

THROUGHOUT the world there is at the present time a universal demand, on the part of governments, chambers of commerce, and mercantile bodies, for the stabilization of currencies. Even as recently as in December last, a leading Conservative speaker, during an important monetary debate in the British House of Commons, declared:

> We shall never get international trade going on a wide scale unless we have currency stabilization. The whole future of our economic system, and possibly civilization, depends on the cooperation between this country and the United States, and if we cannot get that we may as well throw up the sponge.

These are strong and truthful words, but how is it proposed to effect this great reform? Thus far it has been planned to accomplish it only by the establishment of so-called stabilization funds to buy and to sell the different paper monies (which are really not money at all but only dishonored promises to pay money on demand), under the control of government committees or agents seeking to regulate the exchange markets at fixed rates in accordance with their personal judgment and direction. This would be a monetary experiment unique in the world's history, having no scientific basis. There never has been complete stabilization of the currencies, there can be none, except with countries which are on a specie-paying basis, when it is fixed by the comparative weight of the precious metals—gold and silver coins. Stabilization of irredeemable fiduciary money, which is the only currency in use the world over today, the varying, uncertain product of the printing press, is a mathematical impossibility. In the United States, Government notes called greenbacks, and bank notes, specie payments being suspended, were our national currency from 1862 till 1879. A "Gold Room" was established in New York alongside the Stock Exchange, where the metal was bought and sold daily, at fluctuating premiums in currency value, to satisfy the demands of merchants in payment of their foreign importations, and for duties at the Customs.

On January 1, 1879, we resumed specie payments "in coin," under Acts of Congress passed in January, 1875, and in February, 1878. The latter contained the following important provisions as to the part that Silver should take in accomplishing resumption:

> Section 1. There shall be coined at the several Mints of the United States silver dollars of the weight of Four Hundred and Twelve and One-half grains Troy of Standard Silver as provided in the Act of January 18, 1837, which shall be legal tender at their nominal value for all debts and dues, public and private.
>
> Section 2. That immediately after the passage of this Act the President shall invite the Governments and countries composing the Latin Union, and of such other European nations as he may deem advisable, to join the United States in a conference to adopt a common ratio between gold and silver for the purpose of establishing internationally the use of bimetallic money and securing fixity of relative value between these metals. The President shall appoint three Commissioners to attend such conference.

The President called the Conference as the law required. It was held in Paris in 1878. France was ready to join the United States and England in an international agreement for the remonetization of silver; but England refused and the conference was a failure.

In partial fulfilment of Section 1, the Bland-Allison Act was passed in 1878, under which two million silver dollars were coined each month. In 1890 the Sherman Law increased the silver coinage to something over four million dollars monthly. Later on, however, President Cleveland, a bitter and uncompromising opponent of silver, secured a repeal of the latter Bill, and this limited silver coinage thereupon ceased. Meantime the unprecedentedly severe panic of 1893 took place, and its ill effects continued hopelessly until the prodigious development in the late 1890's of the newly discovered gold mines of the South African Rand, and of Alaska and Cripple Creek—the production of the Rand increasing yearly with great rapidity until 1915—filled the void in the world's needed additional metallic money, and general prosperity ensued. This certainly was inflation, but only in proportion to the constantly growing requirements of increasing population, industry, and commerce in all countries.

It is estimated that the Rand mines have produced up to date at least five thousand million dollars of gold, the bulk of which was added during twenty years to the existing money in circulation, thereby maintaining values and prices. Since that period, however, while public and private debts have been augmenting enormously, uncounted tons of gold have gone and are continuing to go into government and individual hoards, where the metal is of no more benefit commercially and financially, in raising prices, than when previously embedded in the bowels of the earth. Gold has ceased to be a current medium of exchange, which is the first requisite of money. Values have continuously declined, and idleness and suffering have increased to the danger point.

The monetary system of the United

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States was established, not upon gold or silver alone, but upon the two metals, at a fixed ratio to each other, with no limitation upon the coinage of either, each standing on an equal footing before the law. This bimetallic system (then called the "double standard"), prevailing at that time in both England and France, adopted by Hamilton, sanctioned by Washington and Jefferson, its wisdom and justice questioned by none, endured until 1873, when the coinage of silver dollars at the Mint, under its new regulations, was stopped, and bimetallism in our country thereby unwittingly destroyed.

The present law, under which our government is coining monthly a limited amount of silver dollars, will never re-establish true bimetallism. It has become manifest to all competent authorities that gold alone is insufficient to maintain the world's monetary currency upon a metallic basis. To ensure the resumption of specie payments in the United States, which has now become an economic necessity, and is within our reach, we must ourselves return to the full and unlimited monetization of silver, as of old.

It is gratifying to know that the people of the United States are now going through a process of re-education on the whole question of monetary standards, although it is still considered in hide-bound banking circles, and even in colleges and universities, that it is bad form to introduce the subject of bimetallism for discussion, the conspiracy of silence still persisting. The *vis inertiae* of banking and academic public opinion on the question of money since the Bryan campaign has been astounding. It is encouraging, however, that thinking business men generally are becoming more open-minded and receptive of the thought that their fixed ideas in favor of a single gold standard are subject to revision. It is most significant, too, that Walter Lippmann, an eminent exponent of intelligent public opinion, should have declared:

> Make silver legal money exchangeable for gold, and it will produce the same effect as if the world had discovered new gold. It will cheapen gold, raise world prices, make further paper inflation unnecessary, and restore solvency.

All this is very true, and it is the only enduring remedy for the universal "monetary morbus" with which the world was afflicted in the later 1880's and for ten years thereafter, until the new South African gold furnished the needed curative. The same monetary morbus now endangers the entire world again, with much greater severity than before, and threatens to lead to disastrous political consequences.

Silver monetization, once re-adopted and established in the United States, restoring full specie payments in both metals, the two coins, or coin certificates, having the same debt-paying power, would be of identical value, as is now the case. There would be no flood of silver to fear from abroad or from the mines, as predicted by the gold monometallists. India and China have from time immemorial been annual absorbers of silver and will never cease to be such. They could no more divest themselves of their silver money than they could of the clothes on their backs. As regards silver mines, those of the United States have been very largely exhausted, with no important new discoveries, and this is likewise true of the world at large.

Forty years ago the United States was heavily indebted to Europe, and the adoption of bimetallism by our country alone at that time might have been hazardous. Today the reverse is the case. We are a creditor nation as regards the world. We owe virtually nothing abroad. The trade movement is in our favor. Our independent action would be successful, and a blessing to all the nations, by furnishing the vitally needed large augmentation of the world's metallic real money, accompanied by a considerable diminution of the paper assignats which are now afloat in all countries.

Our purchases of silver for full legal tender coinage should at once be largely and rapidly increased, with the consequent result of an approaching legal parity in market value of the two metals, in preparation for the passage of the final Resumption Act, under which our present depreciated and dishonored paper money would be stabilized at par in coin and in the foreign exchanges.

It was Salmon P. Chase who said, in an oft-quoted phrase: "The way to resumption is to resume." We are now abundantly prepared for resumption as regards gold, but the amount of silver coin, at the present rate of purchase, will be totally inadequate. Its coinage must be free and unlimited. We cannot have too much full legal tender money of the precious metals, money of ultimate redemption, provided by nature's mines, and not by the unlimited fertility of the printing press.

The legal weight of the silver dollar will be a most important problem to be decided upon. The old ratio of 16 to 1, based upon the world's estimated comparative annual production of the two metals, exaggerates the proportion of silver production. It is today probably nearer 13 to 1, and very rarely if ever has been as high as 16. The statistics of all the great mints confirm this.

The present is a crucial moment in our history and also in the affairs of the entire world. Europe, almost in despair, is turning more and more to the United States as the predominant power which can, with its enormous wealth and progressive spirit, solve this vital problem. We are given an opportunity to lead in this great movement for monetary reform. Let us not allow the occasion to slip past us. I doubt if our people, even the keenest silver protagonists, are fully aware of the sympathy and support Mr. Roosevelt's action as regards silver coinage is meeting with in Europe. In England, Lord Desborough has written:

> I believe America can do this great thing alone, and other countries will be obliged to follow.

Numerous financiers, economists, and leaders of public opinion have expressed themselves to the same effect. Lord Greenway, the head of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, a great authority on financial affairs, especially of the East, wrote shortly before his lamented death in December last:

> Now that America has made a definite start in the direction of bimetallism, I hope it will not be long before concrete proposals are made to this country to follow suit, with a view to securing greater stability in international exchanges.

We cannot ourselves too often meditate upon these words of Daniel Webster, the great expounder of our Constitution, pronounced in the United States Senate in 1836:

> Gold and silver *is* the money of the Constitution. The constitutional standard of value is established, and cannot be overturned. To overturn it would shake the whole system. Gold and silver at rates fixed by Congress constitutes the legal standard of value in this country, and neither Congress nor any State has authority to establish any other standard or dispose of this.

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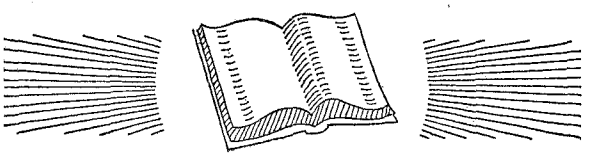
Pedagogical Racketeering

By Henry W. Holmes

Universities sniff at their schools of education but keep them because they are profitable. The schools concern themselves with the mechanics of teaching. The Dean of the School of Education at Harvard calls for a new conception of educating educators which will make them something other than pedagogs



Economic distress and social uncertainty have already had a marked effect upon our schools and colleges. In larger part it takes the form of obvious material loss, but there are evidences also of more subtle changes of attitude and spirit. With recovery, when recovery comes, the schools and colleges will rise again; new buildings will be built, new staffs recruited, salary schedules restored. But the old assurances will not so readily return.

Whereas in former years the veriest academic stripling in the university might look with scorn upon our sordid politics or listen with a cynical indifference to chantings of our "dull commercial liturgies," there is a sharper realization now that science and the arts depend at bottom on political and economic health. It is no longer quite sufficient, as it used to be, for academic snobbery to ease itself in talk of Babbitry, Rotarian inanities, the hapless level of the popular I.Q., and similar shortcomings of democracy. There is a haunting sense that even universities owe something to forgotten men.

And on the other hand, the easy democratic optimism of normal schools and teachers colleges and general educational gatherings has gradually been undermined. Only yesterday there was a gospel, proclaimed with unction and repeated as a creed, in which the mere expansion of the schools was hailed as national salvation; but now uncritical expansionists get less applause than formerly. Superintendents and school committees are well aware that taxpayers are fiercely set upon economy. It is even possible that professional educators have begun to recognize the externality of what they most have urged—the quick extension of our educational program, better pay for teachers, pensions, tenure laws, state aid, and more efficiency in school administration. The depression has produced uneasy doubts as to the imminent achievement of a perfect system for the schools, a system based on scientific studies and embodied in machine-like processes conducted in imposing buildings by unionized or regimented groups of teachers.

It is therefore not unreasonable to hope that out of the depression may be born a fuller unity of understanding with respect to education. If so, there must occur as soon as may be a convergence in the educational convictions of the various belligerent groups, and all of us should hold more steadily in mind the public good for which both schools and universities exist; and this, perhaps, is what is taking place.

Scholars, scientists, students of letters and the arts, and all who deal with education in its higher forms, may reach a yet profounder recognition of the fact that culture is a fleeting, unimportant thing unless it serves to forward, in some measure or degree, the common welfare and the common purpose of mankind. The values for which human life exists may never be defined with ultimate precision; but is it not enough for us at present, at least for purposes of education, to be made aware that history, art, technology, the sheerest abstract triumphs of astronomy or mathematics, all the truth and beauty that intelligence, creatively applied, may yet achieve, are deeply linked with the establishment of peace, security, and justice in the lives of men? If science and the arts have no eventual relation to the coming of a world in which all men shall have the chance to share their values, those values shrink and dwindle, if they do not disappear —and this does not imply agreement with the current, superficial doctrine that all art must deal directly with the fortunes of the masses. There is a deeper, more organic need to spread the meaning of our individual achievements and to give them worth in terms of inspiration, use, and satisfaction to the greatest number possible.

And those whose work concerns the more immediate needs of individuals or nations—political leaders, "brain trusters," social reformers, educational theorists, and the general managers and directors of our public schools—may learn anew the limitations of efficiency, when the ends to which efficiency refers are fixed too sharply in the temporary scene and the material plane. The curious, persistent lesson is repeated—man does not live by bread alone. No scheme to benefit the people by mechanical contrivance can go beyond the limita-

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tions that become apparent when the deeper human needs are recognized. The world will not be saved from further conflict and despair by "conditioning" the children in the schools or herding them in propagandist groups, nor by new plans to "satisfy" the workers, nor by "balancing" our national economy. Whether the government is in business or out of it is a matter of expediency; the best way to manage our industrial life is a matter of experiment; the continuance of our educational system in its present form and scope is anything but a necessity: only the end is fixed, even while we quarrel over its definition and the means to achieve it—a mastery of life and its conditions in which all men may have due share, not in the labor only but in the vision and the worth and the reward. Statecraft and economic planning find at the end a common goal with education in the forwarding of the Great Society, wherein no normal person is to lack the opportunity to live for aims outside his mere existence. Mr. Arliss and the author of his latest play have put into the mouth of Amschel Rothschild, eighteenth-century Jew of Frankfort, a phrase which might become a unifying motto for educators, statesmen, and industrialists—a brief expression of an indefeasible desire of the human spirit: "to walk the world with dignity."

II

If out of the depression there should come a measurable advance toward general recognition of the deeper democratic ends which education may be made to serve, there ought soon to be evident a definite abatement in a certain quarrel over one important matter —the professional preparation of teachers. Perhaps it is too much to hope that we shall learn directly from any economic breakdown—even this one—how to solve our larger social problems. It would be something to be grateful for, however, if the United States could make a beginning on a more effective plan for the selection and training of the leaders in its schools. That problem has the widest social implications. A better race of teachers might mean quickened social apprehension, generation after generation, without end. It is scarcely too much to say that better teachers are the one thing needful if education is to play its proper part in the effort to banish depressions from the future. And of all the problems we must face in education, this can be approached with least surrender to mechanical devices. It can be met most fully, furthermore, and with most realism in the attack, within our universities; and in a university, if anywhere, the lessons of an epoch should be learned and put to use.

Yet it is just in the universities that the forces which ought to unite in an endeavor to improve the schools are separated at the moment by the sharpest division of opinion on professional training for school workers. Here the academic house is divided against itself. Professors of arts and sciences inveigh against courses in education; professors of education invoke state requirements to perpetuate their programs of technical training for teachers. The controversy has become acute within an academic year, but its roots go back for half a century. Although the depression may have broken certain attitudes (as I have argued here) on which this quarrel feeds, it has not given rise as yet to any definite or settled policy for doing what our universities should obviously do in this domain.

Universities, as most detached observers would admit, should unify the entire system of education and keep it vital. Their influence should permeate the schools, but less through negative enactments on admission, more through stimulation of good teaching and the constant adaptation of curricula to social needs and to advancing knowledge. The greatest service any university can render to the education of its time is to bring its full resources into play, unitedly, in providing a professional class of highest quality and understanding for schools of every kind and grade.

Instead of this, our universities have either neglected the training of teachers or let it develop, grudgingly, as an isolated and suspected portion of the total program of the institution. In consequence, they partly harbor, partly fight, a sort of racketeering. The picture is about the same in many places —an easy and inadequate requirement for degrees that lead to jobs, in order to maintain enrolment in the teacher-training program and protect it as a profit-making subdivision of the whole. If the standards of the program are maligned by other faculties, the budgetary advantage of keeping it going is decently draped with arguments concerning service to the schools. The result is not inspiring.

Schools and departments of education, together with teachers colleges, have grown marvellously in this country, but they have not won the respect to which their general aim and purpose gives them claim. They have not won it, in the main, because they have not fully deserved it; although it must be admitted that for various more or less irrelevant reasons they might have had a hard time winning it, no matter what they had done. Since the establishment of the first normal schools, about a century ago, the study of education and the training of teachers has produced, literally, triumphant changes in the conduct of American schools. In the spread of tax-supported education, in the development of effective technics of teaching and of school administration, and in the establishment of a large humanitarian conception of the educational process, the record we have made in the schools of the United States remains unmatched. But these achievements coincided with the development of our democratic society under expanding conditions, while the frontier was still open. American education has now to face a new task and problems of a different kind. Higher standards, much greater differentiation of the school program, more rigorous selection, and an integration of school, college, and university on a more complicated pattern—these are the demands of our time, whatever the outcome of the present social and economic upheaval. The training of teachers must advance to new levels of effectiveness, and the universities must have a larger part in it. More especially, the program of the universities in education must become as unified, as well-defined, as fully recognized, as is their program in the law or medicine.

III

The present situation is sharply accentuated by the report of a committee of the American Association of University Professors on "Required Courses in Education." This body, called Committee Q, was appointed to inquire into

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the value of the strictly pedagogical instruction, including the practical training afforded by apprentice teaching under supervision, which is offered by American colleges of liberal arts. In effect, the Committee faced this question: What is an adequate program for the training of teachers in the college or the university? Perhaps it was inevitable that the report of a body containing no teacher of education should be marked by prejudice against the technicalities of pedagogy; but unfortunately the report of Committee Q turned out to be a narrow, unimportant document, faulty in the methods of investigation on which it was based and without evidence of vision in its conception of the task the Committee had undertaken. The Committee came to the conclusion that the best training for a teacher consists of a standard college course of liberal studies in which twelve "hours"—less than half a year—of technical work in education is included.

To the layman, the whole problem will doubtless seem obscure, perhaps inconsequential. Nobody who is not a party to the issue will take any interest in the fact that Committee Q attempted to use the results of a statistical inquiry among high school principals and teachers without knowing how to gather its statistics or interpret them. With respect to this shortcoming of Committee Q's report, the glee of the professors of education (who have recently made much of statistics) must remain a private joy. But any one can understand the general features of the problem and appreciate its national significance, once the possibilities involved in differing solutions have been plainly set forth.

The solution offered by Committee Q means simply the continuation of pedagogical racketeering on a smaller scale. The Committee was convinced in the beginning that state departments of education and regional associations of schools and colleges (the so-called "accrediting agencies," such as the North Central Association, which rate schools as to their right to send their graduates into the colleges without examination) had pushed too far their requirements in education. Schools that work under these requirements cannot hire teachers unless they have had certain prescribed courses—such as a course in Educational Psychology or a course in Methods of Teaching. The requirements are stated in terms of courses taken and "credits" recorded in the prospective teacher's college schedule. Nobody asks whether the student takes the course in Educational Psychology seriously enough, or whether it is good enough, to make a real difference in the way the student afterwards directs and stimulates the learning of Susan or Thomas or the ninth grade class in General Science. Still less is there any inquiry as to whether the work done in education, as a whole, is in itself an intellectual revelation, or whether (equally important) it is so fused with the subject the student plans to teach that he himself becomes a competent critic of the educational system in which he works or a constructive participator in its progressive reorganization. No wonder Committee Q suspected the value of required courses in education. The requirements are poisoned at their source because they are not part of a general program that is related vitally and realistically to the demands of the profession. If every teacher of education in the country were an inspired leader of thought and a perfect exemplar of skill in teaching—a condition obviously and necessarily contrary to fact—our professional training under these requirements would still be makeshift and unsatisfactory. I am reminded of Richard Washburn Child's remark as Ivy Orator at Harvard, years ago: "We have come together to put a few patches on this ancient seat of learning."

Putting pedagogical patches on partly educated youngsters is not professional preparation for careers in education. When Committee Q recommended a reduction in the number of required "hours" of instruction in pedagogy, it missed an opportunity to deal broadly with the whole problem of education at its most critical point—the educating of educators. That is not a question of "hours" at all, whether in liberal studies or in subjects to be taught or in pedagogical outlook or technical skill. It concerns the intellectual and spiritual formation of a social and professional group. It means selecting able and devoted young people, already soundly educated, and making them, in a genuine sense, professionals. If that were the program, there would be no room for pedagogical racketeering.

IV

No one, I suppose, imagines that we are going to find in the near future "able and devoted young people, already soundly educated" who will stand the process of a thoroughgoing professional "formation" in such numbers as to supply our vast and far-flung system of schools with all the teachers it requires. That hope would be Utopian. Low salaries and political domination of the schools (witness the infamy of the Chicago situation!) will obstruct for many years the establishment of honest standards and procedures in the professional training of teachers. And there are deeper sociological reasons for believing that most of the work to be accomplished in our elementary schools must be done by fairly competent persons, not of the highest cultivation or professional independence, working under supervision. If we view the training of teachers in the light of the limitations imposed by national wealth, the general level of mental power in our people, and the present state of our national culture—and these in the long perspective of history—we must admit that it will take generations to bring us to the time when all teachers will also be educators—when we shall have a united, critical, socially constructive educational profession. All the more reason why our universities should work steadily toward the production of leading teachers, who will at once and increasingly leaven the lump. It is a mistake for university schools of education to confine their work to the professional preparation of supervisory or administrative officers. It is also a mistake—despite the profundity of Doctor Abraham Flexner's analysis of the functions of a university—for university schools of education to address themselves solely to the theory of education or the development of a scientific basis for educational procedures. They should train *persons,* too—selecting, instructing, orienting, and equipping them to work professionally in the classrooms and offices of our schools, just as they now exist, to make them over into what they ought to be.

In this endeavor there are a few broad and simple requirements which constitute, as I conceive the problem, a practicable ideal for the university school of education. They are not diffi-

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cult to state, even if continuous and unrelenting effort is needed before they can be fulfilled in practice. The first is that the persons to be prepared for teaching shall have the foundation of a balanced and extended education before their professional work begins. The second is that they shall carry their study of what they are to teach to the stage of independent scholarly approach —which means graduate study of a subject (say mathematics or French), perhaps to the point ordinarily marked by the Master's degree. The third is that they shall study education deeply enough and long enough to achieve some real understanding of its major social, psychological, and economic problems. The fourth is that they shall actually and thoughtfully bring to bear on the specific work they are to do—for example, the teaching of history, or of English—such insights and conceptions as they have acquired concerning the aims, principles, and problems of education; and those insights and conceptions should of course have genuine value. Finally, they should be approved for their personal promise as practitioners before they are recommended by the university for degrees in education or for jobs. No one of these requirements should be met simply by a paper record of "credits" for the taking of courses; each should be met by tests which go to the heart of the matter.

All this is easier said than done. It means the organization of professional training in education on a graduate level. Two years of graduate study are barely enough to compass what should be demanded. In terms of age, this would mean, by present procedure, final graduation at twenty-three, twenty-four, or even twenty-five; although it might be possible for an exceptionally able boy or girl to meet these standards at the age of twenty-one, or even twenty, if our time-requirements were replaced all along the line by requirements in terms of achievement. As it is, a parent who wants to know how John or Mary may honestly prepare for a career as a leading teacher or school officer might be answered thus: graduation from a good college comes first, and your son or daughter ought to take college studies seriously, pursue a broad course, and do well in it; then should follow two years of graduate professional training, divided between work in education and the advanced study of a subject to be taught, together with a period of practice or interneship; and your John or Mary should thus finally be prepared to meet tests which will show powers and accomplishments not commonly sought—or at least not commonly found in combination—in the educational novice—namely, an active fusion of ideas gained from a liberal education and from graduate study in a special field with ideas gained from the broad study of pedagogical problems; a theoretical grasp of situations, difficulties, and aims in education reduced by thinking and practice to that readiness of critical judgment and constructive suggestion which marks the professional as distinguished from the layman; and some personal proficiency in the arts of classroom teaching, the analysis of individual difficulties in learning, and the co-operative solution of problems of the curriculum, school administration, and the life of youth.

There is, I suppose, a complication and wordiness about this statement, especially to any one who has come to the conclusion that good teachers are born, not made. That ancient bit of parody is a weariness to the flesh of those who know what professional training in education actually involves; yet there is truth in it, just as there is truth in the notion that personality is what counts most in successful teaching or that teaching is an art which can best be learned by experience and example. These wise saws are really wise; and it is not enough to reply that the number of born teachers is limited, so that many have to be made by the painful procedures of professional training. It is more to the point to reply that the business of institutions for the training of teachers is not and never has been the rather simple though not unimportant task of "teaching teachers how to teach." The business of all such institutions, from the normal school to the graduate department of the university, is also to teach teachers what to teach, and when, and to whom, and for what ends, and under what conditions, arrangements, and organization: in short, to make the teacher an educator rather than a routine performer, however skillful.

Nobody has yet been born whose personality, even when developed by a liberal education or by scholarship, prepared him to participate wisely in determining the educational policies of an institution or a city or a nation. The genuine guidance of a single pupil in the choice of his studies, or in the mastery of difficulties in a single study, is beyond the intuition of the most artistic teacher or the knowledge of the teacher who knows "methods" most systematically and completely. What wisdom we have in such matters, what technics of analysis we command, have been dearly won by thinking and investigation. Education is peculiarly a co-operative profession, in which even beginners have to take an intelligent part in pursuing policies and applying principles—even in determining aims and giving shape to institutions and systems. The pronouncements of the unlearned in this field—even the dogmas of political leaders and successful businessmen—have carried far more weight than they deserve. It is time for professional opinion to find itself and raise its voice. Comparative education—the study of national systems of education in the light of the history and culture of the nations—has made much progress; the study of human learning and human character has advanced amazingly in recent years; educational policies have been reviewed in the light of philosophy, sociology, and political science; something is known about the relation of educational systems and methods to economic resources and economic organization. University schools of education have the duty of advancing our knowledge and our wisdom in these fields. They also have the duty of graduating teachers and school officers who have developed an understanding of the problems involved, an awareness of what has been done and what remains to be done, and a sense of the direction in which theory and practice in education should now press forward.

If all the universities were to take at once a serious interest in the professional preparation of such persons, the resulting Olympian disregard of state requirements in education would make the report of Committee Q read quaintly out of date. Then pedagogs might dare to leap (along with other folks) to save us from depressions. A well prepared professional in education does not lay himself open to the

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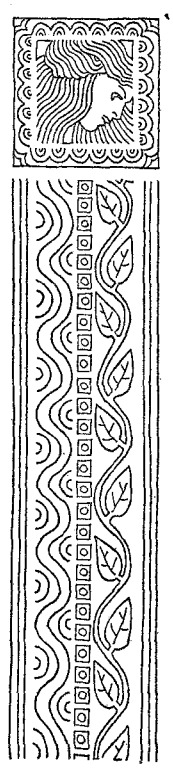
charge that Mr. Peffer makes—that educators are but groping for the stars: an educator who knows his business keeps his place. And yet he understands how educational policy relates itself to social issues; and he will not sit in faculty discussions or professional associations dimly conscious that the schools have some importance in recovery and reconstruction but uncertain as to what it is.

The one great difficulty in the way of any university that seeks to stand above the racketeering and the ballyhoo in education is to get the necessary teachers for the staff of its professional department. But that is largely the fault of the universities themselves. It takes a hardy soul to become a professor of education when the academic atmosphere is charged with doubt and criticism. The university that gives united backing to a solid and effective program in this field will find or breed the men it needs. National progress today or tomorrow is not the immediate problem of teachers of education. (The story is abroad that one enthusiastic member of a pedagogical faculty cried out to his fellows recently, "Men, we must *do* something!"—to which an older and wiser colleague answered, "Men, we must *not* be damned fools!") It is pertinent, however, to observe that national progress does depend in part and in the last analysis upon the temper, policy, organization, and procedures of the nation's schools, and that our universities should be preparing teachers whose technical competence and social understanding enable them to influence the education of their day in right directions. If we need more jurists among the lawyers, more medical scientists among the doctors, and more statesmen among the politicians, we need also more educators among the pedagogs.

FIRST FROST

By Bernice Kenyon



The thing walks in the dark, a presence stalking
A guileless prey; it moves without breath, without sound. . . .
The fields lie open to it, unpossessed
Any longer by myriad midnight voices.
We passed here ourselves on a hundred summer nights,
Talking about ourselves, and the length of days;
But that was long ago . . . long ago. . . .
We should have availed to hold back silences
In those days, but not now. Be still; let us watch. . . .
No protest breaks from the petulant throats of birds
Disturbed at midnight in the roadside vine;
No pale moths scatter from the net of flowers
Woven above our door; no shadows run
Pointing away from the moon, as this goes by.

My love, it is not the cold; it is something more,
For cold alone would lay a hand like sleep
Upon the world—but this is an ominous thing
That holds from sleep, and sets a throbbing fear
Of loud heart-beats in the breast, till the pent blood tingles
Bitterly through tense hands that dare not move.

And by morning the world will be all as yesterday. . . .
You will not find a single flower touched
Or one leaf fallen. Only, from this time forth,
You will no longer believe, no longer hope
To see unchanged what has been changeless till now.
The first shrill soundless protest, the dim cry
In the sentient blood, must now, from this time forth,
Shout its incredible warning of the end.

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The Last Day in the Field

A STORY

By Caroline Gordon

THAT was the fall when the leaves stayed green so long. We had a drouth in August and the ponds everywhere were dry and the water courses shrunken. Then in September heavy rains came. Things greened up. It looked like winter was never coming.

"You aren't going to hunt this year, Aleck?" Molly said. "Remember how you stayed awake nights last fall with that pain in your leg."

In October light frosts came. In the afternoons when I sat on the back porch going over my fishing tackle I marked their progress on the elderberry bushes that were left standing against the stable fence. The lower, spreading branches had turned yellow and were already sinking to the ground but the leaves in the top clusters still stood up stiff and straight.

"Ah-ha, it'll get you yet!" I said, thinking how frost creeps higher and higher out of the ground each night of fall.

The dogs next door felt it and would thrust their noses through the wire fence scenting the wind from the north. When I walked in the back yard they would bound twice their height and whine, for meat scraps Molly said, but it was because they smelled blood on my old hunting coat.

They were almost matched liver-and-white pointers. The big dog had a beautiful, square muzzle and was deep-chested and rangy. The bitch, Judy, had a smaller head and not so good a muzzle but she was springy loined too and had one of the merriest tails I've ever watched.

When Joe Thomas, the boy that owned them, came home from the hardware store he would change his clothes and then come down the back way into the wired enclosure and we would stand there watching the dogs and wondering how they would work. Joe said they were keen as mustard. He was going to take them out the first good Saturday and wanted me to come along.

"I can't make it," I said, "my leg's worse this year than it was last."

The fifteenth of November was clear and so warm that we sat out on the porch till nine o'clock. It was still warm when we went to bed towards eleven. The change must have come in the middle of the night. I woke once, hearing the clock strike two, and felt the air cold on my face and thought before I went back to sleep that the weather had broken at last. When I woke again at dawn the cold air was slapping my face hard. I came wide awake, turned over in bed and looked out of the window.

There was a scaly-bark hickory tree growing on the east side of the house. You could see its upper branches from the bedroom window. The leaves had turned yellow a week ago. But yesterday evening when I walked out there in the yard they had still been flat with green streaks showing in them. Now they were curled up tight and a lot of leaves had fallen on to the ground.

I got out of bed quietly so as not to wake Molly, dressed and went down the back way over to the Thomas house. There was no one stirring but I knew which room Joe's was. The window was open and I could hear him snoring. I went up and stuck my head in.

"Hey," I said, "killing frost."

He opened his eyes and looked at me and then his eyes went shut. I reached my arm through the window and shook him. "Get up," I said, "we got to start right away."

He was awake now and out on the floor stretching. I told him to dress and be over at the house as quick as he could. I'd have breakfast ready for us both.

Aunt Martha had a way of leaving fire in the kitchen stove at night. There were red embers there now. I poked the ashes out and piled kindling on top of them. When the flames came up I put some heavier wood on, filled the coffee pot, and put some grease on in a skillet. By the time Joe got there I had coffee ready and some hoe cakes to go with our fried eggs. Joe had brought a thermos bottle. We put the rest of the coffee in it and I found a ham in the pantry and made some sandwiches.

While I was fixing the lunch Joe went down to the lot to hitch up. He was just driving Old Dick out of the stable when I came down the back steps. The dogs knew what was up, all right. They were whining and surging against the fence and Bob, the big dog, thrust his paw through and into the pocket of my hunting coat as I passed. While Joe was snapping on the leashes I got a few handfuls of straw from the rack and put it in the foot of the buggy. It was twelve miles where we were going; the dogs would need to ride warm coming back late.

Joe said he would drive. We got in the buggy and started out, up Seventh Street and on over to College and out through Scufftown. When we got into the nigger section we could see what a killing frost it had been. A light shimmer over all the ground still and the weeds around the cabins dark and

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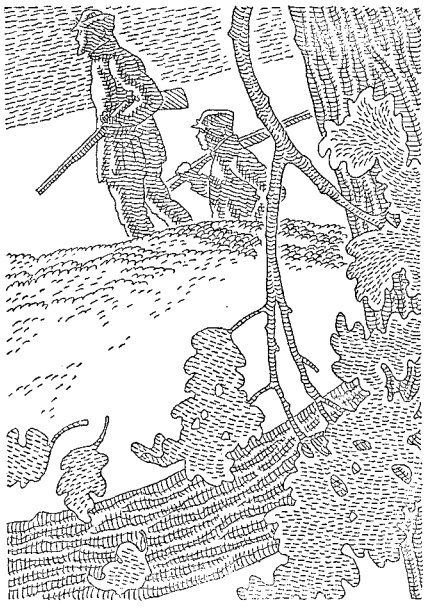

matted the way they are when the frost hits them hard and twists them.

We drove on over the Red River bridge and up into the open country. At Jim Gill's place the cows had come up and were standing waiting to be milked but nobody was stirring yet from the house. I looked back from the top of the hill and saw that the frost mists still hung heavy in the bottom and thought it was a good sign. A day like this when the earth is warmer than the air currents is good for the hunter. Scent particles are borne on the warm air and birds will forage far on such a day.

It took us over an hour to get from Gloversville to Spring Creek. Joe wanted to get out as soon as we hit the big bottom there but I held him down and we drove on to the top of the ridge. We got out there, unhitched Old Dick and turned him into one of Rob Fayerlee's pastures—I thought how surprised Rob would be when he saw him grazing there—put our guns together, and started out, the dogs still on leash.

It was rough, broken ground, scrub oak, with a few gum trees and lots of buckberry bushes. One place a patch of corn ran clear up to the top of the ridge. As we passed along between the rows I could see the frosts glistening on the north side of the stalks. I knew it was going to be a good day.

I walked over to the brow of the hill. From here you can see off over the whole valley—I've hunted every foot of it in my time—tobacco land, mostly. One or two patches of corn there on the side of the ridge. I thought we might start there and then I knew that wouldn't do. Quail will linger on the roost a cold day and feed in shelter during the morning. It is only in the afternoon that they will work out to the open.

The dogs were whining. Joe bent down and was about to slip their leashes. "Hey, boy," I said, "don't do that."

I turned around and looked down the other side of the ridge. It was better that way. The corn land of the bottoms ran high up on to the hill in several places there and where the corn stopped there were big patches of iron weed and buckberry. I knocked my pipe out on a stump.

"Let's go that way," I said.

Joe was looking at my old buckhorn whistle that I had slung around my neck. "I forgot to bring mine."

"All right," I said, "I'll handle 'em."

He unfastened their collars and cast off. They broke away, racing for the first hundred yards and barking, then suddenly swerved. The big dog took off to the right along the hillside. The bitch, Judy, skirted a belt of corn along the upper bottomlands. I kept my eye on the big dog. A dog that has bird sense will know cover when he sees it. This big Bob was an independent hunter, all right, I could see him moving fast through the scrub oaks, working his way down toward a patch of ironweed. He caught first scent just on the edge of the weed patch and froze with every indication of class, head up, nose stuck out, and tail straight in air. Judy, meanwhile, had been following the line of the corn field. A hundred yards away she caught sight of Bob's point and backed him.

We went up and flushed the birds. They got up in two bunches. I heard Joe's shot while I was in the act of raising my gun and I saw his bird fall not thirty paces from where I stood. I had covered the middle bird of the larger bunch—that's the one led by the boss cock—the way I usually do. He fell, whirling head over heels, driven a little forward by the impact. A well-centered shot. I could tell by the way the feathers fluffed as he tumbled.

The dogs were off through the grass. They had retrieved both birds. Joe stuck his in his pocket. He laughed. "I thought there for a minute you were going to let him get away."

I looked at him but I didn't say anything. It's a wonderful thing to be twenty years old.

The majority of the singles had flown straight ahead to settle in the rank grass that jutted out from the bottomland. Judy got down to work at once but the big dog broke off to the left, wanting to get footloose to find another covey. I thought of how Trecho, the best dog I ever had—the best dog any man ever had—used always to be wanting to do the same thing and I laughed.

"Naw, you won't," I said, "come back here, you scoundrel, and hunt these singles."

He stopped on the edge of a briar patch, looked at me and heeled up promptly. I clucked him out again. He gave me another look. I thought we were beginning to understand each other better. We got some nice points among those singles but we followed that valley along the creek bed and through two or three more corn fields without finding another covey. Joe was disappointed but I wasn't worrying yet; you always make your bag in the afternoon.

It was twelve o'clock by this time, no sign of frost anywhere and the sun beating down steady on the curled up leaves.

"Come on," I said, "let's go up to Buck's spring and eat."

We walked up the ravine whose bed was still moist with the fall rains and came out at the head of the hollow. They had cleared out some of the trees on the side of the ravine but the spring itself was the same: a deep pool welling up between the roots of an old sycamore. I unwrapped the sandwiches and the piece of cake and laid them on a stump. Joe got the thermos bottle out of his pocket. Something had gone wrong with it and the coffee was stone cold. We were about to drink it that way when Joe saw a good tin can flung down beside the spring. He made a trash fire and we put the coffee in the can and heated it to boiling.

It was warm in the ravine, sheltered from the wind, with the little fire burning. I turned my game leg so that the heat fell full on my knee. Joe had finished his last sandwich and was reaching for the cake.

"Good ham," he said.

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"It's John Ferguson's," I told him.

He had got up and was standing over the spring. "Wonder how long this wood'll last, under water this way."

I looked at the sycamore root, green and slick where the thin stream of water poured over it, then my eyes went back to the dogs. They were tired, all right. Judy had gone off to lie down in a cool place at the side of the spring, but the big dog, Bob, lay there, his forepaws stretched out in front of him, never taking his eyes off our faces. I looked at him and thought how different he was from his mate and like some dogs I had known—and men too—who lived only for hunting and could never get enough no matter how long the day. There was something about his head and his markings that reminded one of another dog I used to hunt with a long time ago and I asked the boy who had trained him. He said the old fellow he bought the dogs from had been killed last spring, over in Trigg—Charley Morrison.

Charley Morrison! I remembered how he died, out hunting by himself and the gun had gone off, accidentally they said. Charley had called his dog to him, got blood over him and sent him home. The dog went, all right, but when they got there Charley was dead. Two years ago that was and now I was hunting the last dogs he'd ever trained. . . .

Joe lifted the thermos bottle. "Another cup?"

I held my cup out and he filled it. The coffee was still good and hot. I drank it, standing up, running my eye over the country in front of us. Afternoon is different from morning, more exciting. It isn't only as I say that you'll make your bag in the afternoon but it takes more figuring. They're fed and rested and when they start out again they'll work in the open and over a wider range.

Joe was stamping out his cigarette: "Let's go."

The dogs were already out of sight but I could see the sedge grass ahead moving and I knew they'd be making for the same thing that took my eye: a spear head of thicket that ran far out into this open field. We came up over a little rise. There they were. Bob on a point and Judy backing him not fifty feet from the thicket. I saw it was going to be tough shooting. No way to tell whether the birds were between the dog and the thicket or in the thicket itself. Then I saw that the cover was more open along the side of the thicket and I thought that that was the way they'd go if they were in the thicket. But Joe had already broken away to the left. He got too far to the side. The birds flushed to the right and left him standing, flat-footed, without a shot.

He looked sort of foolish and grinned.

I thought I wouldn't say anything and then I found myself speaking: "Trouble with you, you try to out-think the dog."

There was nothing to do about it, though. The chances were that the singles had pitched in the trees below. We went down there. It was hard hunting. The woods were open, the ground everywhere heavily carpeted with leaves. Dead leaves make a tremendous rustle when the dogs surge through them. It takes a good nose to cut scent keenly in such noisy cover. I kept my eye on Bob. He never faltered, getting over the ground in big, springy strides but combing every inch of it. We came to an open place in the woods. Nothing but hickory trees and bramble thickets overhung with trailing vines. Bob passed the first thicket and came to a beautiful point. We went up. He stood perfectly steady but the bird flushed out fifteen or twenty steps ahead of him. I saw it swing to the right, gaining altitude very quickly—woods birds will always cut back to known territory—and it came to me how it would be.

I called to Joe: "Don't shoot yet."

He nodded and raised his gun, following the bird with the barrel. It was directly over the tree tops when I gave the word and he shot, scoring a clean kill.

He laughed excitedly as he stuck the bird in his pocket. "My God, man, I didn't know you could take that much time!"

We went on through the open woods. I was thinking about a day I'd had years ago in the woods at Grassdale, with my uncle, James Morris, and his son, Julian. Uncle James had given Julian and me hell for missing just such a shot. I can see him now standing up against a big pine tree, his face red from liquor and his gray hair ruffling in the wind: *"Let him alone! Let him alone!* And establish your lead as he climbs."

Joe was still talking about the shot he'd made. "Lord, I wish I could get another one like that."

"You won't," I said, "we're getting out of the woods now."

We struck a path that led due west and followed it for half a mile. My leg was stiff from the hip down now and every time I brought it over the pain would start in my knee, Zing! and travel up and settle in the small of my back. I walked with my head down, watching the light catch on the ridges of Joe's brown corduroy trousers and then shift and catch again. Sometimes he would get on ahead and then there would be nothing but the black tree trunks coming up out of the dead leaves.

Joe was talking about some wild land up on the Cumberland. We could get up there on an early train. Have a good day. Might even spend the night. When I didn't answer he turned around: "Man, you're sweating."

I pulled my handkerchief out and washed my face. "Hot work," I said.

He had stopped and was looking about him. "Used to be a spring somewhere around here."

He had found the path and was off. I sat down on a stump and mopped my face some more. The sun was halfway down through the trees now, the whole west woods ablaze with the light. I sat there and thought that in another hour it would be good dark and I wished that the day could go on and not end so soon and yet I didn't see how I could make it much farther with my leg the way it was.

Joe was coming up the path with his folding cup full of water. I hadn't thought I was thirsty but the cold water tasted good. We sat there awhile and smoked, then Joe said that we ought to be starting back, that we must be a good piece from the rig by this time.

We set out, working north through the edge of the woods. It was rough going and I was thinking that it would be all I could do to make it back to the rig when we climbed a fence and came out at one end of a long field that sloped down to a wooded ravine. Broken ground, badly gullied and covered with sedge everywhere except where sumac thickets had sprung up

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—as birdy a place as ever I saw. I looked it over and knew I had to hunt it, leg or no leg, but it would be close work, for me and the dogs too.

I blew them in a bit and we stood there watching them cut up the cover. The sun was down now; there was just enough light left to see the dogs work. The big dog circled the far wall of the basin and came up wind just off the drain, then stiffened to a point. We walked down to it. The birds had obviously run a bit into the scraggly sumac stalks that bordered the ditch. My mind was so much on the dogs I forgot Joe. He took one step too many. The fullest blown bevy of the day roared up through the tangle. It had to be fast work. I raised my gun and scored with the only barrel I had time to peg. Joe shouted; I knew he had got one too.

We stood there trying to figure out which way the singles had gone but they had fanned out too quick for us, excited as we were, and after beating around awhile we gave up and went on.

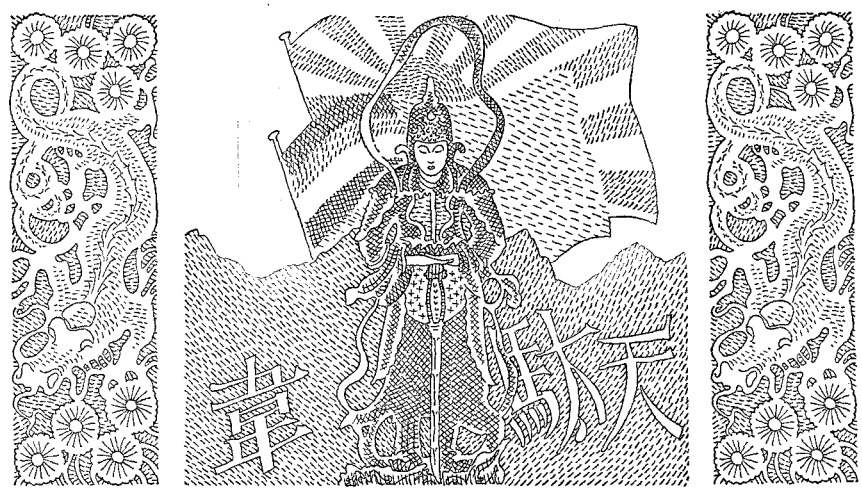
We came to the rim of the swale, eased over it, crossed the dry creek bed that drifted thick with leaves, and started up the other side. I had blown in the dogs, thinking there was no use for them to run their heads off now we'd started home but they didn't come. I walked on a little farther, then I looked back and saw Bob's white shoulders through a tangle of cinnamon vine.

Joe had turned around too. "They've pinned a single out of that last covey," he said.

I looked over at him quick. "Your shot."

He shook his head. "No, you take it."

I limped back and flushed the bird. It went skimming along the buckberry bushes that covered that side of the swale. In the fading light I could hardly make it out and I shot too quick. It swerved over the thicket and I let go with the second barrel. It staggered, then zoomed up. Up, up, up, over the rim of the hill and above the tallest hickories. It hung there for a second, its wings black against the gold light before, wings still spread, it came whirling down, like an autumn leaf, like the leaves that were everywhere about us, all over the ground.



Manchuria and the Regent's Sword

By Stephen Bonsal

Revisiting Manchuria after many years, the well-known correspondent gives a present picture of the land and recalls some pieces of history which are little mentioned but extremely significant in the Far Eastern situation today

A FEW weeks ago I travelled on a luxuriously appointed train from Dairen, the world city which has risen on the site of what Li Hung Chang called not inappropriately the "black mud hole," on the stone-ballasted road which, leading to Siberia, and to Europe beyond, has become a world artery of great importance. Under very different conditions from the days thirty-four years ago when I rode those bare plains with *sotnias* of Cossacks, we traverse the country where Kuropatkin fought his stubborn but unsuccessful rear-guard actions in the campaign of 1904, which he had advised against and of which he was made the principal scapegoat.

All along the line impressive monuments have been raised to the memory of the Japanese boys who fought and died in the great advance. It is vacation time in Japan and the world expresses are at times delayed by the slow-moving excursion trains filled with students from the island empire. In their thousands they are brought to the scenes of the epic conflict and teachers and historians, familiar with the story, here relate the deeds of daring that were enacted when Japan had the temerity to join battle with the Colossus of the North, with what was at the time considered the greatest military power of the white world.

The crowded trains are halted and the once blood-drenched fields are reverently scrutinized. Then the teacher asks the boys, perhaps the soldiers of tomorrow, "These men, your fathers and your brothers, shall they have died in vain?" They answer with a resounding negative and then with a tremendous cheer for those who died they proceed with uplifted hearts and glistening eyes to the next scene of the titanic struggle.

Outside Japan, but certainly not within the island empire, it may be necessary to recall that in 1895 at the end of the war between China and Japan for the control of Korea, Japan won

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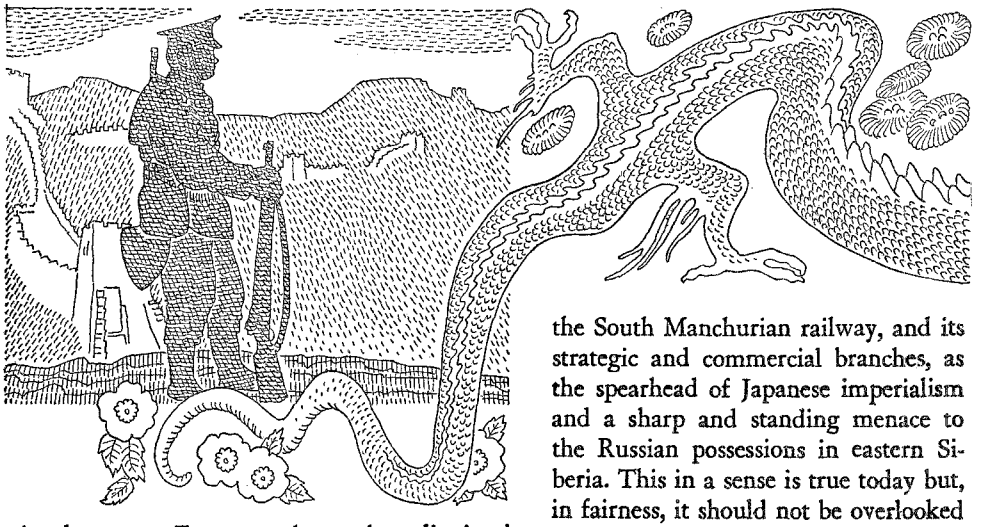

Port Arthur and the tip of the Manchurian promontory which at the time was generally called the peninsula of the Regent's Sword. Here, in a strong strategic position, the Japanese hoped to dominate the adjacent seas and lands and to await the long-expected advance of the Russians from the north. Before the ink was dry on the Treaty of Shimonoseki the Tsarist Government, represented by Ambassador Hitrovo, a stormy petrel of diplomacy whose technic had been too raw even for the Balkan peninsula, where he left a heritage of suspicion that has not been allayed by the World War, determined to cancel what in Japanese eyes was its most important provision. Doctor Harmand, the French minister, and Baron Gutschmidt, the German envoy, under instructions from their respective governments supported the demands of Russia and in practically identical notes ordered the Japanese "for their own good" to retire from the mainland of Asia.

Very little has been put on paper, at least by the principal actors in it, with reference to this tragic chapter in European diplomacy. Later they were all doubtless ashamed of what they had done, especially when their intervention proved harmful to the interests they thought to safeguard. And the Japanese? They never speak of the incident, but it is a burning memory and an ever present one with every man and every woman in Japan and that is why ever since, and with particular emphasis today, the forward movement in Manchuria receives their almost unanimous support.

A few months later the tripartite alliance of Russia, Germany, and France, formed for the ostensible purpose of putting Japan back where she belonged, and of maintaining the integrity of China, had another thought and, as is so rarely the case in three-Power arrangements, it was agreed to unanimously. Germany annexed a good slice of Shantung with the excellent harbor of Tsingtao, Russia took over Port Arthur which she had so loudly protested belonged to China, and immediately began to brandish the Regent's Sword over adjacent lands and seas. France took another district in South China in Kwang Chow Bay, with the excellent waterfront that was lacking to Yunnan, and England, well, England seized Wei-Hai-Wei, though perhaps her envoy in Japan, Sir Ernest Satow, was correct when he blushed and whispered "We are only doing it so that we may the better keep an eye on those pirates from the Continent of Europe."

After the war of 1904, with its costly victories, was terminated by the treaty of Portsmouth held in New Hampshire, under the auspices of President Theodore Roosevelt, Japan obtained not only the lower part of the long-fought-over peninsula with its fortress and its harbors, now generally known as the Kwantung territory, but also the recently completed railway and the adjacent strips of land which Russia had recently "leased" from China. Such a protective zone, and the right to police it with railway guards, was, of course, necessary to protect transit and to keep the railway open in a land near to anarchy and always infested with bandits. It must also be admitted, as Russian as well as Japanese publicists frequently point out, that in somewhat similar circumstances, to protect our important and expensive waterway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, we followed their precedent and demanded and obtained a border zone under our jurisdiction.

But however necessary they may have been it is undoubtedly true that these stipulations of the lease have led to much friction, and many who pontificate about the problems of the Pacific, frequently without having, themselves, passed the Golden Gate, often refer to the South Manchurian railway, and its strategic and commercial branches, as the spearhead of Japanese imperialism and a sharp and standing menace to the Russian possessions in eastern Siberia. This in a sense is true today but, in fairness, it should not be overlooked that the railway was built by Imperial Russia, that it was designed to reach down to the ice-free port, but a few hours' steaming distance from Japan, and that the Japanese regarded this advance, and with much reason, as a menace to their insular security.

From 1905 down to 1931 the existence of this Japanese-owned and Japanese-patrolled railway has been the cause of many disputes with those who controlled the adjacent territory, whether they were merely local chiefs or officials endowed with some shadow of authority from Peking. During the régime of that bold bandit, Chang-Tso-lin, the Japanese overlooked many infringements of their rights. Their patience was due to the fact that the Japanese army felt that in a way they were indebted to the first Chang, who, with his irregulars during the war, had always harassed and often cut the Russian line of communications. And then, who could replace the great Chang? Certainly there was no one in sight who could do better, and for a variety of reasons, for the time being, the Japanese were reluctant to take over the larger and certainly the more difficult job.

But after the first Chang died, mysteriously, as he had lived, and his son, the "Young Marshal," began secretly and then more and more openly to coquet with the Soviet Russians, the attitude of the Japanese changed. They called the attention of Peking and Nanking and all the other governments that were supposed to be interested in the development of Manchuria, and in keeping open the new and important road to Europe, to the twenty-four successive agreements that had been made

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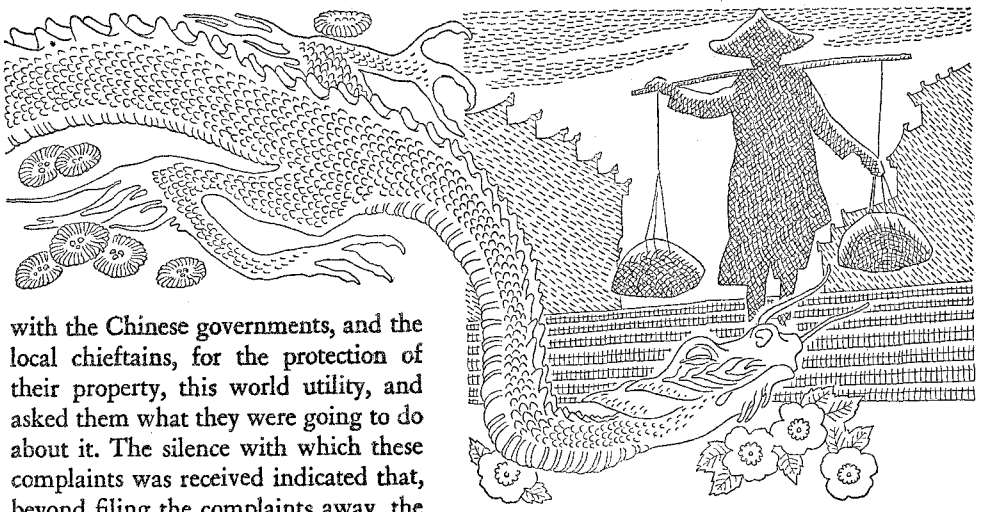

with the Chinese governments, and the local chieftains, for the protection of their property, this world utility, and asked them what they were going to do about it. The silence with which these complaints was received indicated that, beyond filing the complaints away, the powers had not the most remote idea of doing anything about it, and then came the "incident of September 18, 1931," which bulks so large in recent discussions of Far Eastern problems.

Undoubtedly, on this night, with its far-reaching shadows, some one set off a bomb which displaced a few yards of the railway which the Japanese regard as a life line for their food supplies and as a most vital link in their military position. Many distant observers are sceptical about the bomb and, from the posts of vantage which they held in Harbin or in Vladivostok, assert that the International express was held up for only twenty minutes. Be this as it may, the Japanese acted energetically in defense of what they considered was a vital link in their position on the mainland. Many Japanese officials have stated to me that the incident in itself was not very important and that had it been isolated it might well have been ignored, but it was, they claim, the culmination of a long series of outrages and they argue that the last straw that finally broke the patient camel's back in itself did not weigh heavily in the scales.

The authors of the outrage were captured and executed; they apparently wore the Young Marshal's uniform and with this justification the railway guards, supported by small detachments of regular troops, took possession of the country to the Amur and with but little difficulty drove the "Young Marshal" and his few partisans from their strongholds and compelled them to take refuge in China "within the wall" or in Siberia. The formation of Manchukuo, the puppet state as it is generally called in the West, followed as a matter of course. This step was undoubtedly due to Japanese initiative, but it certainly encountered no opposition from the twenty-six million Chinese who driven from their homes by anarchic conditions and by starvation have drifted into the Manchurian lands in the last twenty-five years.

How they felt and how they acted at the crucial moment of transition I have no means of knowing, as I was not there, but today they are enthusiastic for the new régime and it is certain they have many reasons to welcome it. Their taxes have been reduced, they are not molested in their daily work, except where and when the remaining bandits who survive from the Chang days interfere and levy tribute, but these operations are becoming increasingly rare and more and more dangerous to the few who seek to perpetrate them.

Ninety per cent of the Chinese population are small farmers, and now no longer are they exposed to the danger of being kidnaped or drafted—it amounted to the same thing—and of being sent to China or to Mongolia to fight the battles for booty which the Changs, father and son, were incessantly waging with the expert assistance of Western military advisers. Today the bean market is depressed but the growers receive five times more for their crops than they did in the days of the bandit overlords and high prices for beans. Then the war lords seized the crops, sold them for gold to the foreign traders, and gave to the unfortunate grower a certificate of indebtedness which only too often was not worth more than the paper it was printed on.

A great and encyclopedic authority, to which the traveller often turns for the framework of his picture, states that the name of this war-breeding neck of land, upon which once again world attention is fastened, is derived from "the Manchus, the people who inhabit it," but, as a matter of fact, the Manchus are today, and probably always have been, a numerically insignificant minority among the Mongol tribes who from time to time have tarried upon, or merely swept over, the vast tawny plains in their home-seeking migrations. The Manchus were and are a supple and a subtle people and, while always few in number, by alliances with larger but ruder tribes, they have controlled the country that bears their name for centuries and have made Manchuria serve as a spring-board, a point of departure from which they achieved an empire that, with a borrowed literature and civilization, may be said culturally at least to have extended for centuries from the Arctic Seas to the coral strands of the Indian Ocean. And today a scion of this remarkable race, after having been twice deposed in China as Son of Heaven, rules the lands from which his people started on their career of conquest and from which, many think, a world conqueror may come again.

But it cannot be too strongly stressed that for the most part the inhabitants of Manchuria today are recent emigrants from the China "within the wall." Undoubtedly a majority of these settlers were born and have living roots in the ancestral provinces of their old home. Engaged as they are in a sharp struggle for existence, they take but little interest in politics with which their most vital contact is through the tax collector. They have come from the northern provinces, principally from Shantung, and like nearly all Chinese of these parts they are far from enthusiastic over the republican régime and find nothing to praise in its twenty years of turbulent existence. They regard the republic as a strange alien thing that does not enjoy the favor of Heaven and at times they denounce it as a form of government that was imposed by the people of South China

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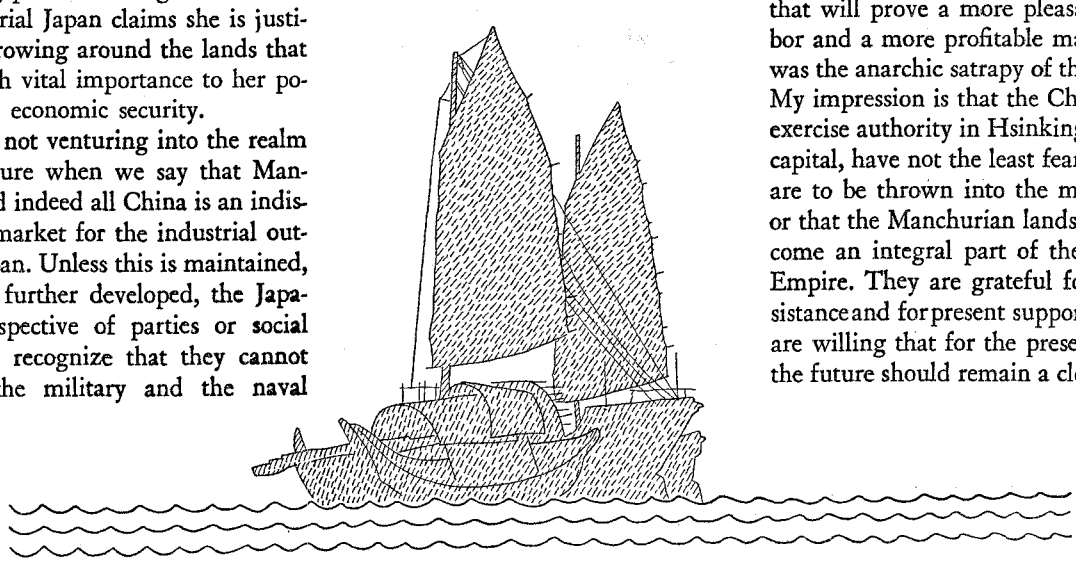
whom they consider in language and tradition as foreign to themselves as is the language and the political philosophy of the Japanese.

It is exceedingly improbable that the Tokyo government contemplates the further advances into China that are so frequently rumored from unfriendly Shanghai sources. It is true that the Manchukuo budget has been balanced but it is equally true that the repayment of the vast sums that have been advanced to the new government, and to the companies that are seeking to develop and put on a solvent basis the country they call the "Far West of the Far East," depends entirely upon its future prosperity and this depends entirely upon the good will, or at least the acquiescence, of the Chinese who form fully three-quarters of the population of what was at the turn of the century a great bare land that invited the Russian advance.

Military colonies are being planted by the Tokyo Government along the Amur and the Sungari rivers just as the Tsarist government planted the Cossack *stanitzas* in the days of the Russian advance, but it is recognized that these settlements, while helping to solve in a slight degree the home problem of over-population, have not the most remote chance of successfully competing with the Chinese and the Korean settlers who, as they have proved on many occasions, can out-work and under-live the Japanese emigrants. These settlements are merely regarded as rallying points in the great stockade that Imperial Japan claims she is justified in throwing around the lands that are of such vital importance to her political and economic security.

We are not venturing into the realm of conjecture when we say that Manchuria and indeed all China is an indispensable market for the industrial output of Japan. Unless this is maintained, and even further developed, the Japanese, irrespective of parties or social condition, recognize that they cannot support the military and the naval equipment which they have acquired in the last generation at tremendous cost and for the lack of which they were ordered out of Manchuria in 1895 by the coalition of Russia, Germany, and France. Undoubtedly the Japanese aspire to a position of preponderance on the East coast of Asia but with the bitter memory of their day of humiliation, when they were ordered by the European entente to withdraw from Manchuria, they regard their military and naval armament, acquired at the cost of so much suffering, as absolutely necessary to a continuance of independence.

Of course, I have not the most remote idea as to what are the Japanese plans for the future. But I think they are quite content, and with some reason, with the results they have already obtained. They have established law and order in a territory which they deem necessary to their political security and they have safeguarded their large investments in railways and mines, which they consider indispensable for their economic development and over which they were harassed and blackmailed for twenty years. Despite the fact that their position is not recognized by the powers the Japanese feel more comfortable than they did because they have erected a buffer state between themselves and Soviet Russia whose real leaders, they are quite convinced, as far as Manchuria is concerned, are quite as imperialistic in their plans and projects as ever were Alexieff or Beozobrazoff and the other lieutenants of the misguided Tsar.



The future course of the new Emperor and the significant men by whom he is surrounded I have no means of knowing. They are fully occupied with the tremendous job they have in hand which is to bring order out of what was so recently chaos. They are all Simon-pure Chinese, most of them distinguished scholars and among these the Prime Minister Cheng is pre-eminent. The Emperor himself has suffered at the hands of the court photographer. He is tall and well-built, though slight. His offices are businesslike and are as different from the *yamens* of old as is night from day. He seems to thrive upon, and he undoubtedly enjoys, the exacting labors which are his every day of the year and fifteen hours of each day. If he has the slightest idea of expansion into China and of resuming the seat which his ancestors occupied for so many generations he gives not the slightest indication of it. But he does not conceal the hope and the aspiration that the security and the relative prosperity which the Chinese enjoy in Manchuria today will serve as an object lesson and point the way to better government in the adjacent provinces "within the wall."

And the Japanese? It is absurd to suppose that they for one moment believe that they can assimilate the many and fast increasing millions of Chinese by whom they are surrounded. They know that China (and the Chinese) is "a sea that salts all the rivers that flow into it" but they are confident that they have created a buffer state that will prove a more pleasant neighbor and a more profitable market than was the anarchic satrapy of the Changs. My impression is that the Chinese who exercise authority in Hsinking, the new capital, have not the least fear that they are to be thrown into the melting pot or that the Manchurian lands are to become an integral part of the Japanese Empire. They are grateful for past assistance and for present support and they are willing that for the present at least the future should remain a closed book.

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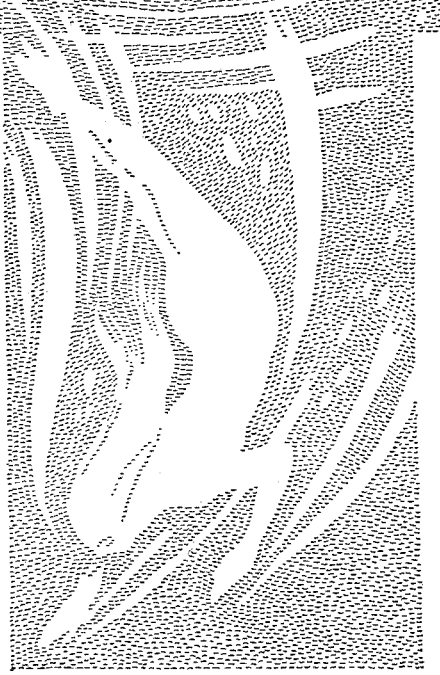
Boatside

A STORY

By Eugene Joffe



THAT year I had been like a soldier on a battlefield, with the worry over a job and money and the mere prolonging of my wretchedness the hottest thing in my mind. But suddenly, through that small miracle for which I had hardly prayed, I had been enabled to go to the flourishing countryside for the entire summer, and for three months I had lived the rich shining life in which I now seemed to have prospered since my very beginning. Instead of the dank room and the clamoring cafeterias and the strident city there had been the rolling landscapes and the vast sky, the fabulous luxury and deep success of the mansion on the hill, and now that it was finally the end of August and I had left that grand estate and was this time sailing *down* the river on the leisurely dayboat, I could barely visualize the destructive city that awaited me. *The city is hell, you fool,* I'd told myself hotly, harshly: *You've been living like a king but you're as broke as ever, your life depends on a job and there are no jobs, you're on the cracking edge of Christ knows what*—I believed this completely; I could not feel it at all.

Now that it was nearly noon the sun had destroyed the early morning chill, and leaning over the deck railing, looking down at the deep glistening waters or across at the burly mountains or away into the blue flecked sky, I felt only that pastoral peace to which the clear summer had utterly accustomed me. And when we docked at one small pier after another and I instinctively prepared myself for the first significant intimations of the inescapable city, there were only the exuberant penny divers of whom I had so often heard and read but, unaccountably, had never seen until now: They lined the shore just beside the pier, oblivious of all the dock-and-gangplank activity, and when they beheld us floating before them they shouted toward us in great greeting and dove theatrically into the water and swam and splashed out to the temporarily halted boat that would leave too soon for all of us.

"Right here!" the divers shouted, half-naked boys glistening and breathless in the water: "Right here, mister! Right here! Right here!" darting their vibrant excited glances from one to another of the amused passengers, and the slightly old man beside me, who had created upon all of us that unmistakable impression of wealth and security, slid his fingers as if warmly into the pockets of his vest, or bent a little forward to reach down into his deeper trouser-pockets, and as if humorously bringing out a small jangle of coins, silver as well as copper, he sailed them with evident pleasure one by one over the side of the lifting boat. With a shout of gratitude and anticipated victory the divers splashed in the water and disappeared toward the sandy bottom, and all of us on deck watched them with deprecated interest, smiling in amused appreciation, and the wealthy-looking man's wife held his arm with happy caution as she leaned further over the rail to see the submerged divers hazy in the water. She threw a coin herself, with amused haphazardness, there was splashing and laughter and eagerly insistent shouting, and we were nearly oblivious of the boat and the swaying pier until a sudden slow movement recalled the miniature journey to us and we gestured farewell to the still impetuous divers and with the coins imprisoned in their dripping fists they shouted and gestured good luck and gratitude to us, yelling more and more faintly, "Thanks, mister! . . . So long! . . ." as we left them with cheerful regret.

When we came to a town of which the pier was merely an incidental part, I imagined for a moment that I had actually begun to approach the invisibly looming city, for beyond the river edge there were rows of stores and houses, and autos and trolleys glinting in the sunlight, and a little farther away, with small barren lots about them, the bleak dark factories—but here there were more penny divers than we had yet encountered, and because they were so numerous and the town glistened populously and energetically behind them, they seemed more heartily importunate than any we had watched that morning—they splashed into the water one after another, more than a score of scrambling boys, even before

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they were near the boat shouting toward us with that reassuring cheer and friendliness.

There was even a little girl swimming about in the water—with a pleased surprise I finally became aware of her shrill voice mingling with the huskier ones as she frowned up at the amused passengers, and as I humorously wondered how it was I hadn't noticed her before, I saw a man running down the sandy beach toward the water's edge, awkwardly jerking his arms into the top of his tattered bathing suit which he had apparently just put on somewhere nearby. The penny divers splashed robustly below us, the coins glistened in the endless brittle sunlight, and the man on the shore ran as if breathless into the water and tumbled into the first wave that met him and swam with hard fast strokes to the noisy boatside.

Meanwhile the little girl with her thin arms paddled weakly about, her eyes straining up at us, her soaked hair plastered a little over her creased forehead; the glistening half-naked boys shouted and splashed and seemingly leaped about in the foamed water, and there was the man who had belatedly rushed in such hot haste down the beach, his face unshaven, his body somehow repellently hairy. . . . Stronger and faster than the others, in a curious way entirely oblivious of the audience on which they were all dependent and therefore curiously more efficient, he was soon retrieving more coins than any of the divers about him, and with an uneasy quickness I began to feel the clouding regret of the passengers, as if the sun shining upon us were somehow weakening, and in that same half-mechanical way I looked for a natural resentment among the rest of the penny divers. . . .

But I could not find it even in the continuous frown of the little girl, still calling up for coins as earnestly as the rest but sharing only their disappointment as the man, so much older and darker than any of them, fumbled up the coins almost under their expectant faces. . . . But the annoyance of the wealthy-looking passenger near me had been increasing steadily; he had long ago lost his jovial expansiveness, and now his darkening face revealed only the growing irritation that was shared by his wife as well. Their coin would go twinkling into the water near the unhappy girl, and the oldest diver of them all, as if with some evil foresight, would be close enough to her either to grab the penny out of the clear air or clutch it up as soon as it tapped the water, and whenever the coin disappeared the girl would come up from her dive empty-handed, while we could see the thick body of the man in his ascent from the sandy bottom, delayed only by his successful search. The other divers, spread out below the passenger-thronged deck, splashed about and shouted incessantly, but despite myself it was as if my vision were being almost mechanically controlled, and nearly all I could watch was the scrape-faced man in the water, and the little girl frowning upward only for another coin to try for, and the exasperated passenger near me, who with his previously smiling wife had originally been so pleased by the little girl's evocative appeal.

"Now here," he called peremptorily down at the divers below us, obviously warning only the hairy-chested man paddling restrainedly about: "This is for the little girl." He held up a coin, aimed it, and flicked it dexterously toward the girl's waiting hands, and as the coin touched the water near her the dark-haired man took two hard swift strokes toward it and nearly touching the girl with his elbow dove almost below her, and after a feeble disheartened dive of her own she came unhappily and guiltily up again, as if completely blind to the man who had come to the surface beside her and had darted the coin into his mouth and now paddled about as before with that somehow mechanical readiness, watching with an opaque, almost unintended impersonalness the nearly irate man beside me on the sunny deck.

He was aroused and indignant and as if ready to splutter his disgust, and his wife as well was hotly incensed, and both of them had almost no words, no shade of expression with which to indicate their utter revulsion. The passengers about them helplessly regretted this tainting of their modest amusement, and meanwhile the little girl in the water looked up only toward us, frowning only for another coin to be thrown her, as if completely unaware of the cause of her failure and looking only guilty and humiliated, the plainly watchful man swimming as if accidentally near her, as if honestly not knowing she was there, not hearing the strong insistent voices of the young divers about him, in an even impenetrable way somehow absolutely unaware of the angered passenger on the deck beside me.

Holding a silver coin in his fingers he leaned almost grimly over the rail, as if at some vital moment of his life, and enunciating in spite of the hot irritation that would stifle him he called down, "Here, little girl," with significant distinctness, the strained kindliness in his voice somehow curiously paradoxical: "This is for you," he said, smiling toward her, and yet for all the barely concealed severity behind his lips and eyes he seemed somehow ineffective in the oblivious presence of the man below him paddling uninsistently about in the water, as if submerged only in impersonalness—

Suddenly the man on deck made a quick movement to throw the coin in a direction away from the little girl toward an indefatigably shouting, blonde-haired boy nearby—the man in the water jerked his head and neck and arms instantly in that direction—and the coin still glistened in the tight fingers of the man near me, who with bitterly rewarded maliciousness had not released it, had successfully revealed to all who cared to see the black evil in the heart of the being below us.

Suddenly the coin went glinting toward the wearied little girl—before her face could begin to be anxious the man near her had forged in her direction, his hairy hand nearly against her shoulder as the coin went down between them—and by the time the girl dove the man was already half submerged—they seemed to bump vaguely in the cloudy water. . . . The girl came unhappily to the surface, as if humiliated and dismayed by her inexplicable failure, and immediately the man was swimming about near her with that same unalterable emotionlessness, as if he could colorlessly see us but we could not see him at all, the wet coin clamped into his cautious mouth with the others he had got, aware of the passengers above him only to the extent that any of them might be suspected of throwing the next coin.

Thus when the boat stirred weightily

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at last it was as if any doubt or perplexity I might have felt would have been not only humiliating that moment but offensive to any insight I would ever acquire. The labored groaning of the boat was more than a renewal of petty movement, it was almost like the sliding back of some great panel along its deep groove, and glancing again at the compressed lips of the outraged couple beside me, sensing the futile uneasiness of the other disconcerted passengers, staring at the plain man in the water whose animal directness the other divers had so effortlessly ignored —or completely taken for granted—it was as if I were despite myself constantly seeing less of what breathed about me. And with a jerky suddenness the crushing sweat of the prison-city seeped clammily against my face and in a sickening instant I quailed again at the heart of all infuriated sundering, I writhed above my silent and unbearable scream for work, for money, for a life that could not be, and fled pitilessly before the vision of my grimy world-self, stabbed and prayerless, wracked upon the smouldering throat of frenzy and obliteration.

Our Future Dictator

Is It Huey Long?

By V. F. Calverton

Socialists and Communists must stop talking to themselves if they expect to counteract the demagogic tactics of Huey Long and Father Coughlin, says this interpreter of radical movements

WITHIN two years a sedate, stuffed-shirt, intellectually tongue-tied Republican administration has been supplanted by a hand-shaking, back-slapping, pep-inspired Democratic one which has promised to convert America into a suburban extension of paradise on Rooseveltian wheels. The sesame, pronounced with such meticulous precision by these magi of the new democratic dispensation, which promises to open the gates of this utopia, is "planned economy."

Within the last few months, however, with such plans becoming increasingly planless and the wheels that promised to carry us to paradise refusing to budge, a large section of the American populace has become worried as to whether those plans were plans at all, and whether those wheels can ever be driven to move without a new dynamo to set them into motion. In the far west Upton Sinclair, the fair-haired, vegetarian Don Quixote of the American radical movement, threatened to supply a new dynamic in the form of the Epic plan; and in Wisconsin and Minnesota, under the leadership of Philip LaFollette and Floyd B. Olson, the cantankerous, sheriff-roping farmers disgusted with raising wheat for less than they can sell it, united in a determined effort to destroy the power of Wall Street and restore it to Main Street.

In response to this economic and political restlessness which has started to sweep, with increasing impact, over different parts of the nation, the American radical movement, with its Socialist and Communist sectors, has begun to make new adjustments to the contemporary scene. Within both the Socialist and Communist movements new forces are at work, preparing the ground for the development of a leadership and a program which will attract such leftward-swinging masses to its side.

At the same time new prophets, claiming to be the true messiahs of the left, have sprung up in unexpected places, fanatic-eyed men with a hunger for renown, who have threatened to tear down the idols from the sacred places and set up new icons conceived and constructed in their own image. Playing upon the old Populist banjo, Huey Long, who has made himself into the horse-feathers emperor of Louisiana, and Father Coughlin, who, plating the road to paradise with silver instead of gold, has made the radio into his national domain, have succeeded in giving nineteenth-century tunes a twentieth-century twang and have already struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the American populace.

II

Out of this whirligig of contemporary America, burning with new intensities, bright, bitter, hostile, with different sections of the country, like separate nations, cultivating outlooks and interests antagonistic to the others, and with the people in each section divided among themselves, all clamoring for a different deal in so many different languages like confused groundlings

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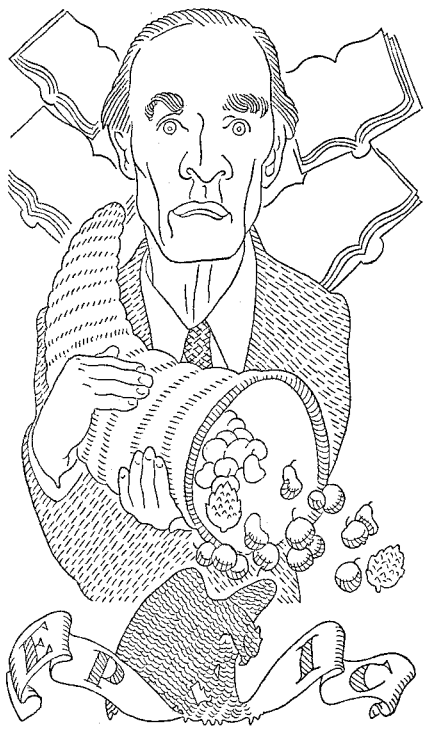
before a new tower of Babel—out of all this chaos, strange, oblique alignments, with quick sharp shifts in the political scenery, are bound to emerge, giving new cast and color to the national temper.

This condition of discontent and unrest in the country, which, accelerated by European developments, has created a marked leftward swing in the Socialist Party, forcing it to snap out of the spiritual numbness which has paralyzed it for a decade, has also had its effects upon the American radical movement as a whole. Sensing the danger inherent in the appeal of such demagogs as Huey Long and Father Coughlin, and the possibilities of the development of a Fascist movement here, American radicals have become convinced that unity is the watchword of the hour. The American Workers Party and The Communist (Trotskyist) League of Action have just joined forces and created the Workers Party of the United States. The Communist Party has practically become an acrobat in the art of appealing on both hands and feet to the Socialist Party to establish a united front with them in the League Against War and Fascism.

The fear of Fascism has put a period to one phase of American radicalism. The era of small movements and sectarian parties is over. Unity has become the necessity of the moment. As in France, where the Socialist and Communist parties have consummated a solid fighting front, and where the Trotskyites have joined the Socialist Party in an attempt to further that unity, the trend in the American radical movement has become definitely and irresistibly centripetal.

III

But will such unity be sufficient to prevent a possible Fascist movement from succeeding in America? Will such a unity be able to drown out the voices and destroy the spell-binding hocus-pocus of the Huey Longs and Father Coughlins of the country? The answer is all too obvious. If the American radicals do not learn to speak to the American populace in the American language and in terms of American revolutionary traditions, all such unity will prove pathetically futile. The rabble-rousing flag wavers will



sweep the scene with their pseudo-Jacksonian, return-to-the-days-of-1776 political slogans and turn the American clock backward instead of forward.

To this day, Tammany politicians and their ilk in a hundred American cities are much closer to the working class than American radicals. The American working class has been more willing to trust Tammany politicians because it understands their language, than it has been to trust American radicals whom it has never been able to understand, and, hence has always viewed with suspicion.

The failure of Socialist and Communist movements in America in the past has grown out of their attempt to deal with America as if it were a part of Europe. A common error is to blame that failure on Marxism, when the reverse is the case. Engels was aware of the limitations of the American Marxians fifty years ago when he pointed out, in a memorable letter to Sorge, that "the Germans [then the leading American Marxians] have not been able to use their theory [Marxism] as a lever to set the American masses into motion. To a great extent they do not understand the theory themselves and treat it in a doctrinaire and dogmatic fashion as if it were something which must be committed to memory, and which then suffices for all purposes without further ado. For them it is a credo not a guide for action." Since Engels wrote those words, in 1886, American Marxians have changed but little; in the main they have continued the same error of their German forbears.

Socialist and Communist analyses of America have been unsound, therefore, not because they have been Marxian but because they have been un-Marxian. Instead of analyzing American society in terms of its actual productive forces and class relations, which is what Marx would have done, and even suggested doing in his letters, American Marxians have endeavored to superimpose a Marxian analysis of European society upon the American scene. The inevitable result was failure. Marx, himself, as if anticipating, by a clairvoyant perspicacity, that failure and its dire results, castigated those who "are pleased to transform my historical sketch of the origin of capitalism in Western Europe into a general historical-philosophical theory, claiming to prescribe an unchangeable course of development for all people without any consideration for the special conditions of their historical existence."

The class struggle in America has developed a different pattern from that in Europe. This has not been due to the backwardness of the American populace, as most orthodox Marxians have maintained, but to the nature of the American economic environment, which has produced a different psychological outlook on the part of the workers as well as the farmers. On the economic front, as evidenced in strikes, the class struggle in America has been the same as everywhere else, namely, a struggle between workers and employers over the matter of wages and hours; on the political front, however, where the class struggle achieves class consciousness, no such similarity has prevailed. The class conflict in American politics has not been fought out between a working class and a middle class, but between two sections of the middle class: the lower middle class and the upper middle class. The political outlook of the working class in America, unlike every other country in the world, has been, and still is, predominantly lower middle class. All through the nineteenth century the working class allied itself with the economic radicalism, commonly known as

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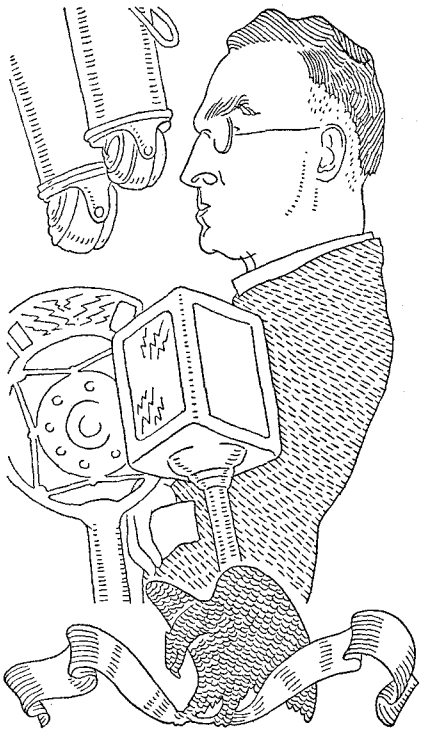
populism, of the agrarians. In 1924 a considerable section of the workers and farmers backed LaFollette in his agrarian, shop-keepers populist program. In 1932 the workers along with the farmers gave their enthusiastic support to Roosevelt—and not to the Socialists and Communists—and as late as 1934 in the Congressional elections they repeated the same gesture.

All this happened because the American economic environment conduced toward the creation of a middle class psychology on the part of the populace as a whole. That middle class psychology was a product of the economic opportunities the country offered the farmers over several centuries—25 per cent of the population of the country was classified as landowners as late as 1840—and the workers over many generations.

The Socialists, Communists, and Anarchists, because of their failure to adapt their Marxism to the American situation, as Engels pointed out, have never constituted part of the American "radical" movement. American "radicals" have always looked upon Socialists and Communists as outsiders and foreigners, for in the main the latter have remained outside the American "radical" movement and have spoken a language which was foreign to American "radicals." Instead of working with the American masses and winning their trust, all the time trying to swing them more left, American Socialists and Communists have spent the larger part of their time inventing a new vocabulary of abuse with which to condemn the very masses without whose support they cannot function. No practice could have been more suicidal. The result has been the alienation of American Socialists and Communists from the American masses they plan to lead. The radicalism of the American workers, like the radicalism of all workers, was a bread and butter reality, and so long as their form of radicalism provided them with enough bread and butter, or at least the promise of it in the near future, the revolutionary radicalisms of Europe, growing out of the necessary bread and butter realities of European countries, could never win their support.

At the present time, when the bread and butter possibilities in America have lost their former richness, we still find



the American worker clinging with blind tenacity to his reformist radicalism. Despite the failure of the NRA, despite the recent display of militancy on the part of labor in a score of industries, the American worker still has faith in Rooseveltian reforms and not in Socialistic or Communistic reconstruction. In other words, he still thinks of himself in middle class terms instead of proletarian.

Now, while it can be reasonably well demonstrated that in America the conditions which created that psychology have disappeared, only one totally ignorant of sociological processes would contend, therefore, that the psychology itself will promptly disappear. The psychology of a people like the habits they cultivate as individuals hang on long after the conditions that created them have vanished. Moreover, it is almost a sociological truism to say that when a people have been part of a tradition, and have adjusted themselves to a tradition, particularly if the tradition was one which once served them well, they naturally tend to want to hold on to that tradition, and to support individuals and movements which promise to restore the virtues of that tradition, rather than accept a new tradition the virtues of which have still to be tried and tested.

After all it must be remembered that the average European peasant and worker has existed upon a much lower standard of living than the average American farmer and worker. The average American farmer and worker in times of prosperity at least has lived on an economic scale comparable to that of a larger section of the European middle class. The average American worker during the twenties used razor blades, wore clothes, and ate food that was beyond the wildest dream of the average European worker.

But all that is gone today. Yes, but not the memory of it. The hope for the return of those days is not dead. The European worker and peasant retain no such hope. The American worker and farmer do.

All of which means that if the Rooseveltian reforms fail, and the American populace swings to the left, the individual or party that wins their support will be the one that promises them a return of the comforts and conveniences that they have known in the past, particularly in the twenties, and not one which promises them a new City of the Sun in which the workers and farmers will own the earth and all there is in it and create a new culture and a new civilization. The American worker is too hard-boiled an empiricist to be attracted by utopian promises, and no matter how sincerely they may be proffered they inspire him with suspicion instead of trust.

If American Socialists and Communists continue to ignore the reality of that fact, all the united fronts, mergers, amalgamations, and fusions of parties will be of no avail, for they shall never be able to get the ear of the majority of the working class or any other part of the American populace. Only when they learn to "sell" their revolutionary doctrine in middle class terms will they be able to make headway with the American masses. It will not be by informing them that they are the embattled makers of the world of tomorrow that the American workers will be attracted to their side, but by showing them that, in our present economic phase, only in a socialist society can they get the short hours, high wages, and the Ford cars, ever-sharp razor blades, stylish clothes, and all the other accoutrements to which many of them were either accustomed in the twenties or had hoped to be in the thirties.

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IV

What makes the American situation potentially even more grave than the European is the fact that the people who refuse to be persuaded any longer by Roosevelt do not listen to the logic of the Socialists or Communists but to the crapulous exhortations of the Longs, Bilbos, and Coughlins. Unable to construct an economic or political sentence without introducing a Marxian cliché, the American Socialists and Communists continue to talk to themselves instead of to the American public. The result is that the American literati, for whom the task of introducing Marxian clichés has become an added part of their art and trade and a new means of satisfying their sense of superiority, become Socialists and Communists, whereas the American working class, for whom Marxism is still associated with the Four Marx Brothers or Hart Schaffner and Marx clothes, remain Rooseveltians, or back Upton Sinclair, hurrah for Father Coughlin, or advocate Huey Long for the next president of the United States.

If the American Socialists and Communists do not soon get tired of talking to themselves and awaken from their intellectual slumber, they will find no one to talk to and no place in which to sleep—at least in peace. A Fascist movement, adopting Americanism instead of Communism as its catchword, will have pulled down the curtain on their *Little Theatre* with its amateurish European settings, conflicts, and themes.

Such a Fascist movement is being worked out at the present time not by the bankers and brokers and industrialists who approached Smedley Butler with a proposal to organize an American Fascist movement, but by that slick, blustering, demagogical, bad boy of American politics, Huey Long, the Kingfish of Louisiana, who, with his "Share Your Wealth" organization, is laying the groundwork for such a movement. To date, Long claims that his "Share Your Wealth" movement has several thousand societies scattered over the South and Midwest. The total membership is around a million members. His vision of the movement is a nationwide one. "A Movement like mine has to come," he declares, "the time is ripe for it, the people are ready for it—and a little more than ready. It's the only stop-gap to Communism."

Now what does Long's "Share Your Wealth" movement stand for that gives it such Fascist potentialities? In the first place, like all Fascist movements, it aims to establish its mass base among the farmers, the small business men, and the unemployed. It makes all the inconsistent, contradictory, and impossible promises that all Fascist movements have made in their effort to win supporters, except that Long's program, inspired by Barnum's conception of the gullibility of the American mind, is more fantastic and grandiose than any of the others: first, every deserving family is to be guaranteed $5000 a year; no man is to possess more than fifty million dollars, or derive an income of more than a million a year, and no child is to be able to inherit more than five million dollars. In the meanwhile, most amazing of all, production is to be restricted—"If I had my way," Long declared, "I'd have stopped all cotton production for a year"—but wealth is to be diffused. On the one hand, Long's movement is opposed to concentrated, monopoly capital, commonly known as Big Business, and on the other hand it is opposed to Socialism or Communism. "I am not in favor of abolishing private property," Long asserts, "only of limiting it. It's either this or Communism."

Long has reiterated that statement upon innumerable occasions, for he plainly sees his movement, as both Mussolini and Hitler foresaw theirs in Europe, as a buffer against Socialism or Communism. Long realizes that if the masses begin to turn left, as dissatisfaction with the existing government deepens, his movement will provide the best means of preventing them from going Socialist or Communist. In Louisiana he has already created his own battalions of storm troops, using the State Treasury to subsidize them, and set up, to quote *The New York Times,* an "authoritarian state," with all the powers "exercised by Mussolini, Stalin, and Hitler in Europe."

But, it will be said, Huey Long has revealed himself as such a preposterous circus clown in the political arena no one of any integrity or intelligence will support him. Such argument, heard on many sides today, is based upon a profound political fallacy. During the early stages in the development of his movement, when his main concern is with winning mass backing for it, Long does not need the support of people of pre-eminent integrity or intelligence. His main concern is with evoking the plaudits of the unemployed, stirring up the primitive passions of the hill-billies, and releasing the starved emotions of the impoverished townsmen in the South and the West, for it will be with such elements, as he realizes, that he must stake his early bid for power.

Among such elements Long's vices become his virtues. The very characteristics that make Long so objectionable to the intelligentsia make him all the more popular with the masses. His cheap demagoguery, his infantile bluster, his bar-room wit, his gallery-pandering gestures, are what alienate him from the intelligentsia but endear him to the populace. Like Hitler, whom in the beginning the German intelligentsia scorned in the same way that the American intelligentsia sneer today at Long, the latter can sway more people in less time by virtue of his oratorical hocus-pocus than any other politician, with the exception of Franklin D. Roosevelt, on this part of the continent. His only competitor in mass appeal outside the field of politics is the silver-tongued, silver-inspired Father Coughlin whose radio talks have electrified and electrocuted the minds of millions; but in a country dominated by the Protestant tradition Father Coughlin's potentialities as a political leader, or even as a force in a Fascist movement which will be predominantly Protestant, are infinitesimal.

Long's whole strength lies in his appeal to the commoner. In Louisiana the intelligentsia are opposed to him, the New Orleans press is his open enemy, but the shop-keepers and the dirt farmers, with whom he fraternizes, sleeping in their houses from time to time and frolicking at their picnics, are his friends. Whereas other politicians make a habit of attending the funerals of the more important members in their community, Long makes a practice of being present at the funerals, and very often staying up with the corpse, of the humblest commoners. The secret of Long's appeal to the men in the street is simple. He not only talks their language but his language is their language. To Long the people who support

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him are the downtrodden whom he must lift up, the enslaved whom he must free; to his supporters he is the tobacco-chewing Robin Hood of modern politics who is going to rob the rich of what they originally robbed the poor, and then give back the spoils to the populace. The fact that Long, like Robin Hood in the old days, will keep a good part of the spoils for himself does not worry the populace so long as he gives the rest to them.

Beginning his economic life as a drummer, vending Cottolene, an antediluvian cake-shortening, to the illiterate farmers in the hinterland, Long acquired at a very early age the technic of "selling" people, which has been largely responsible for his becoming the super-salesman of American politics. Long sells himself to people, as he sold Cottolene, by appealing to their hearts and stomachs and not to their heads. He has advertised himself as a friend of the underdog since the beginning of his political career. "My every sympathy," he writes in his *Autobiography,* "has always gone out to those who toil." His legal career, as he records, has constituted an uninterrupted attack upon the *interests,* and an equally uninterrupted defense of the poor people whom the interests have exploited. "Always my cases in court were on the side of the small man —the underdog. I have never taken a suit against a poor man and have not done so to this day." While there is sufficient evidence to show that Long's contentions on this point are open to considerable debate, there is no evidence to prove that the populace has not accepted those contentions as authentic.

A prominent mid-western Senator declared just recently after touring about two-thirds of the United States in the last few months, that the two questions he heard most often in almost every town and city in which he spoke were these: "Do you think Huey Long will be the next President of the United States?" and "Is that Jew Barney Baruch still the power behind Roosevelt?" In terms of the rise of a Fascist spirit in this country, the two questions, it is obvious, complement each other. The experience of the Senator in question has already become a common one. Travelling myself across a good part of this country at least twice a year, I can corroborate his experience. The Long plan, with its populist appeal, and its promise of a capital levy and of a guaranteed income of $5000 a year per family to be derived from the proceeds of that levy, has already spread far and wide across this land, and has excited far more interest on the part of the populace than the Swope plan, the Tugwell plan, or any of the many plans advanced by the professors inside or outside the Brain Trust. And it isn't only the farmers and shop-keepers who have become apostles of Long's idea! In a recent issue, *The Progressive Miner,* organ of the Progressive Miners' Union, advocated Huey P. Long for President of the United States. The Chicago Federation of Labor as early as 1932 also endorsed him in a resolution stating "that labor unqualifiedly approves of Senator Long's defense of the common people's rights."

Like Hitler, Long plans going to the people and not to the political heads of the party for his support. In 1914, Long maintains, he pointed out "that the country couldn't continue more than fifteen years longer as it was going. And what happened? Exactly fifteen years later the crash came. Concentration of wealth—that is the greatest menace we have today." Today as a result, Long, with Jeremiah-like eloquence, thundered out in Congress some months ago:

"The abyss yawns. It has yawned for the poor man and he has fallen the victim of it. The abyss has yawned for the middle man and he has fallen the victim of it. Now the abyss yawns for everybody in America unless this condition (concentration of wealth) is corrected."

It is Long's pathetic ignorance of economics which makes it so easy for him to propose such a naïve panacea. But at the same time it is the equally pathetic ignorance of economics on the part of the American people that makes them such a ready prey to Long's appeal. Only a Fascist movement, dominated by a Ku Klux Klan, American Legion psychology, rallying together the farmers, the shop-keepers, the unemployed, and the jobless intellectuals, and to whatever extent possible the white collar workers and all other workers with a middle-class outlook—which is Long's dream—can give body and force to such a program. But by the time such forces have been welded into a movement of threatening dimensions, Big Business, as in Germany, will have gotten behind it, and, as with Hitler, removed the teeth from Long's bite.

Nevertheless, even in the toothless state of an American Hitler, Long would be in a position to introduce into national politics the same devastating, tyrannical methods and tactics which have made him into the Kingfish of Louisiana, and which have made Louisiana into the most unfortunate and backward state in the nation.

V

The fate of the workers, farmers, shop-keepers, and unemployed in Germany and Italy, where economic programs almost identical with that of Long have been tried, should provide a sufficient lesson to the American populace to save them from plunging down the same abyss. The "abyss yawns," as Huey Long says, but our task is to prevent him from toppling us into it. If the radicals in this nation could ever learn that they are living in America instead of Europe, they might be able to help save the country from such an economic and spiritual catastrophe.

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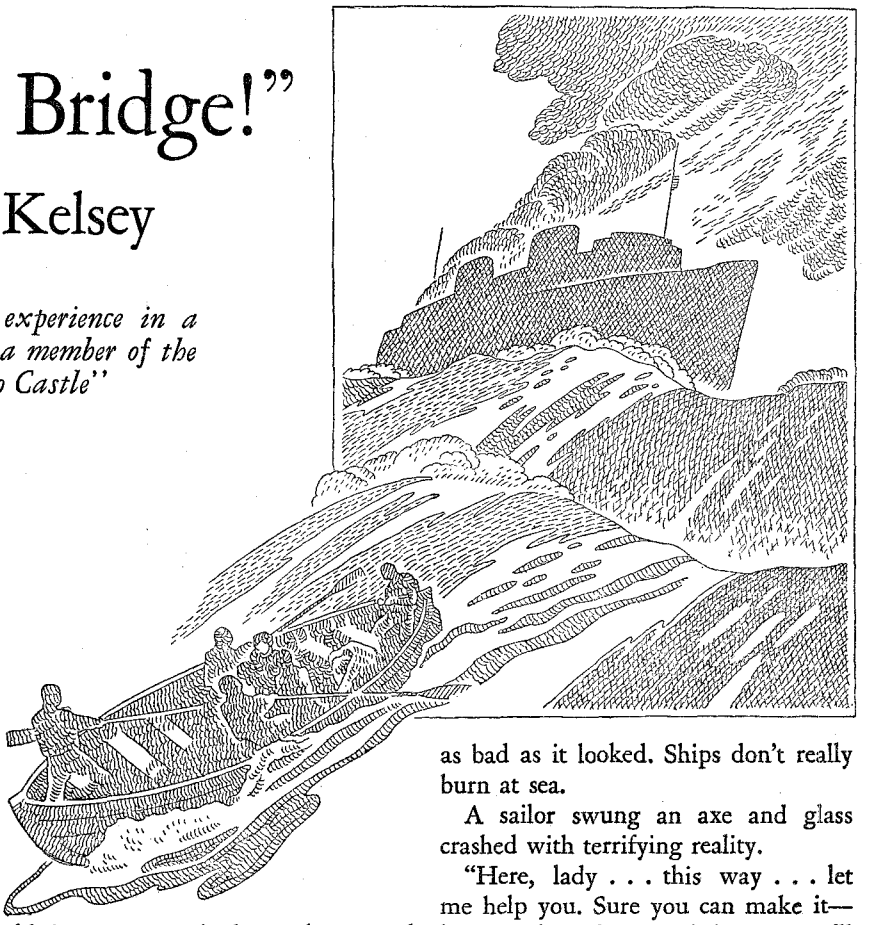
"Fire on the Bridge!"

By Leroy C. Kelsey

A narrative of personal experience in a great disaster written by a member of the crew of the "Morro Castle"



THE alarm was screaming in terror. "Fire on the bridge! Hurry!" Then the voice was gone. Boots! Dungarees! No time for more. Damn! Some fool must have touched off a waste basket. Oh, well . . . put it out and get back to bed.

Black smoke enveloped the decks. Hell! This door is dogged down snug. Can't get up here. Up the port side and across the promenade. Smoke—pungent, acrid smoke that crept down passageways and across wet decks to assail the nostrils. My God! No waste basket . . . the boat deck! It seemed a long way. Glass shattered and tinkled as it fell . . . a man shouted hoarsely. Horror, stark and terrible, swept the ship in a pall of smoke. Christ . . . fire . . . ! Fire at sea!

No fog horn . . . funny. It was blatting madly before. How long ago was that? What time was it anyway? And the captain dead . . . what a night! Thunderstorm, death, fog, and now . . . not a soul in sight here on the promenade.

Too bad about the Old Man . . . ugh . . . beastly night! Rain and a sullen sea shrouded in intermittent banks of fog driven by a northeast wind . . . and that fog horn . . . gave you the creeps. The news had shocked every one.

"Guess what, fellas . . . the Old Man's dead. Tough, isn't it . . . died around eight o'clock just as the banquet was getting under way."

In the fo'c'sle there may have been old time seamen who knew the sea and its ways and its superstitions.

"A ship wants only one man to sail her," they would have told you, "and when her captain dies she'll take his body down with her."

That must have been hours ago . . . must be nearly morning. Shore lights shining through the mist. . . . The smell of the land is strong tonight . . . nearly home.

Black smoke poured down stairways and there was a rush of running feet.

". . . the midship hose there . . . lively!"

Was this the boat deck I had known? Fires don't burn like that. The squares of glass which should have been lighted stateroom windows were black and sightless. Flames crackled and roared and the black windows were shot with red and yellow gleams. My God! Were there people in there . . . couldn't be as bad as it looked. Ships don't really burn at sea.

A sailor swung an axe and glass crashed with terrifying reality.

"Here, lady . . . this way . . . let me help you. Sure you can make it—hurry up! Cut? . . . Christ yes, you'll be cut! But for God's sake climb out of there!"

The forward hose was manned and the lobby door opened on Inferno. The midship hose was in the hands of another man as I rushed aft. There were people in the way, not running madly but stumbling blindly and walking in circles like souls spellbound by horror. A woman screamed and a man swore frightfully. The sea, black and greedy, rose and fell under a starless sky . . . waiting.

No . . . fires don't burn like that. She was ablaze amidships now. The ship's whistle was crying, the most hopeless, despairing cry that I have ever heard. The flames were roaring triumphantly, greedy at their feast. The scene became a nightmare conceived in hell. There were voices crying out in fear, sobbing in dismay, and murmuring in incoherent prayer. Seamen were

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casting loose gripes on the lifeboats and lowering away.

"Christ, she's done! We can't do anything to save her now. Where's all the passengers gone to? Run aft I suppose . . . afraid of the fire. . . ."

Some there were who were cowards perhaps . . . and some there were who were brave and died there in the holocaust. A ship wants only one man to sail her. . . .

"O God . . . we'll all be burned alive . . . we'll all be burned. . . ."

We were trapped on the port side of the dying ship . . . three girls, too young to die, myself, and several men in the uniform of the stewards department. What right had we there, mortals, at large in Avernus? The flames swept down upon us from forward and closed in from aft. She was no longer a ship. She was a flaming hell from which the consuming fire shot upward in angry, lurid iniquity.

"She's stuck! Here . . . turn it with this crank . . . what'll we do, Shorty?"

"Drop that! Here . . . you. Spin this brake drum . . . this wheel here! *Spin it!* O Jesus . . . that fire is close!"

The lifeboat moved then . . . the one lifeboat not enveloped in flame. Those on the starboard side. . . ? We had no way of knowing the outcome there. The world closed in about us . . . a world in which we had no place. It wasn't real. We could not possibly be there. We were in a world apart . . . a world of red and yellow consuming boundaries that roared and hissed. Out there in the infinity beyond lay a black vacuity and above us a boat and one chance at life. A lifeboat . . . it seemed such a frail thing in which to embark upon the fluid night. The fire lighted the scene with an unearthly glow and living men might have been lost souls waiting for Charon to come from the outer shades.

The boat descended with a rush and a girl screamed in terror.

"Stop it! O please . . . stop it . . . stop it . . .!"

The lifeboat stopped at the edge of the deck. They clambered in—three young girls and a small handful of men fleeing a death inconceivably horrible.

"Put in the plug . . . stand by fore and aft to cast off . . . try to pick me up. . . ."

"O God . . . hurry . . . hurry. . . ."

I released the brake and dropped them over the side into the black restless seas waiting there. The doomed ship was still under way. Lifeboats are not lowered from a ship under way. Would they capsize and drown out there in the darkness or could they cast off as the boat struck the water and drop astern . . . free?

Death loses its terror when it stares one straight in the face. I thought of the lifebelt that I had cast aside as a hindrance and the irony of it mocked grimly. The wire falls whined in the sheaves as the boat shot down to the sea. The raging flames roared at my back. Not that . . . not death by fire. It would be better the other way. I kicked off my boots as the falls went slack and stepped to the edge of the deck. There wasn't a chance but the instinct of self-preservation is strong. I must strike out to avoid the threshing propellers. Would the water be cold?

Something had gone wrong in the lifeboat. They had not dropped astern as they should. They were down there alongside towing by one of the falls. So that was it. Only one fall had been released and now the lifeboat was a thing possessed. Men clung like leeches to a plunging, terrified cockleshell shaking to free itself from the flaming horror that had it in tow. What they had hopefully turned to for salvation now threatened to become their destruction. But it was better than fire or the sea. One could jump for that slender strand of wire . . . and it would not do to miss. I did not miss.

"She won't let go . . . too much of a strain. Here, take this . . . pry it loose maybe. . . ."

"Get forward you . . . hey, you people aft there! Get forward . . . she'll turn over . . . *come forward!*"

"Look out . . . grab him, somebody!"

A man fell out over the side as the lifeboat swung in to crush him. Men are strong at a time like that. Another pulled him bodily into the boat as it surged against the ship's side. It had been close.

". . . hatchet . . . find the hatchet! There's one in the boat . . . tied here somewhere. . . ."

"You can't do that . . . that's wire cable . . . you can't cut it!"

"It has been done . . . we must get free!"

The hatchet struck sparks from the taut wire. Men were thrown about like inanimate things. The girls clung tightly to the thwarts and were silent. A lifeboat, red hot and flaming, came loose from its fastenings and pitched out over the ship's side forward. It hung there high up on the davits and its free end reached out over the sea to threaten us.

"Hell . . . look at that boat! What if it falls . . . my God . . . we've got to get loose! Can't do anything with this hatchet . . . it'll take hours to cut through this wire!"

"What ought we to do . . . we have no orders to abandon ship . . . do you s'pose . . . *steady!* That wire went slack . . . the boat's surging ahead. . . ."

"I saw it! Keep a strain on the releasing gear . . . we'll make it yet! If only that boat doesn't drop. . . ."

The releasing gear was cold and unrelenting in my hands. Would the fall go slack again . . . must keep a strain on it. Tired muscles pulled as débris began falling into the boat. It tinkled as it struck and something warm ran over my fingers.

"What the hell! . . . My hands . . . they're all slippery . . . it's blood. . . ."

The heavy plate glass windows of the ballroom were shattering in the heat. Showers of smoke-blackened glass—heavy glass—filled the air high overhead. It hurtled down upon us, any one of the large fragments capable of impaling, severing arteries, killing.

"*Duck under the thwarts!* Look out . . . glass . . . under cover! . . ."

"My God . . . we'll be cut to ribbons. . . ."

It crashed and littered the boat and blood flowed. The releasing gear still held under its strain. Would it never let go? Burning embers fell, the flaming lifeboat sagged as the winches were consumed and heavy glass fell in intermittent bursts. The pitching lifeboat tossed its occupants about—ground them with bits of broken glass.

A sea tossed us forward and the taut wire fall went slack.

"Now! There she goes . . . clear that gear there . . . yank it . . . ah. . . ."

We were free.

The doomed ship left us swirling in her wake. She sailed on, a black hull

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crowned with flame profaning God's sea and sky. Women and children stood in huddled mass on her after deck awaiting destruction. A cry was borne to our ears as we tossed in her wake . . . a cry, pitiful, despairing, that would ring in our ears down through this life and the next.

"Good-bye . . ." and then we were out of hearing.

Black seas swallowed us up. There were no stars, no moon, no sky . . . only darkness and sullen waves white crested with breaking foam. In rough water a lifeboat becomes a mad thing. The dark, uneasy seas loom up, black and foreboding. They rush upon you to drown and roll you under. You rise to the crest and sink giddily into the trough.

The girls were noisily sick in the bottom of the boat. They made no outcry. Blood was running down a white forehead and matting long black hair.

"One of the girls is cut. . . ."

"Yeah . . . see if she's all right. Man the oars . . . lively."

"Hell . . . that rain is cold . . . I'm freezing."

"Rain's nasty . . . got no jacket? Anybody see the shore lights?"

We dropped into a black abyss and the horizon closed in. Two men were struggling to ship the rudder.

"Can't find it . . . gimme a rag, somebody . . . that'll plug it."

A man sacrificed his shirt and shivered in the chilling rain. The eternal, gray sea tossed us and tired men wrestled with the heavy oars.

"Hey, fellas, row . . . row hard . . . the ship!"

She was terrifying in her death. Like a monstrous flaming torch the burning ship, out of control, swung aimlessly on her course. She bore straight down upon us and horror gripped us anew.

"My God . . . she'll run us down! S'pose she'll explode. . . .?"

"Pull! Pull on those oars . . . altogether now . . . pull!"

". . . thought she was gone . . . must've swung around. . . ."

The same thought tortured all our minds. It was a horrible nightmare . . . as though we were vainly trying to escape from a monster bent on our destruction. She would not let us go.

Again she swung on her course, flaming red and yellow against the black night, and left us. For a long time she would torture us in our dreams bearing down upon us out of the darkness. She was pitiful, too, in her agonizing blindness and sobs choked our throats. Men grow to love the ships they sail.

"That lifeboat fell, Shorty. Didja see it? Look . . . there's the shore lights."

"No, Miss, we're all right now . . . some we took in before we plugged the drain. Got that compass?"

The rain was cold and half-clad men snuggled down in their lifebelts for warmth. A red star shot up into the soggy skies.

". . . rockets. Somebody's sending up flares."

"Look . . . a light off there to starboard. A ship's coming . . . Coast Guard maybe. . . ."

"Shall I break out the Very lights?"

"No . . . what's the use? We're all right . . . let them go help the others."

Fresh water chills to the bone. The fine rain beat down and a sea slapped against the boat's side spilling over the gunwale. Salt water's not so bad. It doesn't chill like the rain.

"Come on, fellas . . . break out that sail . . . don't want to be out here forever."

"We're all right . . . never mind the sail."

"All right nothing! Haven't even got steerage way on her. Besides, who ever heard of rowing in an onshore wind? Break out the sail."

The small sail filled in the northeast wind and we squared away before the surging seas. Would daylight never come?

"I'd give my right arm for a cigarette. . . ."

"I've got smokes . . . no matches. . . ."

"There's matches in the boat somewhere. Break 'em out. Come on, boys, light up."

"Sing a song, somebody . . . give us a song . . . 'Roll Jordan roll, roll Jordan roll, I wanna go to heaven when I die to see ol' Jordan roll.' "

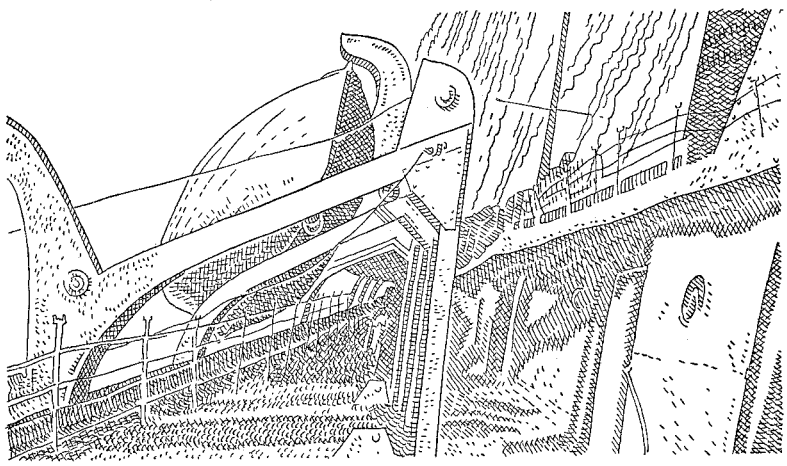
The night was endless. The burning ship became a dull glow on the horizon and Sea Girt blinked more strongly through the murk. Shore-lights appeared one by one twinkling brightly and then going out as the heavy seas dropped us into the trough.

"How many in this boat . . . twelve . . . fourteen? God, that's terrible. Twelve or fourteen in a boat that holds seventy. But what could we do?"

". . . wonder how many were lost. I bet. . . ."

"Pipe down! Anybody know this coast? The surf'll be hell . . . rocks . . . sand . . . what is it?"

"Sand, Shorty . . . all sand along here."



". . . sorry fellas. I can't row . . . my wrist. . . ."

The blood was welling out and dripping from his fingers.

Water slopped noisily under the floor boards.

"What the . . . anybody put that plug in? Hey . . . put that plug in, somebody. The boat's filling with water."

"Yeah . . . damn the fog . . . better break out the compass. We want a bearing of that light if it shuts down again . . . must be Sea Girt."

". . . wonder how far it is. Must be all of five miles."

One of the girls stopped being seasick long enough to speak.

"I hear water in the boat. Is it leaking?"

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The rain stopped and the sea turned from black to gray. The outlines of a large building slowly took form. The night was ending.

"Wonder what that is. Let's head for that building . . . must be people there."

A shelving beach showed white above the sea and a dull roar came to our ears. Men came out of their stupor and grew tense again.

"Holy smoke! Listen to that surf. Ought to douse that sail and break out the sea anchor. Never mind . . . guess we can sail her through."

There was a new surge to the seas. A dark mass of water piled up astern and the boat yawed widely. Helm hard over . . . that checked her! A sea roared and hissed and the boat pitched skyward, dropped sickeningly in a smother of foam.

"Steady! We're here, boys . . . surf . . . steady! Ready to jump."

A man came running up the beach with a line in his hands. The surf roared deafeningly and the boat twisted, pitched and plunged forward. A man, shirtless, barefoot, stained with grease and blood crouched in the bows, the painter in his hands. We grounded in a confusion of broken seas and startled cries.

"All right . . . pile out . . . watch the surf . . . undertow! . . ."

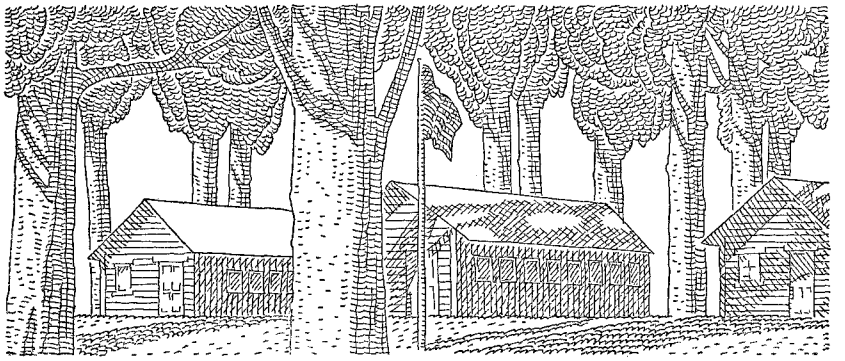
The men tumbled out waist deep in the churning seas. The girls, weak and dazed, fought to clamber over the side, the men aiding them. The boat pounded on the beach—knocked them sprawling. They were dragged and tossed unceremoniously into helping arms. Then somehow we were out of the maelstrom . . . felt firm sand under our feet. Three men came running and a First Aid kit lay open on the sand.

"What ship . . .?"

"Morro Castle out of Havana for New York."

The *Morro Castle* out of Havana . . . a dull, red glow and pall of smoke on the far horizon. It was cold . . . cold and wet and terrifying out there. We knew . . . we knew what it was . . . out there. God be kind to those others. Leaden gray seas swept shoreward one by one. The surf beat its eternal measures on the beach at our feet . . . three young girls and a small handful of men. . . .

Survivors!



A Sap Among the Dingbats

By Harold Griffin

The record of the adventures of three "dingbats" on a holiday is the prize-winning narrative in a contest participated in by several hundred men in CCC camps all over the country. The contest was sponsored by Mrs. Roosevelt

Spike, The Weenie, and I walked slowly through the crowd, taking in the sights; flags, bunting, gaudy decorations floating everywhere. Cowboys galloping up and down firing pistols; heavily bearded miners, sheriffs, and gamblers, stalking or reeling along, their costumes portraying with amazing accuracy "The Pioneer Days of '49." The little village of the High Sierra was feverishly celebrating its one big day of the year.

Not many of the CCC members of the three camps in the district had reached town as yet; we were among the early arrivals. The Weenie tugged at us, excitedly calling our attention to the different events. My eyes weren't nearly big enough to take in all the life and color at once, but Spike sauntered along with bored cynicism, answering Weenie's barrage of questions with a kind of abstract patience.

Quite a cross-section of life we three represented. The Weenie, a midget bundle of close-knit dynamite, product of city slums, lumber camps, and newsboy haunts, an itinerant, and a fighting fool, with a hot resentment at any reference to his diminutive proportions. Spike was a mystery, but one possessing a fascinating charm. Swarthy as an Indian, and as taciturn, he seemed to know everything, have been everywhere, and had the queer habit of speaking at times with the intelligence and the cultured voice of a college man, and then drifting into the argot of the slums.

The Weenie idolized him, and the two seemed to understand each other perfectly. There was much in them and in this entire great experiment named the CCC which was new, strange, and delightfully intriguing to me, and I found myself speculating again on what amazing facts would be uncovered if one could dig into the past lives of all the members of this mighty "See-See" as we term it. We all knew that Spike had been somebody and gone places in his day; ex-fighter, and a good one, ex-policeman, ex-theatrical man, newsboy, fight manager, and no one knows how many other "exes" and we had often speculated mightily as to just what circumstances brought him into the CCC.

Me, I'm just a key-pounder who doesn't matter a whole lot except that I happen to be here and have a yen for setting things down on paper. I'd al-

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ways thought that eleven months overseas was quite an education, but, until I came in here, I found that "I ain't seen nothin' yet." Having gone over and back with one outfit, all from the same town, I never had any conception of the classes and masses which make up this mighty country of ours. As Weenie says, I'm "just a small-town yap who ain't been aroun' de block yet."

"Man, oh Man, get a load of dis," Weenie murmured.

"This," was two red-cheeked mountain girls flouncing towards us, highly conscious of their attraction in their bonnets and ruffles. The Weenie gaped at them open-mouthed until the girls, perceiving his admiration, giggled, and swerving suddenly, chucked him under the chin, and fled in a gale of laughter.

"Well, I'm a doity tea-pot," he gasped. "Didja get them two yokel girls tryin' to make me?" he asked dazedly.

"Aw, they thought you was one of the Pine-cone Johnnies, the kids," Spike taunted, "instead of an old dingbat, cause you look so cute in your best dingbat outfit, and besides, don't forget there ain't any more yokels. These youngsters today know all the answers, what with radio, fast cars 'n everything."

"Aw, to hell wit' you," Weenie flared, "a yap's a yap an' you can't change 'em. Get dese two scissor-bills comin' now," he yelled, pointing. "Youse tink dey ain't gettin' a big kick outa slammin' dose two See-See monkeys into de can?" We looked up and saw two special deputies, big nickel-plated badges shining bravely, escorting two CCC workers to the village lock-up. We saw that one of the prisoners was a youngster from the kids' camp, and the other a veteran. "Humm," Spike muttered, "startin' even, with one dingbat and one sprout. No hits, no runs, and one error apiece."

The Weenie glowered at the two deputies. "Big, brave he-men," he sneered; "an' dis is on'y de foist. Before night dat hoose-gow will be full, and I'm bettin' dat nine outa ten in dere will be poor CCC clowns." At no reply from us, he became vehement, "An' ya know why, hey? Well, jis because dere'll be some six hundred See-Sees in dis villich an' dey'll average about three bucks apiece in deir kicks, 'roun' eighteen hunderd bucks—an' do dese yokels know it? Dey do—an' so wot? Why, dey lets every odder joint open up to peddle booze, knowin' dat guzzlin' is de on'y ting we'll spend our dimes on, an' all dey don't get dat way, dey takes offa us after we are cold in de hoose-gow." I waited for Spike to cool him off with a few drawling remarks, as was Spike's custom whenever The Weenie blew up.

He surveyed The Weenie with mock gravity. "Young man," he said calmly, "you seem to forget that all the Vets are old enough, and the Sprouts have been warned enough, to know of the evils of drink. None of us are compelled to drink, and make utterly disgraceful scenes of ourselves which reflect on our whole organization. I sincerely hope you will take example from those two misguided specimens and get back to camp with your own nose clean."

The Weenie glared balefully at this, while he tried to decide whether Spike was serious or giving him the razz, a point The Weenie could never figure out.

"Aw, nerts on dat line of crap," he muttered. "I on'y know if some yap steps on your toes, he'll be in de hospital, and you'll be in de joint wit' de odder dings. You know yerself dat no city mug kin stomach a yap, and dat we can't win in deir back yard any more'n dey kin win in ours, so watch yer own step." None of us dreamed his remarks were prophetic.

Spike simply waved a languid hand, as we continued strolling. "Nev' mind, Spike," he murmured, "Spike's a gentleman and knows how to conduct himself anywhere." The Weenie crossed over to leer at Spike, "Yeh, but I know a hell of a lot o' gent'men dat's in de Big Joint right now, an' dey're breaking as much rock as de guys who ain't gent'men." Spike burst into laughter and feinted alarm. "Okay, soldier, you win," he yelled, and The Weenie was placated for the moment.

We made all the concessions, the owners of which all seemed to know Spike. They greeted each other as though they had seen each other every day, and exchanged comment in a jargon of clipped monosyllables which was so much Greek to me, but perfectly clear to The Weenie, and I began to feel oddly out of place, as I had many times before. I was getting my first inkling of many things I never knew existed, all intriguing and highly interesting, and I mentally blessed the old See-See for giving me the opportunity.

Spike knew all the big-city detectives also, those men loaned for the occasion to protect the town-folk from what Spike and The Weenie termed the "Big Time Guns," and which I knew to mean the city hoodlums who follow celebrations to prey upon the public. I was surprised to note that these police and Spike would exchange the same brief nods and almost the identical line of jargon used by the concessionaires or "hustlers," who I knew spoke in the argot of the underworld. I never knew before that police spoke the same language as the "hoods" and it was all queer and interesting to me. The thought came with a bang at the time that the general belief in camp was that Spike was still an officer in Government service "planted" there for mysterious reasons of Uncle Sam.

Anyway, it was all grist to my mill of life and I'll always treasure my experiences, and my acquaintance with these two chaps. All rich experience and material for many future anecdotes. But don't get the impression which so many of us try to impart, that we are only in the See-See for the experience. Hell, no! There was a little matter of one dollar per day, clothes, medical attention, and good eats, which I didn't need any more than a drowning man needs a lifeguard, and that little angle had quite a bit to do with me being here. And, Brother, I'm somewhat deliriously proud and happy to be one of these self-termed "dingbats" even though I can't for the life of me find out just what the term means. I only know that the Vets insist on that name, and sharply resent being called "Pine-cone Johnnies," and "Wooden Soldiers" which they insist means the "Sprouts" or youngsters of the CCC.

Late evening, and we were thinking of camp, we'd eaten hot-dogs, guzzled beer, seen stage-coaches held up, the pseudo-bandits "strung up," gun-fights with blank cartridges, and a lot of jumping-frog contests in which the frogs refused to jump.

I was amused and puzzled at Spike taking four nickels and winning five dollars at the various gambling devices. He never seemed to lose, and spent the winnings with joy and abandon. When

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I marvelled at his phenomenal luck he flashed a quizzical grin. "Easy," he explained, "I'm wise to all the 'gimmicks' on those wheels and dice, and the hustlers know it, but they couldn't stop me as I was drawing the crowd while playing, and they know better than to ask for the money back." Just one more mystery made clear to the sap.

At eleven we met a bunch of dingbats who had come to our camp with Spike from down around the Bay. They had long ago spent their meager cash and were tired, hungry, and eager for camp and bed. They greeted us with a barrage of questions.

"Hey, Spike, where in hell's the truck-driver?" "We wanna go home!" Spike threw up his hands, yelling, "Hold it, soldiers, how in hell do I know?" They crowded around complaining that one truck, due to leave at ten-thirty, was absent. Although Spike was a private like the rest of us, they insisted that he do something about it immediately. It was only natural, I suppose, for if there was ever a born leader Spike was one, and he went into action.

"Half you men take one side of the street, and we'll take the other," he barked. "The first who finds the drivers in these joints will wait here and tell us where they are."

I went with Spike and several others. Coming to a dance-hall with a dollar admission, Spike told us to wait, and drawing a badge from his pocket, presented it to the deputy at the door.

"Visiting deputy, old top, and looking for some stray See-See drivers. Mind if I look in for a moment?" he asked.

"Right in, old kid, n'stay as long as you like," the official replied, and Spike was in and out in a trice. When I asked about the badge he replied that he had been deputized for some years down in Calacosta County; more angles to this many-sided character.

In the last joint on the street we found two of the truck-drivers dancing hilariously with some carnival women; the driver who was to handle the ten-thirty truck was quite noticeably spifflicated. Spike asked him pleasantly when his truck would leave. The driver shakily drew his watch and tried to focus his gaze upon the dial.

"S'on'y 'leven 'clock, ain' it?" he blurbed. "Can' poor truck-driver have any fun?" Spike told him quietly to look again at his watch, and at several clocks which indicated five minutes to midnight. The second driver could still tell time and convinced the first that they should leave.

Walking behind the drivers, the gang began violently to protest against riding around the mountain curves with a driver in such a condition, but Spike waved them into temporary silence. About twenty of us climbed aboard, the driver swung violently around the corner and drew up with a flourish in front of the village jail—of all places!

He left the cab and began pushing through the laughing, jeering crowd in front of the jail doors, taunting the police, and prisoners alike. Spike was right at his elbow.

"Gonna get all our dingbats outa jail, n' take 'em home wit' me," the driver mumbled.

"Better let me ask for 'em," Spike, who was perfectly sober, suggested softly. We held our breaths, as none of us believed the officials would do other than pinch the driver if he made that request in his condition.

At Spike's words, he turned upon him in drunken fury. "Jus' who in hell you think *you* are, hey? Gonna stop me from gettin' my gang, hey? Why you"—he drew back his arm, and Spike had smacked him into the arms of three policemen with a right hook which was snapped so fast we hardly saw it.

To our amazement, of the nine State and County police present, four of them immediately began swinging punches at Spike, who ducked and covered up, as astounded at the action as we were. Recovering, we dived from the truck and pushed and crowded towards the mêlée. Spike jumped erect, snapped a look over his shoulder, saw us coming in. "Nix!" he barked, holding up a hand, then turning swiftly to the State Traffic Captain who had drawn blood from Spike's lips, he shot with ominous calm, "as for you guys—can't figure why you socked me, but if you throw one more punch, you're going to have one hell of a lot of punching to do."

The cops made a concerted move and pushed Spike into the jail, then turned threateningly toward the rest of us with drawn clubs and blackjacks. My blood boiling so that I forgot my natural timidity, I crushed forward attempting to explain the true facts to the officials —and found myself inside the "hoosegow" before I could realize what happened!

Inside, we at once crowded to the ground-level window, just in time to see The Weenie rushed up to the Sheriff and the Captain, his face ablaze with fury. "Youse guys are all wrong," he screamed, "ya got the wrong two guys in dat can, n' if you don't let 'em out after I tell ya de score, I'm gonna hold youse mugs poisonally responsible for anyt'ing wot happens to any man on dis trick! Ya get me?" They did get him, for they laid violent hands upon him and threw him in with us.

The jail was crowded; my first time in durance vile, and I didn't like it. Dingbats, kids from the Wooden Soldier camps, citizens, and more coming in every minute. The place was evil with filth, and fellows getting sick all over. The old-timers were cool enough, laughing, singing, and joking, but some of the kids were maniacal. They screamed challenges to all and sundry, broke lights and plumbing, and formed wild plans for a mass attack on all officers who entered the jail. Spike circulated among them, quieting them with low, soothing words. "But for the good old See-See," he murmured softly to Weenie and me, "there would be the biggest part of this quarter-million kids in jails all over the country. The kids' folks can't support 'em, the kids get restless, check out, get kicked from town to town, and that treatment soon makes 'em first-class yeggs, hoodlums, and thugs. If for nothing else, I always say 'God bless the See-See' when I think of that."

"Aw, nerts an' boloney," blurted The Weenie, "God bless 'em for wot? Dey never paid de bonus, did dey?" Spike regarded him with amused tolerance at the totally irrelevant remark. "Well, Bolshevik, just bless 'em for takin' you outa the thin-soup line, givin' you three heavy squares a day, and puttin' a coupla hundred good iron men into your kick when you get out." This time The Weenie had no hot come-back.

After midnight they began letting prisoners out; at four A.M. the sheriff himself came in and told The Weenie and me to get out. Spike asked why he wasn't released also, and the sheriff began screaming abuse, telling him that he had enough charges to hang him,

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and he'd make it his personal duty to see that Spike got the limit.

Spike looked coldly into the doddering old man's eyes. "I don't quite get youse guys' attitude," he said, "your malignancy isn't warranted, but I'll bet you pull your hoosier farce until I get fed up, an' then you'll see some fireworks." The Weenie stuck his face into the window from the outside and yelled, "Nev' mind, Spike, I'll have you outa here in no time; that big Greek Gorilla will never keep you there while I'm outside," then vanished as some officials moved toward him.

We waited around until they took Spike to the County seat at five A.M. and at six we were banging at our Company Commander's door; we finally learned that the Skipper was at District Headquarters and would be gone over the week-end. We found Captain Braddock, second in command, a grim, war-seared little veteran whom we all loved; we told him of our troubles.

The captain listened, then jumped into his car promising to have Spike back at once, but came back some hours later fighting mad and without Spike. "They've got absolutely no definite charges against the man," he said hotly, "an' yet they're holdin' him. However, I'll cheerfully spend a few dollars of my own to see how far they get with this, so don't do any worrying." "An' me, I'll go broke on dis deal," The Weenie cut in. "Dat lousy ol' sheriff jus' hates Spike's guts cause he's a city guy an' a dingbat. He even hates hisself, cause he's got dis here-er-see-nile decay, wot means he's past his peak, like ol' men gets." The captain repressed a grin at this and told us everything would be okay.

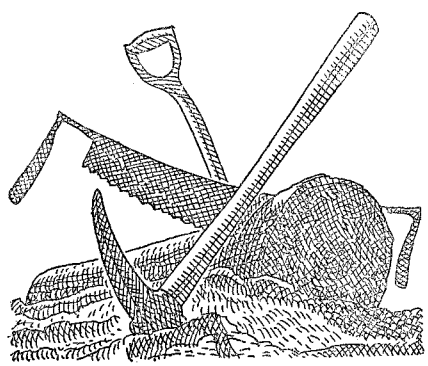
The next morning, a Sunday, I was surprised to have the sheriff come into the orderly room while I was typing, and ask for Captain Braddock. When the captain arrived the sheriff went into a long song and dance telling the captain what an extremely hard guy Spike was, and what an example he'd like to make of him. "You know yourself, Cap'n, that most of these men in the See-see are just bums an' misfits, livin' off the Governmint, an' absolutely good fer nuthin' 'cep'n' as chronic drunks, now ain't they?"

The captain stiffened visibly at this. "Yes," he said with emphasis, "we are all bums, all of us ten million who were among the unemployed until President Roosevelt originated this CCC. —Oh, yes," he put up a hand against the sheriff's placating gesture—"I was one of those bums. I was unemployed and broke before I got in here, in hospitals for years, and with a family too. Now, by the grace of God, and a wise President, I can now pay my way, and preserve what little self-respect I have left.

"Most of our men feel likewise; we don't feel that we are living off the Government by any means, as we feel we are earning every cent we receive. There are some, however, who have had their feet in the political trough, Sheriff, living off the state and nation's bounty for years and I'm sure they believe they've earned their money." He looked up guilelessly at the sheriff, and continued, "Seems you yourself have had some seventeen years of public office, Sheriff, and I know you feel you've earned it, and indirectly or otherwise, you're there because of a little job these same chronic drunks and bums performed overseas some years ago."

The sheriff reddened to his ears, and started to speak, but the captain was busy with some papers. "I have here," he said soothingly, "a report on some of the work the CCC has accomplished up to date, such as fighting fires, reforestation, road-building, etc., and it seems we have already saved the State of California alone some sixty million dollars; that sum will, no doubt, be doubled and trebled before it's all over.

"All this work is done by a bunch of chronic drunks, bums, and crazy kids." He paused while the sheriff shifted uncomfortably and glowered at me. "As to the actions of these men—well—that war wasn't won by a bunch of pansies, Sheriff; they are all human and have their faults. They work hard when they work, and play the same way, and I don't say they're any better or worse than any other class of people.



"They get drunk and raise hell—yes—but I daresay you have some of your own citizens who do the same. Our men haven't had the best life has to offer the past few years and when they get a break like this they are going to spend their pitifully few dollars as they enjoy it best, and if it's for booze, I'll venture that your citizens who peddle this booze have no objection to that, have they?"

The sheriff started violently and blurted, "But this man, er, Spike, he's a regular hellion who——"

"Is really one of our best men," the captain broke in, "and all he seems to have done is to sock one of our own men who hasn't complained to you, nor us about it. Therefore, if you insist you have a number of charges against him, I'll ask that you start as soon as possible, as I've already arranged for an attorney, besides the United States Attorney, an old friend of Spike's, who is coming up out of curiosity to see how things click in this county, and we'll all be there when you give the word."

The captain rose, indicating the interview was ended, and the sheriff milled around uncertainly, fiddling with his watch-chain. "Well," he began hesitantly, "well, this feller's got to be investigated some, an'"—he broke off and headed for the door. "I'll be callin' you up tomorrow, Cap'n, an' lettin' you know what's happenin'." He left abruptly, followed by a curt salute from the captain.

On Tuesday morning we received a call from the village that Spike was there awaiting transportation to camp. When we picked him up he told us with his grim smile that he had been released the day before, with all charges against him withdrawn.

"Just a little mountain justice which got detoured somehow," he grinned at us. The Weenie greeted us with the yell of "jail-birds, jail-birds!" as we came into camp, but Spike only thumbed his nose at him. However, from his expression, I guessed that our camp and its magnificent trees looked mighty good to him. I certainly know that they looked mighty good to little yours truly, and that they'll have to jar me loose from here with dynamite if they ever expect to get rid of me.

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY

What Ails Nursing

By Inis Weed Jones

A criticism, based upon a recent survey, of hospital control of nursing schools which provides the hospitals with cheap labor, floods the market with nurses inadequately trained and unprepared for other than hospital conditions

Most of us have had nurses whose ministrations we are never able to recall without a warm rush of affection, an enduring sense of gratitude. In those dark hours when all the world receded, and we were conscious only of our battle with the invisible powers of death, such a nurse became part of our being. She was our head, our hands, our feet, our courage, our power to mock the enemy—our very will to live. But in the course of life that has a way of running now high and vibrant, now low and sore beset by the bacterial host, most of us have also known nurses the very memory of whom makes the tongue taste bitter.

In view of the great number of able and devoted nurses, it may seem ungracious to criticize their ranks. Yet this is precisely what they ask of us: that we take part in their campaign to protect us and them from poor nursing.

Meanwhile countless patients and nurses are filled with a sense of grievance. I know no better way of illustrating what's wrong with nursing from the patient's point of view than to quote from the loose-leaf journal of an intelligent professional woman who has had at different times a variety of nurses and who has loaned me the pages on which she has jotted down her experiences with them. I quote at some length because they typify the most common difficulties.

Her first notes follow an attack of scarlet fever:

Had to let my first nurse go. She was almost down with fever herself.

Her successor—young, stupid, indifferent, never exerted herself except on request. Sat

and talked me deaf, dumb, and blind—"I says to him . . . and he says to me." Spoke often of tips on previous cases. Emergence from isolation, joy though it is, isn't comparable to the pure unadulterated bliss I experienced on being rid of her society.

Written during convalescence from pneumonia.

It is a miracle that I am still alive. When I began to be slightly delirious the doctor ordered the nurse to get me into the X . . . Hospital (a famous institution). After arriving and waiting half an hour on a rolling table in a cold and draughty basement hall I was told that I'd have to go into the ward until my room was ready. I wasn't permitted to keep my own nurse. Straightway I was stripped of my warm night clothes and clad in a chilly shift. My bed was by an open window. I had to sit up in the draught every few minutes in paroxysms of coughing. I asked to have the window closed. No! Then for a bed-screen. None forthcoming. My bed was near the desk of the student-head-nurse, young, beautiful, hard. As I grew colder and colder I begged her for a hot water bottle. Ages before I got it and not very hot at that. Every time I sat up to cough I got more chilled.

Time passed. It became visiting hour in the ward—friends, relatives flocking in to other beds. There are no telephones in the wards. Utterly cut off in a city full of friends, waiting for my husband's arrival from the office. . . . Supper of lukewarm soup. "Oh, make it hot. I'm so cold!" Response a glare.

At last my husband, and the swift transfer to my room and a private nurse, one who for a week fought like a soldier, who sustained me when I cried out between gasps, "Oh, God, it hurts so to breathe. Let me sit down on a stone and rest—just for a minute, dear God!"

Finally the slow tedious convalescence, and what a different nurse she then became! Vulgar in her stories and slack in her work. Once—just to see how long she'd forget—I went all day without having either a bath or my face and hands washed! Then we had a short sharp reckoning. Apologies. Explained that she ceased to have any nursing interest in patients after the crisis was past, and never took a chronic case if she could help it.

The foregoing excerpts are illustrative of the patient's side of the question: nurses who should never have been admitted to training, the wrong kind of nurse for the given patient, the type of nurse who is grand in emergency but bored by routine, and a vivid canvas of a ward where nurses have too much to do and the spirit of the place is all wrong.

Now let me summarize the most recurrent complaints of the nurses themselves:

Unemployment—few are able to save enough for their old age. Long hours—it is shocking to discover that half of our nurses still do twenty-four-hour duty. Even the usual twelve-hour duty with the trip to and from the patient leaves little time for self-care, for reading, relaxation, friends, and good times. Only half of our nurses ever marry. They say they'd rather work eight hours for less money and have a normal life. A common complaint is sickness from overstrain on hard cases. Busy nurses wear out fast. The average nurse is broken at 36 to 40 years of age. Another hardship is conditions for resting when on twenty-four-hour duty. Tales of trying to sleep on a row of dining room chairs, the ironing board, or set tubs! Inconsiderate treatment is also a grievance. Protests against a flat rate of pay for all—no financial goal toward which to work.

This mutual dissatisfaction of nurses and patients can be traced to hospital control of nursing schools. They are used as a source of cheap labor. Hence, mass production of nurses without regard to demand—merely to get student nursing done for keep and $10 a month.

Such policy has three untoward consequences:

First, the market is flooded with nurses. Suppose public schools—or banks—had their work done by beginners whom they let go as soon as they

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were trained! Even before the depression nurses were averaging only five months work per year. In 168 smaller cities work for most nurses has almost reached the vanishing point. In many towns nurses average only from 25 to 74 days' work each year. Mass production—like Fords, but no attempt to gauge supply to market demand.

Second, this cheap labor policy has kept entrance requirements and standards of training too low. The hospitals have been turning out 25,000 graduates annually. Too many of them have never even finished high school. And how can hospitals with less than fifty beds possibly give their students an adequate training in all the ills to which flesh is subject? The maladies of patients, even in some quite sizable hospitals, do not offer a wide range of ills for general training. Many gain little experience in children's diseases and obstetrics and almost none in communicable diseases and mental cases. But that is only part of the general training most students fail to get.

The greatest deficiency in their training is lack of preparation for work outside the hospital's four walls. That is a third consequence of institutional control. Students are trained by hospitals to meet their own needs *rather than those of the community*. They have had no experience in adapting themselves to home nursing, in devising all sorts of makeshifts to take the place of hospital equipment, in securing proper conditions for patients, in taking charge of a disorganized family, or in running a house when the mother is ill. And seldom do they receive any training for the public health field, which means not only home nursing for the poor but teaching them the habits that will prevent illness.

After graduation how do most nurses secure their few months' annual employment? Chiefly through agencies known as "registries" where the custom of sending them out in rotation without much attempt to send the right nurse to the right patient is beginning to undergo needed change.

All in all, small wonder that both patient and nurse often fare badly. Theirs is a serious indictment of hospital policy. In order to understand why it is so out of line with the business world that employs trained workers and tries to measure supply by demand, one has to bear in mind both the financial burden of hospitals and their history.

After nursing went out of the hands of the church in England, the sick were herded together in unspeakable city institutions with the criminal, the insane, the aged, the indigent, and the orphaned. The nursing—if such it may be called—was done chiefly by criminals. Bad as Sairey Gamp was, she was beneficent compared with many of those hideous caretakers.

It is only a little over sixty years ago that Florence Nightingale practically wiped out the hospital death rate during the Crimean war by demonstrating the importance of training women to care for the sick and wounded. Hospitals had to train their own nurses. Thus nursing schools came to be owned and controlled by hospitals. Only latterly has there been growing up a conviction among forward-looking hospital heads, nurses, doctors, trustees, educators, and the civic-minded that this domination was not only unsocial, but possibly uneconomic.

During the past eight years, while the public has criticized and friends have compared notes on their nurses—a topic second only in interest to discussing one's operations—these varied groups just mentioned organized as a Committee on the Grading of Nursing Schools and financed (at a cost of nearly $300,000) an exhaustive survey of the training given by hundreds of hospitals. It has recently been published under the title, *Nursing Schools—Today and Tomorrow*. It was preceded by another book, *Nurses, Patients, and Pocketbooks*. These two volumes are the sort that socially impatient hospital trustees will read with delight and post with glee to hidebound members of the board. The findings prove conclusively that the public and the nurses may be served only by divorcing the nursing school from the hospital, that is, the same board of trustees must not control both institutions. The nursing school must have its own committee and be partly composed of members who represent the community. In other words, the school should be converted into a true professional school with its own board, budget, well-prepared faculty, and clearly defined curriculum.

Of course the Grading Committee recommends higher entrance requirements. Students must not only be high-school graduates but must come from the top third of the class. To get the full significance of "top third" one needs to be aware that teachers and school superintendents have a habit of recommending hospital training for girls so stupid or so incorrigible the faculty are at their wits' end when it comes to vocational guidance. The Grading Committee also insists on careful analysis of character, dexterity tests, and—highly important—psychiatric tests. Schools of nursing have been in the habit of weeding out from 20 per cent to 40 per cent of the students admitted. Limited experience with aptitude tests indicates that enormous sums may be saved by this method.

The closing of many poor schools was urged, and many have already been closed. Training in at least 50 different physical conditions is set as a practicable standard—this to be achieved where necessary by exchanges of students between hospitals. And three months' time should be spent in public health work—nursing under supervision in homes and learning to teach prevention. As this standard becomes effective there will not be the present dearth of adequately trained nurses for important teaching and executive positions. At present only 15 per cent of our nurses and 22 per cent of our teacher-nurses have ever had one or more years of college training.

It is estimated that it will take twenty years to bring about this wholesale change. Tradition dies hard, and then, too, there are the financial problems involved.

What are the Grading Committee's findings as to the cost of employing chiefly graduate nurses in hospitals as compared with a staff chiefly of student nurses? Briefly, it is believed that it will be a saving for hospitals with less than 100 beds. In Minnesota 13 hospitals of from 27 to 78 beds have found that the cost is less and the quality of nursing superior to that of students. And even a 200-bed hospital in Detroit makes the same report.

This lowered cost has yet to be proven in the largest hospitals. How much can scientific-management engineers reduce operating charges? How much free ward service can be given

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by this plan and keep within the budget? The problem is complicated. Eventually some form of taxation or group insurance will probably solve this difficulty.

Meanwhile many of the very large hospitals are already going half way, reducing the amount of student service and employing many more trained nurses.

A frequent ratio in such hospitals is one graduate to every two or three student nurses. In some cases a room with *floor service* costs no more than before, in others a dollar more per day is charged. But the service is so much better that it represents a very real saving to the public in that many more patients are now able to do without a private nurse.

So far so good, but while hospital policy is slowly changing how are we to get the best nursing service to be had? Doctors get their nurses from registries. These are of three kinds: the commercial; the alumnæ and hospital registries to serve their own members and graduates; and a new type known as the professional nursing bureau. It is not run for profit and is scientific in its methods. A careful grading is made of each nurse, her qualifications, experience, culture, and personality. We now have 121 of these bureaus. They supply not only the kind and degree of skill your doctor requires, but the kind of person you desire. At last we have scientific recognition of the extent to which the patient's progress is affected by the quality of this intimate relation not only during convalescence but while acutely ill. So, one may have the cheerful, the motherly, the impersonal, the Catholic, the Protestant, the musical, the sports-loving, the lively blonde who plays a good game of cards, the collegiate, or the generous, experienced woman who will nurse you and run the house at the same time. Last, but not least, these bureaus see the absurdity of charging a flat rate for all nurses regardless of experience and skill. They try not only to grade rates of pay for the nurses, but to send you the best nurse they can for the price you can afford to pay.*

It behooves us while in health to learn what are the best nursing resources in our community. Most doctors have certain nurses whom they regularly call on their cases. But in the sick season they have to call on a registry for additional nurses. If there is a professional bureau available do they use it? Many do not. On one occasion my excellent doctor got an obstetrical nurse to help me through scarlet fever. Another sent me a surgical nurse for pneumonia.

If we cannot afford a private nurse it behooves us to find out what hospitals supplement student floor duty with graduate nursing service.

An hourly service is also being attempted by the nursing bureaus for people ill at home who need only an hour or two of care or some special dressing or treatment. It is something like the Visiting Nurse Service for the poor, but it must pay its way. The charge is $1.50 to $2.00 per hour, and represents a big saving in such cases. This service is still in its infancy.

In conclusion, one can only say for the nurses that it will be years before this slowly emerging profession ceases to be the most overcrowded. Thousands of the poorly prepared must undoubtedly stop trying to earn a living by nursing because of their three years of so-called training, and enter other occupations. As for the public it will get adequate nursing care only as it is sufficiently roused to demand it. Many of us owe our lives to devoted nurses and it would be a gallant return to help them in this, their organized campaign to protect us from incompetent care.

* The American Nurses' Association from its offices at 50 West 50th Street, New York City, will gladly supply a list of these professional bureaus or registries to interested persons.

Freedom and the Child

By Grace Adams

A commentary on progressive schools, by a psychologist

In each of the two most conspicuous developments in the history of American education the short adjective "free" has been of crucial significance. When "free" was first applied to elementary education, about a hundred years ago, its meaning was, of course, purely monetary. It referred to the fact that the community rather than a child's own family should shoulder the expenses of his cultural training.

And from the time the public schools were finally and firmly established until very recent years the most momentous decision that parents had to make, when considering the early education of their offspring, was whether to sacrifice their pocket-books in sending them to a private institution or their social pride in sending them to a public one. In either case the textbooks from which they studied and the rules by which they were taught were apt to be pretty much the same.

Today when the word "free" is uttered with rapt enthusiasm by the most advanced educators it refers to nothing so sordid as the price of tuition. Its meaning has become entirely spiritual. For the key-note to the most modern theory of pedagogy—the theory espoused and made practical by the truly "progressive" schools—is the sacred freedom of the young child's soul. And parents with a sincere desire to make their sons' and daughters' early years as happy and as profitable as possible must now decide whether to send them to an institution which still honors the old concepts of discipline and authority or one which has discarded all educational concepts except that of childish "self-expression."

It was at the turn of the present century that thoughtful men began to look with critical and dissatisfied eyes upon the traditional methods of American education. Glowing descriptions of Froebel's kindergartens and of Maria Montessori's ingenious and painless ways of imparting information had been brought back by travellers from Europe. Compared with them our own methods of instruction seemed hopelessly antiquated, artificial, and unrelated to the actual life of the child. But

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pedagogical changes were soon apparent in this country, too, and by 1915 John Dewey was able to describe almost a dozen schools which had departed radically from the conventional methods of teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic. These "new schools," as Dewey called them, laid less stress upon formal recitations and exact tests of memory than upon encouraging the child to use his eyes and ears and fingers in acquiring a first-hand knowledge of the world in which he lived and a mastery of a few of its simpler crafts and skills.

Today the "radical" methods of 1915 appear almost as old-fashioned as McGuffey's Readers, for during the intervening years the gradual liberalization of the most advanced private schools has become truly revolutionary. In the genuinely progressive school of the present there are no rules which a child must obey and no authority which he must respect. For the primary tenet of progressive education is the belief that "children can neither be taught nor trained."

And yet progressive education is not the completely chaotic system that so many horrified older people consider it. It is, in fact, informed by a very definite philosophy. But the basis of this philosophy is no longer the psychological pragmatism of Professor Dewey. The twin gods of progressive education are now two doctors of mental diseases —Sigmund Freud, the father of psychoanalysis, and Alfred Adler, the discoverer of the inferiority complex.

Since the guiding principle of psychoanalysis, in either the strictly Freudian or the modified Adlerian version, is the hypothesis that severe repressions in childhood cause the most serious maladjustments of later life, the progressive educators, subscribing wholeheartedly to these doctrines, evolved the logical corollary—that a child who has never been repressed at all will develop into the most normal and effective type of adult.

In theory this idea seems simple and reasonable enough. And the progressive educators have applied it with a vengeance. As a result the typical progressive school seems to be a very pleasant place—one in which we might expect a child to be supremely happy. Its building is charmingly informal and its rooms are equipped not with stiff desks and unyielding benches but with small sturdy chairs and tables—and every known device which can amuse and stimulate a child. Its staff of uninhibited and highly enthusiastic teachers does not try to impose its knowledge or its ideals upon its pupils. As one of the most prominent schools says in its prospectus, "The teacher's part resembles that of a gardener who supervises conditions, allowing the plant to grow according to its own inner nature." Her presence among her charges is required simply in case one of them "seeks help" or "needs encouragement."

A few years ago modern parents were as enthusiastic about the progressive schools as the teachers themselves. But today there is a growing attitude of puzzled skepticism. The young human "plant," left to its own devices, does not seem to be growing exactly as they had hoped.

Some of the progressively educated children have learned to paint rather extraordinarily striking pictures. Some of them have turned out quaint poems and odd bits of prose. Most of them have learned to mold clay and to lisp French ditties. But the process of learning to read and write and spell has not been accomplished any more easily just because it is not arbitrarily forced. And more than one product of the modern schools has looked with envy upon the cultural accomplishments of his more conservatively educated contemporaries and begged his parents to send him to "a real school."

But the problem that most seriously worries parents is not so much the exact knowledge that their child acquires in the school but his deportment when he leaves it. For a child who for some eight hours of the day is disciplined only by his own inner nature and the disapproval of his fellow pupils is often vocally and violently irked by the restrictions put upon him during the time that he spends in his own home. Cut off from his companions and from the encouragement of his teachers his "inner nature" impels him to make rather a nuisance of himself. He actually seems less poised and less adjusted to the outside world than those children who during their school hours have submitted uncomplainingly to the arbitrary discipline of their teachers. Somehow the beautiful theory has not worked as perfectly as it should.

And it has probably not worked because like most theories it is too Utopian. Its conception of the "inner nature" of the child is actually so idealistic that it is entirely unfair to most normal boys and girls. For it assumes quite blandly that the average child is by his very nature intelligent, talented, self-reliant, reasonable, and sociably inclined. That he has within himself the ability to make logical judgments and form sensible opinions. But the sad and sober truth is that the average healthy child has very few of these essentially adult traits of mind and character. The average child is selfish, he is stubborn, he is forgetful, he is cruel, he is illogical. His sense of humor is of an extremely low variety. And his inherent taste, judged by civilized adult standards, is rather atrocious.

The normal child is like this not because he has been poorly trained or badly conditioned or harshly repressed, but simply because he is a normal child. Most of us are inherently much more like him than we often care to confess; and we would resemble him even more closely if advancing years, and the experiences they brought with them, had not made us otherwise. But progressive education, by shielding the child so vigorously during his early years, delays these chastening experiences until long after the more conventionally reared child has learned to adapt his nature to them. By this method infantile traits are certainly not repressed. But neither are they corrected. They are encouraged, made more pronounced, and prolonged beyond the time when they should be gradually changing into characteristics more suitable to adult life.

Besides these rather unprepossessing qualities of mind and character the normal child possesses, of course, several redeeming virtues. And one of these, which he has to a higher degree than any other living creature, is the ability to learn. The progressive educators may believe quite sincerely that "children neither can be taught nor trained." Yet every child is actually both taught and trained from the first time during its early infancy that it learns to seek out the sights and sounds that most appeal to it and to shun those which it finds distasteful. And the problem that educators must decide is: which will make its most fitting and effective teachers—the haphazard experiences of its en-

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vironment, other essentially scatter-brained children, or wise and authoritative grown persons?

If this question could be put to the child himself I have no doubt that he would choose the adults. For experimental tests have proved quite conclusively that the first thing a normal baby imitates is not the cry of another child, the bow-wow of a dog, or the meow of a cat, but the expression it sees upon the face of a familiar grown person. And from that time until he is well advanced in years one of the most impelling motives possessed by any natural child is the desire to emulate his elders.

The spontaneous play of the child figures largely in the tenets of the newer education. But the typical play of childhood is not the whimsical, imaginative, adventuresome activity that many romantic adults picture it as being. It is for the greatest part a very earnest and essentially realistic attempt to imitate the words and gestures of those older people whom the child most admires. And the types of persons who are rated the highest by childish standards, as can be readily proved by watching a group of youngsters absorbed in their games of dramatic imitation, are not such self-effacing, patient, and reasonable adults as the teachers in the progressive schools. They are the sure, purposeful, and self-consciously authoritative martinets of the world. It is the swagger of the policeman on the corner, the bustle of the cook in her kitchen, the precise manner of the old-fashioned school ma'am, the determined voice of an irritated parent that evoke a child's most devoted acts of mimicry.

The principal of one of the most famous of the new schools has described her own institution as "The World of the Child." And yet, despite all that is done within its walls to make its small inmates free and happy, it is the child's world only by deliberate and artificial abstraction. The most glamorous and exciting figures in the child's own conception of the universe are the strong and mighty grown-ups who, so he believes, control this universe. And the child's true "inner nature" craves the presence of such sure and purposeful creatures far more than it does artistic surroundings, attractive playthings, and the opportunity to behave as it wishes. For if there is one fundamental need common to all children, this need is not unlimited freedom, but rather a sense of stability and security.

There is a great deal of discussion these days about the possibility of so conditioning a child that he will learn to know the minimum of fears. Yet even the behaviorists admit that there are a few situations in which even the new-born baby is instinctively and unmistakably afraid. One experience which will make every normal infant gasp and scream with terror is the feeling of physical insecurity—of falling or being inadequately supported. As most children grow older they feel the same sort of dread when they suddenly realize that they are alone in unfamiliar surroundings or in the midst of complete strangers. And a child is almost equally distressed whenever he finds himself bereft of mental and moral security—when he is placed in a situation where neither precept nor habit dictates how he shall behave. It is then that he becomes nervous and anti-social—when he acts, in short, as a problem child. Freedom is a wonderful theoretical concept, but it is a commodity for which the average child has very little use. For the average child is not the romantic rebel that progressive education conceives of him as being.

The progressive educators are not alone in attributing to the child a spirit of physical and mental adventuresomeness. Children do actually give the impression of being the world's most intrepid explorers. They are forever asking the most unexpected and, according to their doting relatives, original questions, and wandering with the utmost unconcern in the most dangerous situations. But we must be careful not to interpret such activities by adult standards. A child continually courts danger not because he likes it but because he has not yet acquired the intelligence to understand what danger is. And he asks most of his ingenuous questions not because he has an unquenchable thirst for more knowledge, but because he wants a confirmation of what he believes he sees and hears and knows.

When a child asks such typical questions as "Why are buildings so tall?" "Why is ice so cold?" or "Why is it always dark at night?" he is seldom asking for reasonably scientific explanation of such matters. Usually he does not even want additional information about them. He is most often begging to be reassured that his own individual observations are correct. His questions really mean "I think buildings are very tall, don't you?" "Is ice always so cold?" and "It really gets dark every night, doesn't it?" From the child's own point of view the most satisfying answers to such "why" questions, as nurses and mothers, if not the advanced educators, usually realize, is "Because they are," or "Because it is supposed to be." Such answers may seem somewhat unreasonable to a truly logical adult, but they are the kinds of statements that a child believes he understands, and they bolster up his feeling of mental security, because they make him feel sure that his own ideas about the world are in accord with those of wiser grown-ups.

Children are at heart tremendous sticklers for things as they are and as they should be. If a child is used to hearing a nursery rhyme or a fairy tale repeated in a certain way he will become provoked and critical of the adult who deviates from the familiar version by a single word or phrase. And he becomes just as righteously angry if his new nurse does not carry out all of her ministrations exactly as his old one did. And when he grows old enough to play games he will be insistent that all his playmates observe each rule and regulation, no matter how arbitrary and senseless it may be. He can be made to perform the most irksome task with the most eager pleasure if the performance is turned into a formal and complicated ritual.

Though most children rebel instinctively against any new restriction that is placed upon them, they observe those old restrictions which have become habitual with almost fanatical zeal. And they love to praise themselves for living up to the conventions of their own small world. A little girl who has been told that she must not eat candy, and who has been praised for her obedience to this rule, gets more smug pleasure from continuing to obey it than from gorging herself upon the forbidden sweets. And a small boy who has been taught that he must always say his prayers before hopping into bed feels indignantly deprived of a right if when visiting away from home no one requires him to perform this ritual.

The progressive educators deserve a

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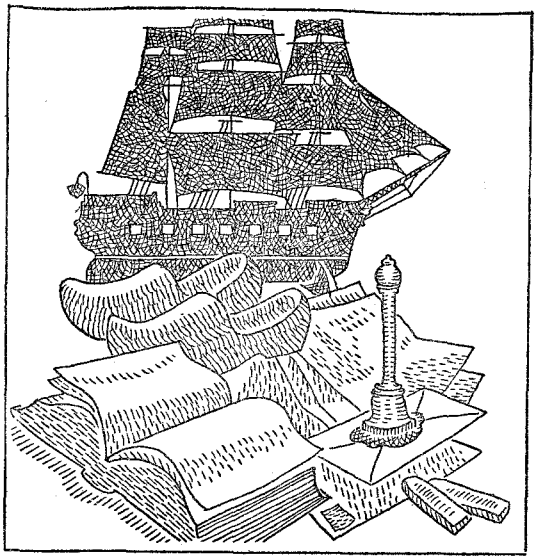
great deal of credit for their sincere crusade in the interest of the "inner nature" of the child. But now, when few really modern children are in any danger of being too rudely repressed or too cruelly inhibited, the time has come for both teachers and parents to take a less romantic and a more factual view of this same inner nature. They need to realize that the normal boy or girl is neither an artist, a rebel nor a scientist, but a somewhat uncertain and puzzled youngster trying very earnestly to discover what this world is like and how he should behave in relation to it.

The adult, whether teacher or parent, who is so awed by the theories of complexes and inhibitions that she is actually afraid to discipline him in any way is really depriving him of something that he values more highly than either freedom or encouragement. She is depriving him of the sense of security that comes from believing that he knows exactly how to behave in any situation.

AS I LIKE IT

William Lyon Phelps



Mr. Yarmolinsky's *Dostoevsky* . . Seven-Year-Olds, Particularly Little Orvie . . . Drinks and Drinkers as Viewed by Professor Henderson . . . What Became of Worcester . . . Readings by Dickens

All lovers of Russian novels should be grateful to Avrahm Yarmolinsky for his biographies of two men of genius—Turgenev and Dostoevsky. The former book appeared in 1926 and immediately took its place as the best biography of that supreme artist that has ever been written in English. And now Mr. Yarmolinsky gives us an equally admirable work on Dostoevsky.

There are many modern biographies which could honestly have at their beginning the statement so frequently seen in detective stories; "every character in this book is fictitious." The temptation to write for effect, to make the most of sensational incidents by overemphasis, is too strong for some writers to resist. Mr. Yarmolinsky inspires confidence by his learning and by his judgment. Equally at home in both languages, Russian and English, he has been able and willing to consult all the sources and authorities in Russia, England, and America; and he has a talent for aloofness that is really extraordinary.

To get at the sources for these biographies required as much courage, endurance, and stamina as to search for the North Pole; he spent an entire winter in the totally unheated libraries of Moscow and Leningrad to write his book on Turgenev. I rejoice that he survived to finish it and to begin and end the Dostoevsky; and will the next one be Tolstoi (already somewhat overbiographied) or Chekhov or perhaps Gogol? Whatever he does will be well done.

I mentioned his aloofness. The objectivity of these two biographies is remarkable. It is difficult to write about Russian giants with serenity. Emotion remembered in tranquillity is as important for the biographer as it is for the poet. I was impressed by his calm judgment in his account of the life and works of Turgenev; but Turgenev, apart from his colossal genius, was normal. No one hated abnormalities in men and in books more than he. Dostoevsky, however, was chronically abnormal. He was what I call a vertical novelist. He never came anywhere near covering the width of ordinary human experience as Tolstoi and Turgenev and Dickens and Shakespeare covered it. But he ascended to spiritual heights beyond their range and to depths below their deepest soundings. He seemed to breathe most easily where the air was rarefied almost to a vacuum and where it was so fetid as to be almost solid.

Furthermore, his own life and character were so strange that most biographers and critics have lost both their feet and their heads. I cannot praise too highly Mr. Yarmolinsky's steadiness, balance, poise, and equanimity. He writes about Turgenev and Dostoevsky because he thinks they are worth writing about—they were men of genius and no enthusiast is more aware of that fact than he. His attitude in studying Dostoevsky is not unsympathetic at all, but it is unprejudiced. Dostoevsky was four years in a prison compared to which Sing Sing is a palace; he was an epileptic; he was a passionate Christian, and a passionate gambler; he was devoted to his wife and gambled away her clothes in the winter; he was always in debt, always in difficulties, nearly always sick. He wrote many books, every one written in the face of almost insuperable, almost incredible obstacles. Four of these books are very spotty masterpieces—*Memoirs of the House of the Dead, Crime and Punishment, The Idiot, The Brothers Karamazov*—but they are in-

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dubitable masterpieces, and we cannot even imagine a time when they will be forgotten.

I am a little surprised that Mr. Yarmolinsky does not give more unstinted praise to *Poor Folk* and that he rates *The Double* so high. Possibly, if I could read these in Russian, I should agree with him. I read them and all the others in French and English. Yet I agree with Bielinski in his opinion of both those books. In fact, I have no enthusiasm for anything Dostoevsky wrote between *Poor Folk* and *Memoirs of the House of the Dead*. He made a tremendous success with his first book and then wrote a number of failures. This has happened not infrequently in the history of literature. The amazing thing is, that after an initial success followed by a string of failures, he went on to the works that have given him permanent fame.

Mr. Yarmolinsky's *Dostoevsky* will please all readers except those who are sensation-mongers. He has added a good index and an admirable bibliography.

Thornton Wilder's new novel *Heaven's My Destination* is as different from his earlier books as can well be imagined. It is a far cry from *The Woman of Andros* to a hot gospeller in Texas. Once more, he leaves his readers guessing at his own attitude. When *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* appeared, I read a French review which said that of course Mr. Wilder's attitude toward any religious belief was skeptically ironical; and the week after I read that, Mr. Chesterton asked me if Mr. Wilder was a Catholic, because, said he, the book sounds exactly as if the author must be a devout believer.

In this book, the reader might not have any doubt if it were not for the very end, when again we find the hero writing instead of talking. There is one chapter which stands out in my mind above all the rest of the novel; that is where the judge conducts the trial. I have never seen anything quite like this; it is sustained brilliance from beginning to end.

Few books have disappointed me more than *Pitcairn's Island*. Its predecessors in the trilogy, *Mutiny on the Bounty* and *Men Against the Sea* were both so magnificent that I began this with high anticipations. It is dull. The authors are apparently better on the sea than on the land. Or perhaps the story was really over at the conclusion of the second book, and this was written to order rather than from inspiration.

Forty-two Years in the White House had better not have been written at all. It is indeed a revelation—of the author.

Little Orvie, by the accomplished Booth Tarkington, is like Mr. Lewis's *The Man Who Knew Coolidge,* almost too perfect. It is maddeningly accurate. Penrod and Baxter are old enough to be interesting in themselves; so that we find pure delight in a correct diagnosis. But Little Orvie is at that hellish age where he has grown beyond the angelic innocence of babyhood and is not old enough to have a single interesting thought or a single attractive quality. Thinking of the number of accidents boys have and the number of emergencies through which they pass, it is often a matter of wonder that they ever grow to manhood. After reading *Little Orvie* I feel that it is a wonder they are not murdered. I wonder somebody did not kill me; I am quite sure I deserved it. Yet the real villains in this story are not Orvie and his contemporaries; they are his parents and his older relatives. It is a magnificent treatise on the way *not* to bring up children; worth all the books on psychoanalysis. All parents of six-year-olds should read it.

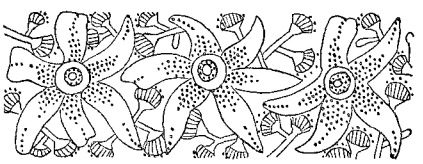
Corporal punishment, properly administered, is the thing. Doctor Johnson said that at school the teacher invariably whipped them if they did not have their lessons prepared. On being asked if that were not brutal, Johnson said, "No, we knew we should be whipped if we did not learn the lesson, so we learned it, and that's all there was to it."

The Broken Song, by Sonia Daugherty, is an excellent story of modern Russia written for American boys and girls. It describes Russian life just before, during, and just after the revolution; and is without bias. It is an entertaining narrative, and gives a clear picture of what took place. The author was born in Russia and lives in the United States.

A New Deal in Liquor, by the distinguished physiologist, Professor Yandell Henderson of Yale, should be read by every one interested in the problem of what to do with drinks and drinkers, from the points of view of health, morality, taxation. The facts will surprise many persons; he gives a definite remedy. I found it full of interest and value. A magnificent tribute is paid to Doctor Rush, an American physician of the eighteenth century. We should also remember Benjamin Franklin's ideas and practice; but the reason he is not emphasized here is because Doctor Henderson's attack is directed on the American habit of taking straight spirits. I wish we could abolish vertical drinking and the habit of treating.

The full title of Henderson's book is *A New Deal in Liquor. A Plea for Dilution. Also a Reprinting of An Inquiry into the Effects of Ardent Spirits upon the Human Body and Mind, by Doctor Benjamin Rush.* (Illustrated.)

A Letter of Emerson, edited by Willard Reed, is a previously unpublished letter of the greatest American philosopher to a Baltimore business man who was troubled by religious doubts. This is one of the most remarkable brief essays Emerson ever produced and every one who admires Emerson or who is interested in religion should read it. The correspondence on both sides is given, with an admirable analysis of the Emersonian letter by Professor Perry of Harvard.



Among new volumes of poems, I particularly recommend *October Orchard* by Mary Atwater Taylor. The verses are original, full of charm and beauty.

I am glad that one of the most notable of American autobiographies, *From Immigrant to Inventor,* by the well-beloved Michael Pupin, has been issued in condensed form, for the benefit of those who want the story of his life, without any scientific technical details. Praise is superfluous.

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H. V. Morton has written the best books of travel about England, Scotland, and Ireland that I know. They are called *In Search of England,* etc. Now he has written, with the same charm of style, the same penetration, reverence, humor, a book about Palestine, called *In the Steps of the Master.* There are copious illustrations. It is absolutely compelling.

Of the new detective stories, I especially recommend *For the Hangman,* by John S. Strange; *The White Priory Murders,* by Carter Dickson; *A Girl Died Laughing,* by Viola Paradise; while the terrible story of the loss of the *Titanic* has been dramatically told in a French novel (translated), by Edouard Peisson, called *Outward Bound from Liverpool.*

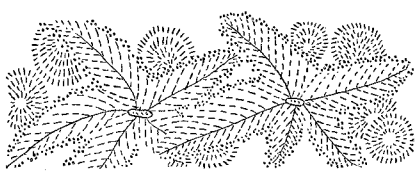
Among all the murder stories of 1934, I award first place to *Hearken to the Evidence,* by H. Russell Wakefield.

When I was a boy, the two rival dictionaries in America were Webster and Worcester—people almost came to blows talking about them. My recent query as to what has become of Worcester drew the following interesting letter. It comes from Edward S. Worcester, of New Brunswick, N. J.

Speaking of dictionaries in the current SCRIBNER'S, you ask, "What became of Worcester?"

As a loyal member of the family I raised the same question quite a while ago, and was told:

First, that the publication was continued for some time after Mr. J. E. Worcester's death by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.—confirmed by inspection of the several copies available hereabouts;



Second, that the plates were destroyed in a serious fire on the premises of the said publishers.—This part I never verified further, but the firm would doubtless be glad to answer an inquiry from any one like yourself.

No doubt the time was rapidly approaching when considerable revision and enlargement would have been necessary. Webster was in the hands of an enterprising and competent house—and under later editors had receded from some of its more injudicious attempts to improve on the language, such as pronouncing the w in sword—and I take it the Lippincotts found it advisable simply to accept their loss.

Still, I confess that the last time I crossed Massachusetts on the Boston and Albany and was exhorted by the trainman, "Worcester—change for Webster!" it went somewhat against the grain.

It may be possible, by calling public attention to the horrible blunders made in speaking and writing the English language by "certain persons of importance," to assist in their eventual elimination. Here is a letter from a man in a large city, for which my readers will be grateful.

I am with a small manufacturing concern, the works manager of which has heredity to thank for his elevated position, rather than his actual ability. I would not criticize his lack of erudition in a deprecatory way, were he not so insufferably sure of himself. There isn't a subject that arises, concerning which he does not think he knows all that there is to know, or more.

He is surrounded by four or five associates—two of whom are college men, two more particularly well read, and we have to sit in conferences with strangers and prominent business men while he dominates the technical conversations and we breathlessly await the next *faux pas.* The following list we have accumulated and dubbed "Mr. Malaprops."

"interpretate" that order (interpret)
"beacon" of oil (beaker)
"volical" fluid (volatile)
"coaxing" actors in their rôle (coaching)
"T" for triple, "D" for double, "C" for single (identifying 3 letters)
Survival of the "finish" (fittest)
"Dictorship" (Dictatorship)
I'll "commute" with them (communicate)
"Physical" year (fiscal)
prosecuted for "bigotry" (perjury)
no change in "morale" (personnel)
since time "in memorium" (immemorial)
"commented" me highly (complimented)

SEEING AND HEARING CHARLES DICKENS

Some months ago I printed letters from two gentlemen, both over ninety, who had a distinct recollection of hearing Dickens read from the platform. And now, Miss Jennie A. Baldwin of Bridgeport, Conn., is kind enough to write me.

Dec. 18, 1934.

When Charles Dickens gave readings in this country, I attended his reading in New Haven with my cousin and his wife—General Samuel Merwin of Orange Street. Dickens gave the *Christmas Carol* which to this day is a delightful recollection. His reading was greeted with great enthusiasm, which goes without saying.

I had lived ninety-five years on the fourteenth of November.

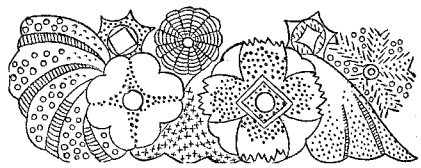
Sincerely yours,
JENNIE A. BALDWIN.

I am also grateful to James D'Wolf Lovett, of Cambridge, Mass., who remembers hearing Dickens and seeing Webster.

Dec. 8, 1934.

I feel emboldened to tell you that I too had the privilege of attending a reading by Dickens, at Tremont Temple in Boston, January 7, 1868. I still have my seat check, a treasured bit of cardboard. My sister and I went together.

It was a deeply impressive occasion and we were so thrilled, it was with difficulty we could conceal our emotion at seeing in the flesh, the man whom we had adored through his wonderful creations.



The audience applauded wildly as Dickens appeared. I shall never forget the scene.

He wore a black velvet coat, flashy striped waistcoat and heavy gold watch-chain. He looked exactly like my picture of him reading to his two daughters.

A small reading desk, with a glass of water and an open book on it, stood at the front of the stage. He came rapidly forward, gave a British nod to the audience and at once commenced to read from the *Christmas Carol* and then after a short pause, from *David Copperfield.* I shall be ninety-one next May but I can recall the whole scene as though it were yesterday.

Very sincerely yours,
JAMES D'WOLF LOVETT.

P. S. I might add, merely as a reminiscence of earlier days, that, sitting at the window one day, my mother called me to her and pointing to a man walking down West Cedar St., said:—"Jimmie, look closely at that man and when you grow up, you can say you once saw the great Daniel Webster." I looked and saw an elderly man, heavily built, coming at a leisurely, dignified gait, down the street. The distance was a bit too far to distinguish those "wonderful eyes" of which I have heard so often since. He went into the house of his son, Fletcher Webster.

I immediately asked Mr. Lovett if he would be kind enough to write further details about Webster; and he not only graciously replied, but gave me a magnificent cat-name story.

On the occasion of my mother's calling me to the window to see Daniel Webster, I was probably only six or seven years old, and to me, he was just another man.

But I was keen-sighted and became interested in his clothes which appeared to me something like a uniform! I remember them perfectly. A blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, nankeen waistcoat and trousers and a straw hat with a large crown and wide brim.

He went into his son Fletcher's house on West Cedar Street: I saw him frequently but my only other definite recollection is that in winter he used to drive to and from his son's door in a "booby hut." How easy it would have been for me to have run up to him some day and spoken to him. How often I have regretted the lost opportunity! But I was a bashful little fellow and at seven, one does not appreciate greatness. His grandson Ashburton was a playmate of mine and Carrie, a granddaughter, was a friend of my sister's. One

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day, Carrie brought a little kitten, which she called Crissie, over to our house and when mother asked her why it was so called she replied, "it is short for Idiosyncrasy!" . . .

The scene comes back to me of the funeral procession of Fletcher Webster, colonel of the Twelfth Massachusetts. The band, with muffled drums, was playing the "Dead March in Saul," the colonel's horse with trappings, was led by his colored servant; the flag, furled, was draped with black; the slow tread of the soldiers, with reversed arms, was all so inexpressibly pathetic that I crept into a doorway and silently wept. This was the first military funeral I had witnessed in the Civil War. . . .

I am,

Very sincerely yours,
JAMES D'WOLF LOVETT.

Mr. H. Shobbrook Collins, of Hartford, Conn., gives me the following particularly interesting letter about Thomas Hardy.

Dec. 26, 1934.

I was born and "raised" in the same little parish of Stinsford and went to the two schools—in due course—where he had gone. Of course knew all his family well. Remember hearing "Tom" warble that old English ditty, "Dame Durden," at a Christmas party, where I as a youngster was the favored "dancing partner" of his eldest sister Mary.

I have a vivid recollection, of being at his home one evening—I was about seven at the time—with Miss Permain (who had been at Salisbury Training College with Mary Hardy) and her sister. I well recall the enthusiasm with which "Tom's" mother displayed the first article that "Tom" had ever got printed! Of course, I was not perhaps old enough to ask questions about it, but subsequently learned that it was that little article in *Chamber's Magazine*.

Just after hearing you talk, I felt that you would like to hear from one who has practically all his life, been viewing "T. H." from a viewpoint quite different from the majority.

His Uncle James (one of the old Mellstock Quire), used to give me violin lessons.

The longer I put off writing you, the more I felt that I might be deemed intrusive, but as I always like to follow, if possible, my first impressions, I just made up my mind to write you *today*.

Some time ago I quoted Mrs. Case's selection of *gubernatorial* as a particularly ugly word and I called it a woolly mouthful. Here is a letter from George B. Utley, the Librarian of the Newberry Library, Chicago.

You refer to "gubernatorial" as a "woolly mouthful." I agree with you. It verily is. But my vote for the *woolliest* mouthful in the English language is cast for the 4th word of the 7th verse of the 27th chapter of Proverbs. Say it aloud and tell me if I am right!

Yours Scribnerily,
GEORGE B. UTLEY.

I thank thee, George, for teaching me that word! You are a thousand times right!

Lamb in His Bosom, by Caroline Miller, the novel that so deservedly won the Pulitzer Prize in 1934, has, I am happy to learn, been awarded in France the *Prix Femina Américain*. This prize was established in 1932 by Madame Jeanne Dauban, under the patronage of the French Ambassador to the United States, the distinguished poet and dramatist, Paul Claudel. One of the aims of the original French Committee was by means of the *Prix Femina* to increase friendship and understanding between foreign countries by the exchange of works of literature. The American Committee has as Chairman, Edna St. Vincent Millay. In 1933 the prize was awarded to Leonard Ehrlich for his novel about John Brown, called *God's Angry Man*. In 1932 it was given to Willa Cather for *Shadows on the Rock*.

I have received a delightful letter from a highly intelligent public librarian of the West, who, commenting on a letter I published from Paris criticising the shrill, hard voices of so many American women, writes:

We of the Middle West are among the worst offenders. Only too true are the verses referring to this in your "As I Like It" this month.

Perhaps you'll enjoy this. The other night a person came into the Library and asked for *Bathrooms for the Archbishop*, by Willie Cather.

A young Englishman, Mr. Strachey, now lecturing in this country, is reported by the papers as saying that we shall have to choose between Communism and Chaos. I wish all choices were as easy as this. I take Chaos. Under Chaos one might have at times a little personal liberty.

If that great physician and mystic of the seventeenth century, Sir Thomas Browne, were alive, what an acute interest he would take in the Quintuplets! And he would doubtless add a chapter to his *Garden of Cyrus*.

When I write my book on Golf, I shall discuss the poetry of golf; Harry Vardon, Sandy Herd, Walter Hagen, and others discuss the pros.

BOOKS MENTIONED, WITH NAMES OF PUBLISHERS

Those marked with an asterisk are especially suitable for discussion in reading clubs.

**Dostoevsky*, by A. Yarmolinsky. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

**Heaven's My Destination*, by Thornton Wilder. Harper. $2.50.

Pitcairn's Island, by Nordhoff and Hall. Little, Brown. $2.50.

Forty-two Years in the White House, by I. H. Hoover. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

**Little Orvie*, by Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

**The Broken Song*, by Sonia Daugherty. Thomas Nelson. $2.

**A Letter of Emerson*, ed. Willard Reed. Beacon Press, Boston. $1.

**October Orchard*, by Mary Atwater Taylor. Maverick Press. $2.

**From Immigrant to Inventor*, by M. Pupin. ((Condensed). Scribners. $1.

**In the Steps of the Master*, by H. V. Morton. Dodd, Mead. $3.

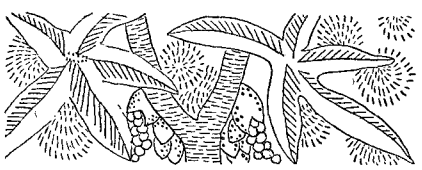
For the Hangman, by J. S. Strange. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

The White Priory Murders, by C. Dickson. Wm. Morrow. $2.

Outward Bound from Liverpool, by E. Peisson. Stokes. $2.

Hearken to the Evidence, by H. R. Wakefield. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

**A New Deal in Liquor*, by Y. Henderson. Doubleday, Doran. $2.



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Brain-Testers VI

How many of these questions can you answer?

THE following questions are taken from the College Achievement Test used in a study, conducted by the Carnegie Foundation, of the relationship of secondary to higher education. They are reprinted here by permission of the Cooperative Test Service. Answers appear on one of the advertising pages which follow.

A misprint appeared in Brain-Testers IV. In question 4, *Charles XII* rather than *Louis XII* is the correct last item in the list.

Requests for reprints of the questions continue to come in.

Indicate which of the numbered phrases in the left-hand column below best applies to each of the phrases in the right-hand column. Do this by placing the appropriate number in the parenthesis to the right of the phrase.

1.

1. They flower early (Feb.–Apr.)	Anemone ( )
2. They flower from April to June	Butter-and-eggs ( )
3. They flower late	Chicory ( )
	Jack-in-the-pulpit ( )
	Marsh marigold ( )
	Milkweed ( )
	Pussywillow ( )
	Queen Anne's lace ( )
	Skunk cabbage ( )
	Solomon's seal ( )
	Touch-me-not ( )
	Yarrow ( )

2.

1. Matthew	"Now abideth faith, hope, and love" ( )
2. Mark	"Blessed are the meek" ( )
3. John	"Who shall deliver me out of the body of
4. Acts	this death?" ( )
5. Romans	"In the beginning was the Word, and the
6. Corinthians	Word was God" ( )
7. Ephesians	"O grave, where is thy victory?" ( )
8. Revelations	

3.

1. *Holding company*	A temporary association for carrying out a specified purpose ( )
2. Trust	A marketer of corporate securities ( )
3. Syndicate	A type of combination which has
4. Pool	operated under government auspices ( )
5. Integrated combination	A stock-owning corporation ( )
6. Corner	A name commonly applied to any
7. Underwriter	combination in restraint of trade ( )
8. Kartell	

4.

1. *Every Man in His Humor*	Lady Teazle ( )
2. *Measure for Measure*	Barabas ( )
3. *All for Love*	Cleopatra ( )
4. *The Country Wife*	Horner ( )
5. *The School for Scandal*	Ariel ( )
6. *The Jew of Malta*	Mercutio ( )
7. *Romeo and Juliet*	Caliban ( )
8. *The Tempest*	

5.

1. A playful, humorous movement which has largely replaced the old minuet in the symphony	Concerto ( )
2. A composition in which the development of the principal subject is repeated after the development of each of the subsidiary subjects	Rondo ( )
3. A form having three parts: (*a*) initial statement of themes, (*b*) their development, (*c*) their recapitulation	Scherzo ( )
4. A cycle of dance forms, with or without a prelude	Sonata ( )
5. A composition for one or more solo instruments and orchestra	Suite ( )

In the following questions, indicate which of the several responses best completes the given statement. Do this by placing the number of the preferred response in the parenthesis to the right of the statement.

6. The Dalai Lama is a religious official living in
1. Benares. 2. Nara. 3. Lhassa. 4. Mandalay. ( )

7. A pint of water weighs approximately
1. (½ lb.) 2. (1 lb.) 3. (1½ lbs.) 4. (2 lbs.) ( )

8. "I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship, and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking"
was written by: 1. William H. Davies. 2. John Masefield. 3. Robert Graves. 4. John Drinkwater. ( )

9. Darwin was most strongly influenced, in the development of his theory of evolution, by
1. Aristotle. 2. Humboldt. 3. Malthus. 4. Mendel. ( )

10. The fundamental dramatic conflict in Shakespearian tragedy takes place
1. between the characters and Fate. 2. between heroes and villains. 3. within the character's own soul. 4. between the individual and society. ( )

11. Descartes believed the criterion of truth to be
1. the existence of God. 2. the self-evidence of axioms. 3. the existence of axioms. 4. clear and distinct sense-observation. ( )

12. Byzantine architecture is characterized by
1. presence of low domes. 2. cruciform structure. 3. flying buttresses. 4. stained-glass windows. ( )

13. The energy used by green plants to synthesize organic compounds is obtained by
1. the absorption of light waves by chlorophyll. 2. the oxidation of carbohydrates. 3. the utilization of heat produced by cell metabolism. 4. the oxidation of substances taken in by the roots. ( )

In the following, if the statement is true, place a plus sign in the parenthesis (+); if false, a zero (O).

14. Greece was conquered by the Romans by the end of the second century B. C. ( )

15. The Revolution of 1789 broke out in France because the condition of the masses was worse there than in any other large European country. ( )

16. Psychologists have shown experimentally that children are born with a consciousness of self. ( )

17. The mediæval demand for spices was largely stimulated by the lack of refrigeration. ( )

18. The organ is especially adapted to polyphonic music. ( )

19. Fungi are plants that contain no chlorophyll. ( )

20. Public opinion in general condemns the merciful killing of children born incurably deformed and doomed to a life of helplessness. ( )

21. Erosion is the name given to the building of deltas and other land masses by the action of surface water. ( )

22. In Germany the professional titles of the husband belong to the wife, as a matter of social right—as, for example, "Frau Doktor Schmidt." ( )

23. Gothic architecture has round arches, whereas Romanesque arches are pointed. ( )

24. The conclusion of the *Paradiso* of Dante implies that knowledge plays no part in salvation, which is conceived as purely moral matter. ( )

25. The seasons are caused by the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of the earth's orbit around the sun. ( )

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Prevent Diphtheria!

"The inoculation was perfectly simple. He didn't mind it a bit. This young man will never have diphtheria!"

THE number of deaths from diphtheria dropped, on an average, about 1,000 each year — approximately from 14,000 to 4,000—throughout the United States from 1923 until 1934. In those cities and towns where inoculation of pre-school children is the rule and not the exception, the danger from diphtheria is steadily decreasing. In fact there are many large communities where no deaths from diphtheria have occurred over a number of years.

Antitoxin, discovered years ago, was a partial victory over diphtheria. It usually relieved the severity of an attack of the disease and helped to save many lives. With the extensive development of toxin-antitoxin or toxoid inoculations, a preventive method for blotting out this disease has been found. All children should be protected against diphtheria when they have reached the age of six months. Inoculation gives the great majority complete and lasting immunity against the disease. Whether a child lives in the city or in the country, a nearby doctor can give him the inoculation.

Not all of the diphtheria tragedies are due to lack of information or to negligence on the part of parents. In some cases mothers are under the impression that their children are in no danger of contracting this disease because of the devoted care given them. They are reluctant to have their healthy children immunized. Parents should realize that the utmost care may not protect their boys and girls from this preventable disease. Successful inoculation in infancy will protect them.

Nearly two-thirds of the fatal results from diphtheria occur between the ages of six months and six years. Those who recover from an attack may even then be left with permanently damaged hearts. Inoculation is a simple matter, soon over with, and leaves no scar. If you have children of your own who have not been inoculated, protect them at once.

Metropolitan will mail, free, its booklet "Diphtheria and Your Child." Address Booklet Department 335-S.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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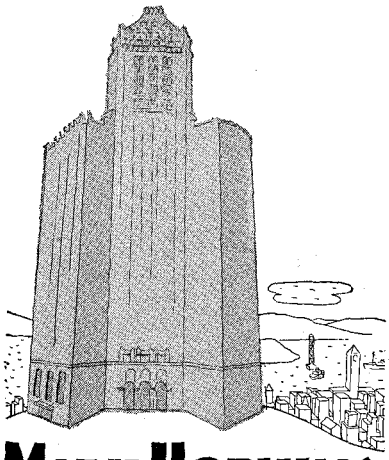
OVERLOOKING SAN FRANCISCO



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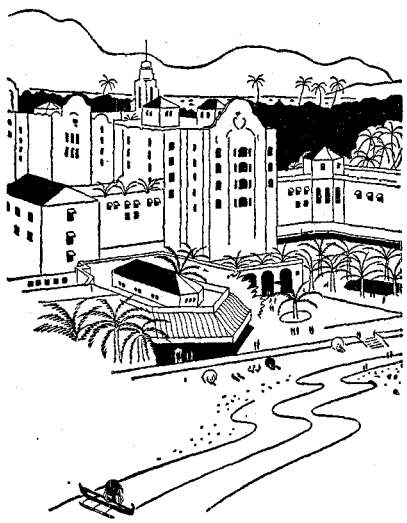

International meeting place of the world. Metropolitan smartness in a bower of palms. Youth having its day-fling at Waikiki, and its evening promenade under lanterned trees, silvered by a tropic moon. Ukuleles and steel guitars, lilting melodies of love and eternal summer. All of it gathered together by the gracious hospitality of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, where dining is a fine art and royal living, at modest rates, a dream come true.

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Behind the Scenes

WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

The economic and social writings of **David Cushman Coyle** have been receiving considerable attention from the newspapers of the country. As a consultant to the Housing Division and as a member of the Technical Board of Review in the Public Works Administration, he is close to affairs in Washington. His book, *Business vs. Finance,* has passed through several editions.

Tess Slesinger was born in New York City "with the curse of intelligent parents, a happy childhood, and nothing valid to rebel against. So I rebelled against telling the truth. I told whoppers at three, tall stories at four, and home-runs at five. From six to sixteen I wrote them in my diary. Instead of being spanked I was dressed up one day for a visit to a psychoanalyst; he listened while I lied for an hour and agreed that I might as well settle down to writing my lies for a career." She wrote the very successful novel, *The Unpossessed,* in 1934 and has a book of short stories, *Time: The Present,* coming out in May. She teaches creative writing at Briarcliff Junior College, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

Albert Jay Nock, one time editor of *The Freeman,* present author of "Life, Liberty and . . .," has interests which are both wide and deep, as the titles of his two books published this past year indicate: *Journal of These Days* and *Journey Into Rabelais's France.*

Caroline Gordon, whose book, *Aleck Maury, Sportsman,* has attracted much attention in the few months it has been out, says:

> I enjoy writing stories about men who go hunting or fishing; the sportsman is one of the living symbols we have left of what we are all engaged in—the pursuit of happiness. I myself do not follow any sport but I have been surrounded by sportsmen all my life. Their talk has always fascinated me, I don't know why, unless it is because it is always fascinating to hear a man talk about something he cares deeply about. Association with a few old-timers has taught me, too, that a good day's sport is in many ways like a work of art. It involves careful preparation, infinite patience and imposes a severe discipline and I imagine the rewards that come at the end of such a day are as real—and as intangible—as the rewards that come occasionally to the artist.

Edward Tuck was the founder of the Tuck School of Administration and Finance at Dartmouth and was for many years a foreign exchange banker in New York, specializing in a close study of money and currency questions.

Henry W. Holmes is dean of the Harvard University Graduate School of Education. As a Harvard undergraduate he became convinced that the professional preparation of teachers and school officers was one of the most important tasks to which a national university could direct its energies and resources. Since 1912 he has been responsible for the development of the Division of Education at Harvard which now maintains a program unique in the United States.

V. F. Calverton, editor of *The Modern Monthly,* has just returned from two extensive trips through the West—he lectured in twelve cities—and his experiences on those trips form the basis of his conclusions in "Our Future Dictator." Over two years ago, writing both in his own magazine and in *Current History* at a time when every one refused to pay any more serious attention to Huey Long than to laugh him out of court, Mr. Calverton stressed the fact that he was a serious Fascist menace.

The habit of travelling, which **Stephen Bonsal** had acquired before he was twenty-five, when he covered the globe, or most of it, as a staff-writer for *The New York Herald,* is a hard one to break. He has just returned from a long trip to the Orient, so that his observations in this article are first hand.

From the author of "Boatside," **Eugene Joffe,** comes this statement:

> Outside of fiction my tongue seems awkward and reluctant. I was born in New Jersey, was moved to Brooklyn when I was about six, and have, shall I say, lived there ever since, *except* for more and more frequent intervals of varying length and unvarying significance. To keep peace in the family, I got a degree from Columbia; to destroy it myself, I wrote—and write; I am twenty-two now and wasting away the best years of my life banging a piano in a dance band in a chop suey restaurant in downtown New York.

"Fire on the Bridge" was written by a real victim of sea-fever. **Leroy Kelsey** was born almost as far inland as it is possible to get—in Denver, Colo., but his grandfather ran away to sea on a whaling ship when a boy and it was in the blood. His family came east when he was quite young. For a while he worked as a clerk in an office but his "heart followed every barge down the river," and he chucked his job and went to sea

(*Continued on page 18*)

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Times CHANGE: *Principles* ENDURE

February 1, 1935 is the 92d birthday of a company which established in America a great principle — mutual life insurance on a legal reserve basis.

This principle requires that a life insurance company shall maintain perpetually such margins of safety as shall guarantee "its ability to meet all obligations whenever falling due."

The persistent adherence to this principle by The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York has made membership in it increasingly valuable.

Notwithstanding many adverse conditions, The Mutual Life during 1934 increased its Assets from $1,119,855,726 to $1,160,509,652.

It promptly met all its obligations to Policyholders and their Beneficiaries.

It paid Policyholders and their Beneficiaries $155,338,880.

It maintained its Fund for Depreciation of Securities and General Contingencies at over $59,605,704.

Its Policy Loans decreased $13,651,975.

Its Insurance Forfeited and Surrendered decreased $157,704,907.

From its Gains in Operations, it set aside $28,308,383 for Dividends to Policyholders in 1935.

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1934

ASSETS

Cash	$52,479,810.35
United States Government bonds	104,688,967.65
State, County and Municipal bonds	24,786,773.95
Canadian Government, Provincial and Municipal bonds	14,048,262.00
Other Foreign Government bonds	766,593.74
Railroad, Public Utility and Industrial bonds	413,862,802.47
Preferred and Guaranteed stocks	18,628,275.00
Mortgage Loans (at cost)	258,047,392.75
Real Estate (at cost or less)	50,960,801.68
Policy Loans	187,714,164.89
Premiums in course of collection	16,535,151.18
Interest and Rents due and accrued	17,952,307.92
Cash advanced to pay claims	38,348.01
Total Admitted Assets	$1,160,509,651.59

LIABILITIES AND RESERVES

Policy Reserves	$994,683,303.00
Supplementary Contract Reserves	42,708,706.66
Other Policy Liabilities	20,175,509.95
Premiums, Interest and Rents paid in advance	3,419,910.36
Miscellaneous Liabilities	6,601,631.66
Reserve against Interest on Mortgage Loans overdue more than six months	1,735,190.74
Reserve for Taxes	2,551,011.70
Dividends payable in 1935	28,308,382.69
Reserve for Future Deferred Dividends	200,765.10
Special Contingency Reserve*	519,535.18
Fund for Depreciation of Securities and General Contingencies	59,605,704.55
Total	$1,160,509,651.59

**In this statement bonds not subject to amortization and all preferred and guaranteed stocks totaling $25,018,543 are at values recommended by the National Convention of Insurance Commissioners. A Special Contingency Reserve of $519,535 carried under Liabilities and Reserves covers the difference between the Insurance Commissioners' values for the total of the non-amortizable securities and the actual market values as at December 31, 1934.*

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DAVID F. HOUSTON *President*

34 Nassau Street, New York

Everywhere men and women are giving fresh consideration to rebuilding and strengthening their plans for security against future needs through life insurance. If you are one of these, tell us you have seen this advertisement and wish to receive the booklet, "The Dollar that Keeps on Growing," recently published by The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

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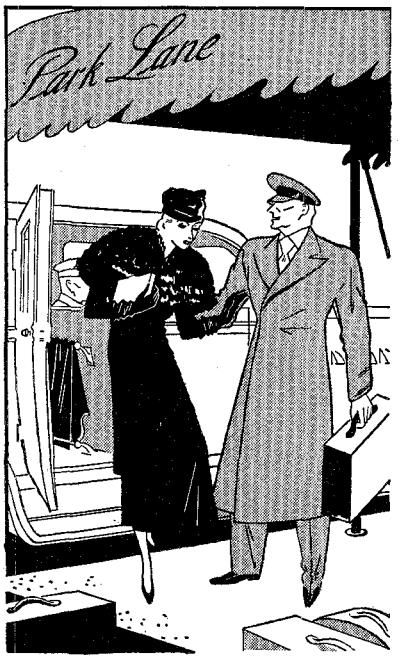

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■ Lolling on a Florida beach any day now, a wave of homesickness will hit you . . . right in the pit of your New York complex.

Visions will parade before your mind's eye. Shows you want to see. Your favorite night clubs. New clothes waiting to be picked at Fifth Avenue shops. A sudden whiff of a New York Spring.

You're off . . . like a race horse . . . to your home at the Park Lane. Maintained, of course, in crisp readiness for your return . . . whether you stay a day or two, or a month or two.

Henry, continentally-trained valet, attends Monsieur. Mary, the maid, gives Madame whole-hearted attention. Unpacking is quickly done. Laundry is spirited away, to reappear spick and span in your wardrobe. Clothes are masterfully pressed . . . and mended, if need be. Evening things are laid out, under your direction.

And meals? Served, if you wish, in your own suite, by a butler whose passionate regard for your cooking preferences reminds you that there are still noble traditions in life.

Two Room Apartments . . . living-room with fireplace, bedroom, serving-pantry . . . from $10 the day. Or at special monthly rates. Also 2 to 6 room apartments, with pantries, furnished or unfurnished, at special yearly rates.

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Behind the Scenes

(*Continued from page 16*)

on an oil-tanker, and since then has spent nearly all his time aboard ship.

Thomas Uzzell felt that in the CCC there must be some timely, vital literature. He started a contest sponsored by Mrs. Roosevelt and "Life Among the Dingbats" won it. Coming from that source, the editors of SCRIBNER'S think it a rather remarkable piece of literature. The author, **Harold Griffin,** had no formal education after he was thirteen, when he rebelled against a too religious atmosphere at home in California and ran away to Nevada to become "outlaw, Indian killer, and possibly team up with Diamond Dick or some of those old characters of smuggled literature." He got caught in the life of the underworld, became fight crazy, and fought in the ring for seven years and then went to training other fighters. Claims discovering two world champions—Dempsey and Maxy Baer.

Doctor Grace Adams worked for seven years as assistant to a psychiatrist who specialized in "adjusting" the so-called "problem children" of the rich. After these years of close association with psychologists she came to the conclusion that for all their good will, and theories and complexes, most psychologists have no greater insight into the intricacies of human nature than ordinarily intelligent men and women and not as much as some novelists and biographers. So she wrote *Psychology: Science or Superstition?*

Inis Weed Jones has written for a great number of the nationally known magazines on reform subjects.

Jesse Stuart, author of the recent book of poetry *Man With a Bull Tongue Plow* was born in 1907 in the Kentucky Mountains, where he still lives. He writes and thinks in poetry and has probably thrown away or lost more of it than most poets ever write.

Answers to Brain-Testers VI

(from page 192)

Question 1: 2, 3, 3, 2, 2, 3, 1, 3, 1, 2, 3, 3.
2: 6, 2, 5, 3, 6.
3: 3, 7, 8, 1, 2.
4: 5, 6, 3, 4, 8, 7, 8.
5: 5, 2, 1, 3, 4.
6: 3.
7: 2.
8: 2.
9: 3.
10: 3.
11: 2.
12: 1.
13: 1.
14: +.
15: O.
16: O
17: +.
18: +.
19: +.
20: O.
21: O.
22: +.
23: O.
24: O.
25: +.

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